

THE MODERN SCREEN

Magazine

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JUNE



Dorothy
Jordan

A BEAUTIFUL STORY ABOUT
THE "IT" GIRL
By ELINOR GLYN

WILL ROGERS
—AMERICAN HERO
By FAITH BARRY



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Everything
Your HOUSE
Wears

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invite me to the movies and to dances—and I frankly admit that they never used to!

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Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

THE MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE

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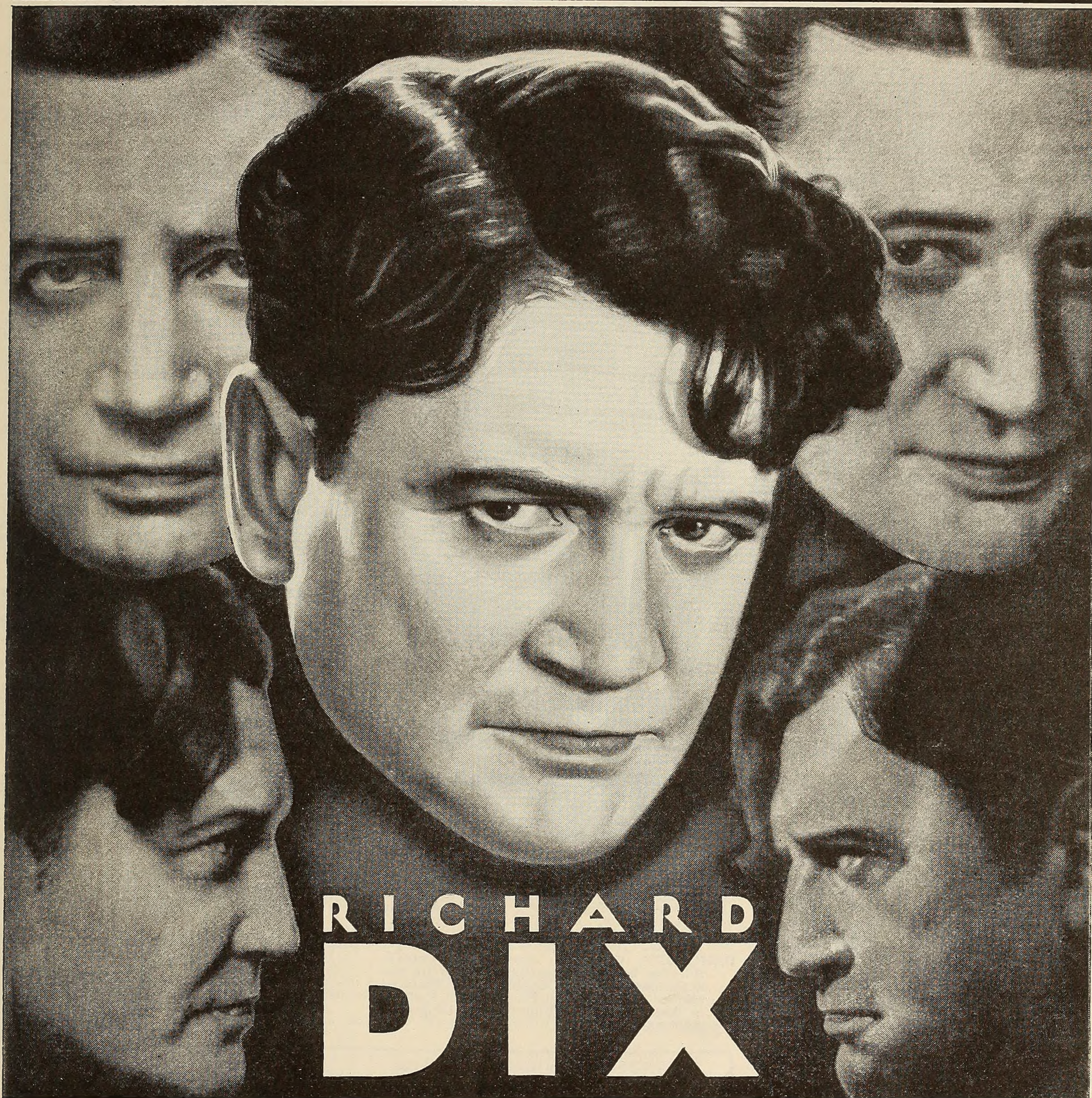
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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

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TITAN STAR OF "CIMARRON" SWEEPS TO NEW HEIGHTS IN ANOTHER GREAT ACTING ROLE!



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DIX

"BORN TO THE RACKET"

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Watch for this and other great RKO RADIO PICTURES Now Playing: "White Shoulders" with Jack Holt and Mary Astor; "The No Girl", a Gorgeous Technicolor Production.



"Laugh and Get Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of CIMARRON), in "Bachelor Apartment."

R A D I O P I C T U R E S

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE
TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND
FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ADOREE, RENEE; divorced from William Gill; born in Lille, France. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Now recovering from illness at Prescott, Arizona.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; unmarried; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Jerry Keene in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," for Fox. John Goodman in "Big Business Girl," First National. Featured rôle in "Traveling Husbands," Radio.

ALVARADO, DON; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Juan in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "The Love o' Lil," Columbia. Ramon in "Beau Ideal," Radio.

AMES, ROBERT; divorced from Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Norton in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Male leads in "Waiting at the Church," Radio, and "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in Charlottesville, Va. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan McMaster in "The Conquering Horde." Star of "Gun Smoke" and second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," all for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. James Alden in "The Millionaire," title rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," both for Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; married to Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at Pathé studio. Contract player. Larry Doyle in "Danger Lights," Radio. Ace Carter in "Big Money," Pathé. Featured rôles in "Paid," M-G-M, and "The Iron Man," Universal.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to non-professional; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Darmour studio. Contract player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for Radio release.

ARTHUR, JEAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Sylvia Martin in "Gang Buster," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Cavalier of the Streets" for Paramount. Co-starred in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal. Ingénue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount.

ASTOR, MARY; widow of Kenneth Hawks; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at Radio studio. Contract star. Princess in "The Royal Bed," Radio. Kitty in "Sheep's Clothing," Radio. Starred in "White Shoulders" and "Nancy's Private Affair," both for Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to non-professional; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Paramount. Archie in "Chances," First National.

AYRES, LEW; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Gangster in "Doorway to Hell," Warner Bros. Billy Benson in "East is West," Jerry in "Many a Slip," star of "Fires of Youth" and "The Iron Man," all for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Carney in "Paid." Tommy in "Reducing." Juvenile leads in "Dance, Fool, Dance," and "Daybreak," all for M-G-M.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Paramount on Parade." Bill Rafferty in "Derelict." Mark Flint in "Scandal Sheet." All Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. For the last eight years she has been on the stage in England. She will make her talkie début in "Tarnished Lady" for Paramount.

BARNES, CARMEN; unmarried; born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. To make her talkie début in "Confessions of a Débutante."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick." Title rôle in "Sven-gali." Lead in "The Genius," all for Warner Bros.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Attorney in "A Free Soul," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol." El Puma in "The Lash." Breckenridge Lee in "The Finger Points," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Esteban in "This Modern World," star of "Doctor's Wives," all for Fox. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Rôle in "I Surrender," Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia. Machwirth in "Renegades," Fox. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tripod in "Way for a Sailor." Barnum in "A Lady's Morals." Gangster in "The Secret Six." Aviator in "Sea Eagles," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Free lance player. Male lead in "Disappearing Enemies," Pathé. Now secretary to Clara Bow.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced from Phil Plante; born in New York City. Write her at Pathé studio. Contract star for both Pathé and Warner Bros. Sylvia in "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathé. Starred in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M, "In Deep," RKO-Pathé, and "Jack Daw's Strut," Warner Bros.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JUNE AND JULY—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

| | | | |
|-----------------|---------|---------------------|---------|
| Clive Brook | June 1 | John Gilbert | July 10 |
| Virginia Valli | June 10 | Sydney Blackmer | July 13 |
| Cliff Edwards | June 14 | Richard Dix | July 18 |
| Barry Norton | June 16 | Lila Lee | July 25 |
| Louise Fazenda | June 17 | Lawrence Gray | July 27 |
| Ivan Lebedeff | June 18 | Aileen Pringle | July 27 |
| Blanche Sweet | June 18 | Joe E. Brown | July 28 |
| Ernest Torrence | June 26 | Helen Wright | July 28 |
| Polly Moran | June 28 | Catherine Dale Owen | July 28 |
| Lois Wilson | June 28 | William Powell | July 29 |

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Pat Coster in "Many a Slip," Universal. Feminine lead in "The Doctor's Wives," Fox.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Dan in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Starred in "River's End," Warner Bros. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," and star of "Tampico," both M-G-M.

BLACKMER, SIDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, S. C. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Big Boy in "Little Caesar," Hart in "Mother's Cry," Paul de Segny in "The Devil Was Sick," all for First National. Lawyer in "It's a Wise Child," M-G-M.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Office Wife," "Other Men's Wives," "Illicit," and "God's Gift to Women."

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Count Mirko in "One Heavenly Night," Samuel Goldwyn. Prince in "Resurrection," Universal. Bart Carter in "Seed," Universal.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," starred in "Kick In," all for Paramount.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at Pathé studio. Contract star. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien," Bill Thatcher, in "Beyond Victory," star of "The Painted Desert," all for Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gun Smoke," with Richard Arlen, and "City Streets," with Gary Cooper, both for Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Comedy leads in "The Big Trail" and "Svenson's Wild Party," Single-O in "Just Imagine," title rôle in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," comedy lead in "Women of All Nations," all for Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at Radio studio. Contract star. May in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, and "Traveling Husbands, Radio."

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Gwen in "The Royal Family," feminine lead in "Gun Smoke," for Paramount. Heroine in "Front Page," Caddo.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Noel Adam in "Scandal Sheet," featured rôle in "Tarnished Lady" with Tallulah Bankhead, both Paramount.

BROOKS, LOUISE; divorced from Edward Sutherland; born in Wichita, Kas. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Florine in "God's Gift to Women" and Gwen in "The Public Enemy," both for Warner Bros.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Rollo Smith in "Going Wild," co-starred in "Sit Tight," Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," all First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dotham, Ala. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Billy the Kid," Berk in "The Great Meadow," featured rôle in "The Secret Six," Salvation Army worker in "The Torch Song," all for M-G-M.

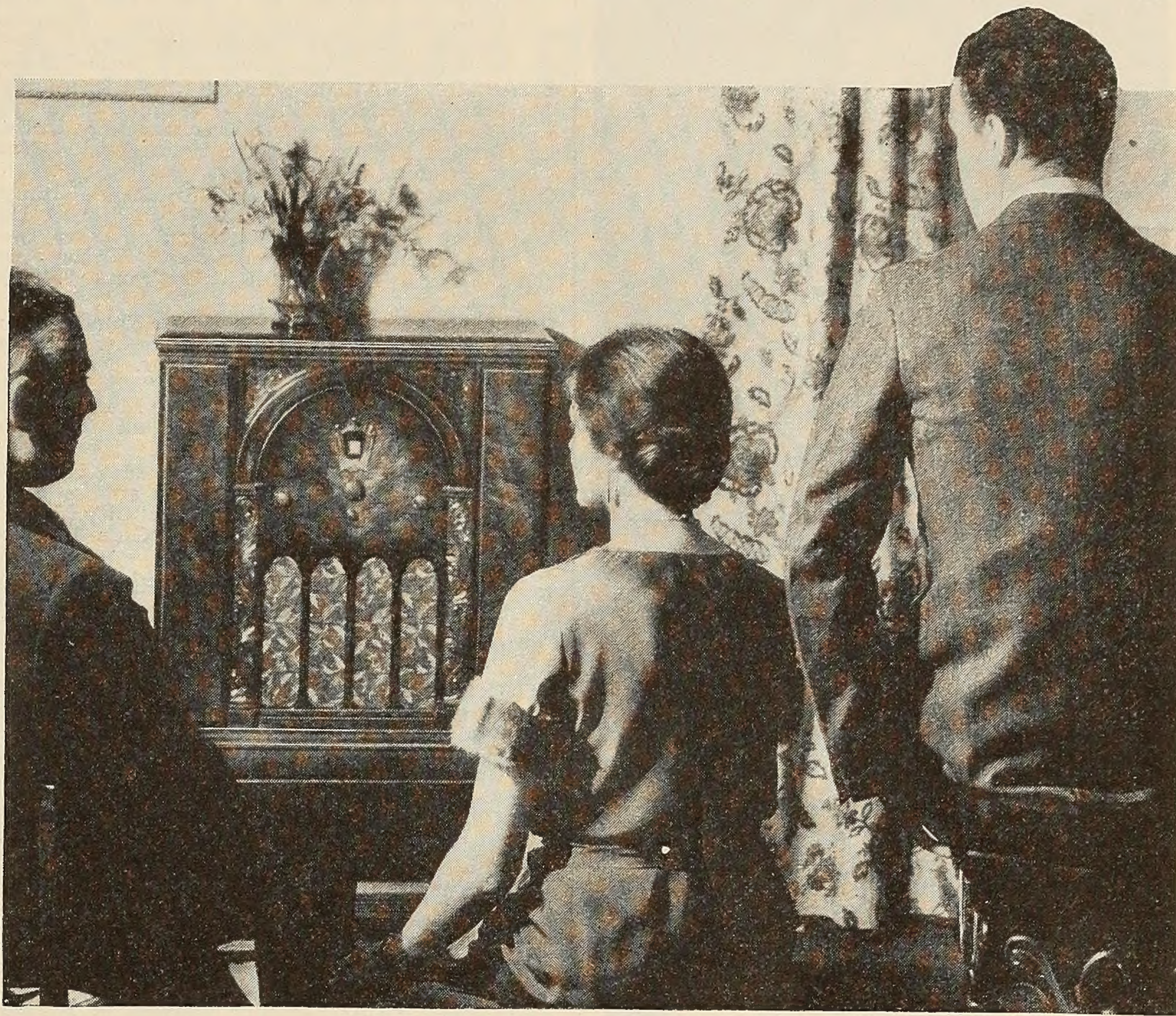
CANTOR, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee," for Sam Goldwyn.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Radio studio. Contract player. Jean Blair in "Check and Double Check." Now on vaudeville tour which will last for some time.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to James Kirkland; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Peggy Gibson in "Laughter," star in "Stolen Heaven," for Paramount.

(Continued on page 8)

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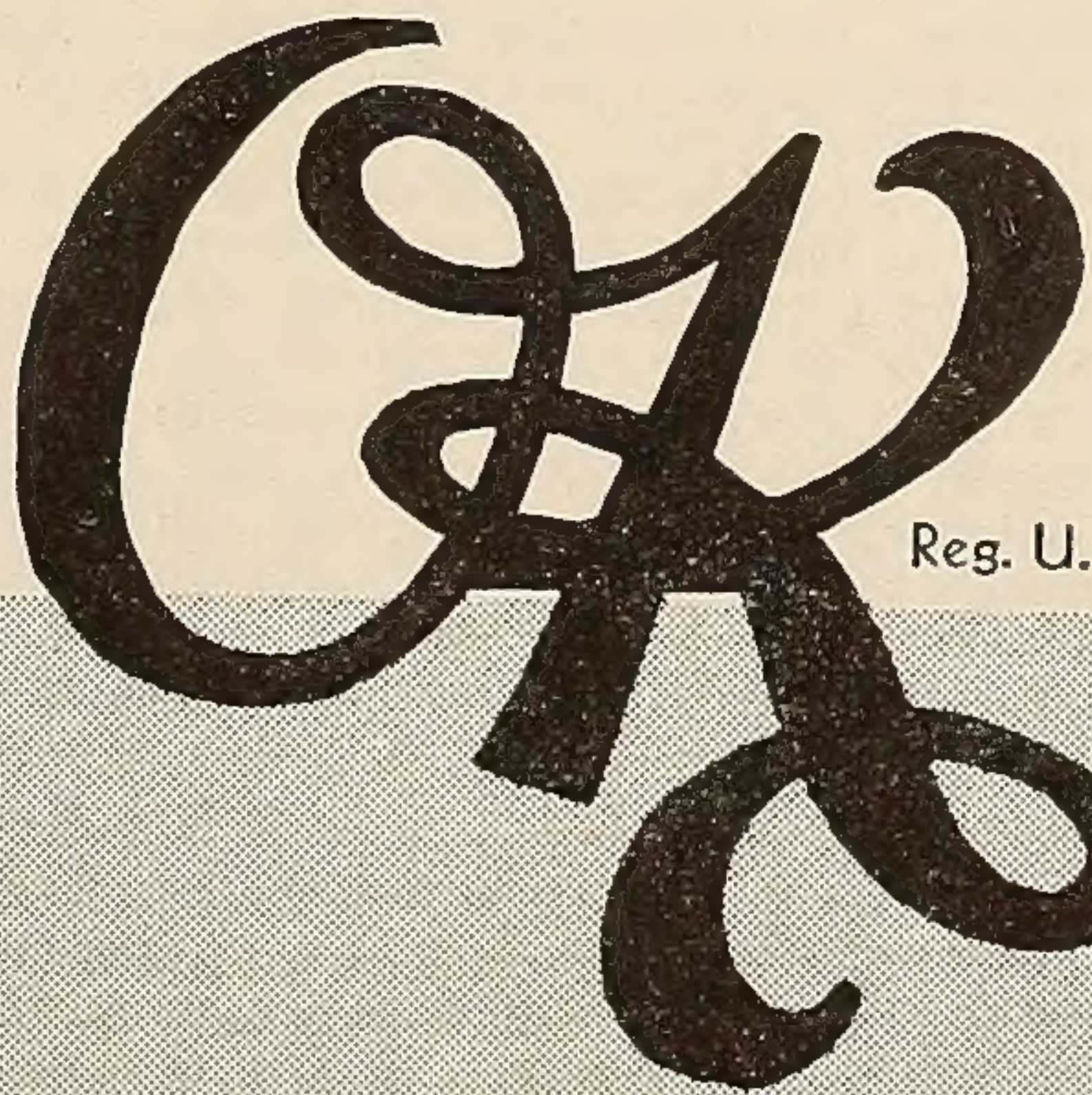
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L I C E N S E D U N D E R R C A P A T E N T S

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 7)



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natural"*

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"Let us caution every woman who would be fashionable this season," says *Le Jardin des Modes*, of Paris, greatest French fashion magazine.

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CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Dracula," Universal; "Day Break," M-G-M, and "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, Eng. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights." Now vacationing in Europe.

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star, making two-reel comedies. His most recent pictures are "What a Man!" "High C's" and "Rough C's."

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pansy in "Anybody's Woman," star of "The Right to Love," "Unfaithful," "New Morals" and "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," all for Paramount.

CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights," Chaplin. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title rôle in "The Smiling Lieutenant," for Paramount.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Big Trail," "The Spider," "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," "Charley Chan Carries On" and "Skyline," all for Fox.

CLAIRE, INA; married to John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Rôle in "Dis-honored," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Honor Among Lovers," and feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant," all for Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Tony in "Little Caesar," First National. Johnny Beasley in "Reducing," M-G-M.

COLLYER, JUNE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Betty Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," Pathé. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Feminine lead in "Manhattan Musketeers," rôle in "Dude Ranch," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from London actress-wife; born in Surrey, Eng. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," and "The Unholy Garden," all for Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at Radio studio. Contract player. Helene in "The Boudoir Diplomat," Universal. Mahyna in "She Got What She Wanted," Cruze-Tiffany. Star of "Forgotten Women," Radio. Vamp in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Tom Sawyer," featured rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Tom Brown in "Morocco." Clint Belmet in "Fighting Caravans." Starred in "City Streets," and "In Defense of Love," all for Paramount.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Featured rôles in "Illicit" and "A Woman of the World."

COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Passionate Sonata," First National.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Mary Turner in "Paid," star of "Dance, Fool, Dance" and "The Torch Song," all for M-G-M.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Felice in "Fighting Caravans," Paramount. Star of French version of "Romance," M-G-M. Title rôle in "Madame Julie," Radio.

DANE, KARL; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him

at Darmour studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Darmour-Radio.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract star. Joyce Benton in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Star of "Ex-Mistress," Warner Bros. Miss Wonderly in "A Woman of the World," Warner Bros.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," and "Five and Ten," all for M-G-M.

DELL, CLAUDIA; unmarried; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Rôle in "High River," Radio.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Title rôles in "Ramona" and "Evangeline," United Artists. Now recovering after serious illness that prevented her from starring in talkie version of "The Dove."

DELROY, IRENE; unmarried; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends" and "Men of the Sky."

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Paul Brandt in "A Lady's Morals," M-G-M. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured rôle in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to non-professional; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Blue Angel." Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Stellar rôle in "Dishonored," all for Paramount.

DIX, RICHARD; unmarried; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," title rôle in "Big Brother," all for Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Charmaine in "Those Three French Girls," M-G-M. Dolores in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove." Featured rôle in "Cure for the Blues," both for Fox.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Bob Glider in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star, Caddo Productions. Starred in "The Night Watch," First National. Now starring in an untitled Caddo picture.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Mrs. Jones in "Lightnin'," Fox. Mother in "Roped In," Paramount.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Marie in "Reducing," title rôle in "The Mayor of Cicero," both for M-G-M.

DUNN, JOSEPHINE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Marion in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Feminine lead in "Air Police," Sono-Art.

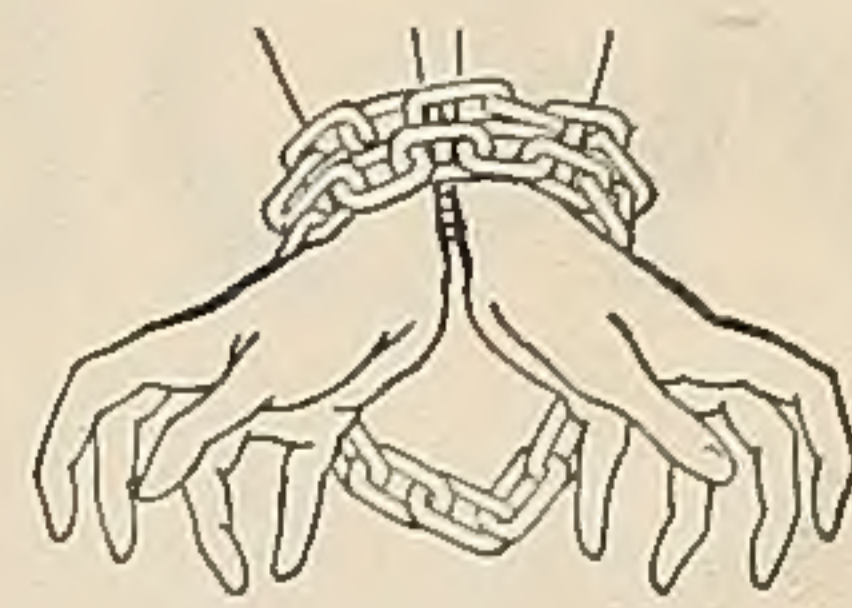
DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer," and title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from non-professional; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nescapook in "Dough Boys," Cosy in "The Southerner," comedy leads in "Dance, Fool, Dance" and "Fore," all for M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Diana in "Let Us Be Gay," Joyce Treffe in "Reducing," feminine lead in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Skyline," Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; unmarried; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Paul in "Playboy of Paris," Oscar in "Only Saps Work," Ambrose in "Along Came Youth," Ole Olsen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Manhattan Musketeers," all for Paramount.

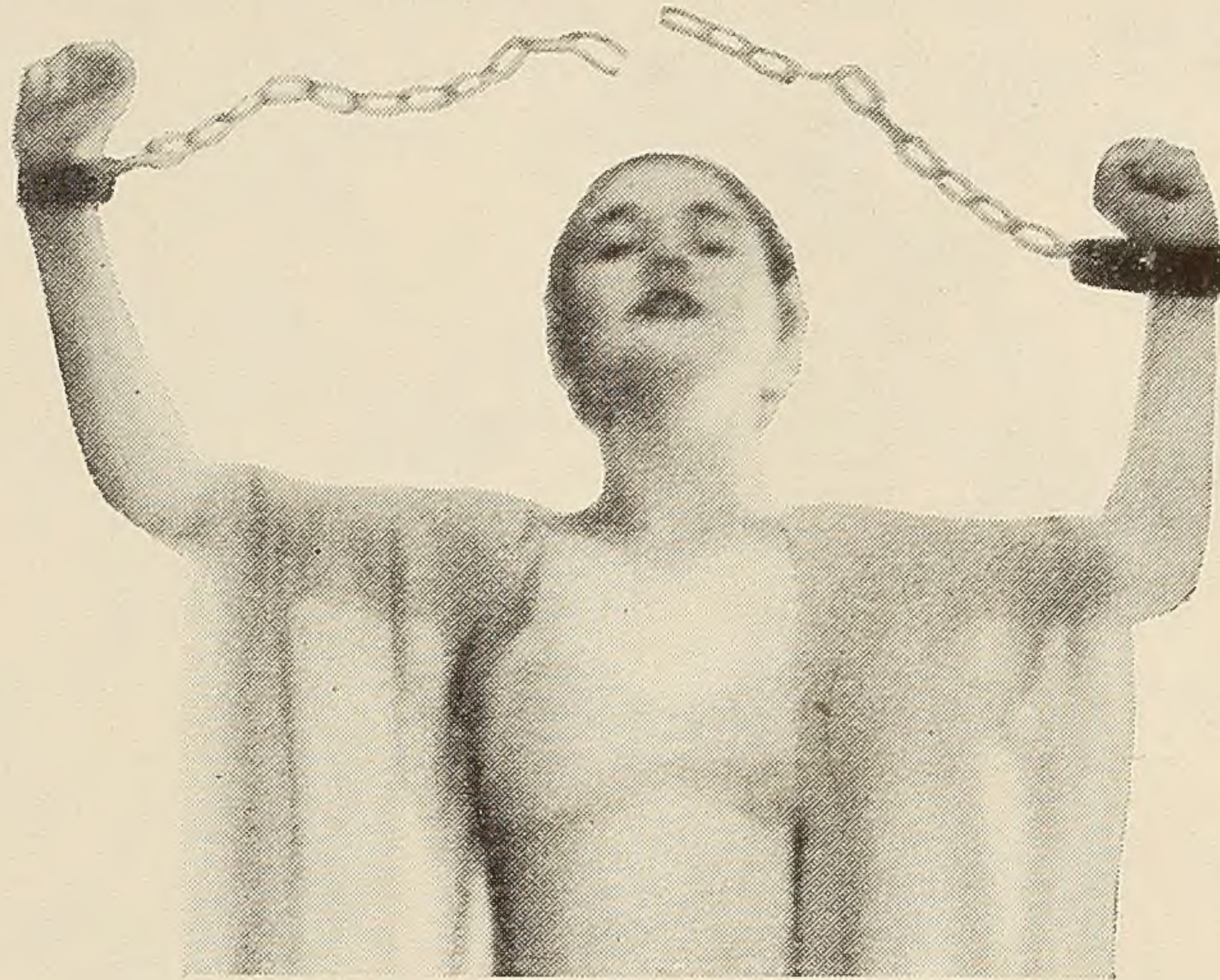
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Douglas Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Juvenile lead in "Outward Bound,"



THERE IS NOW

A NEW FREEDOM FOR WOMEN

THE SHACKLES OF FEAR, DISCOMFORT,
UNCERTAINTY ARE GONE!



Warner Bros. Joe Mascarra in "Little Caesar," First National. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists. Contract star. Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Now on world tour.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Charlie Peters in "The Princess and the Plumber," co-starred with Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back," star of "Body and Soul," all for Fox.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Comedy rôles in "Gun Smoke," Paramount, "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Aunt Polly in "Broadminded," First National.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Indiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Douglas Thayer in "No Limit" and male lead opposite Carole Lombard in "It Pays to Advertise."

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract player. Narya Lansko in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Dulcie in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Edith Flint in "Scandal Sheet," Paramount. Featured rôle in "City Streets," Paramount.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance" and "Inspiration," all for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Lucky Star," co-starred in "The Man Who Came Back," starred in "Daddy Long-Legs," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Contract star Liberty productions. Starred in "Points West," "The Winged Horseman" and "Spurs" for Universal, and "Clearing the Range," Allied.

GILBERT, JOHN; married to Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "One Glorious Night," "Redemption," "Way For a Sailor," "A Gentleman's Fate" and "Cheri-Bebi," all for M-G-M.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicora, Miss. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow," M-G-M.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Flight," "Submarine" and "Dirigible," Columbia, and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany.

GRAY, LAWRENCE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Cal. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tom Warren in "Sunny," First National.

GREEN, HARRY; divorced from Mabel Hurst; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Herman in "The Spoilers," Maxie Mindell in "No Limit," Paramount. Now starring on Los Angeles stage in "The Ambulance Chaser."

GREEN, MITZI; child actress, born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured rôle in "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount.

GRIFFITH, CORINNE; married to Walter Morosco; born in Texarkana, Texas. Write her at Malibu Beach, Calif. Free lance player. Temporarily retired from screen.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Brennon in "Remote Control," stellar rôle in "Tailor-Made Man," all for M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Dan in "The Third Alarm," Tiffany. George in "Divorce Among Friends," Warner Bros. Male lead in "Danger Ahead," Columbia.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Network," Fox. Ivan in "The Spy," Fox. Male lead in "Strangers May Kiss," M-G-M. Business man in "The Torch Song," M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at Pathé studio. Contract star. The wife in "East Lynne," Fox. Starred in "Rebound," Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home to Roost," and "Be Big," all for Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew II; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Feminine lead in "The Secret Six," M-G-M, and "The Iron Man," Universal.

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom" and

(Continued on page 120)

THE shackle of womanhood is broken. The shackle that has held them for ages, in fear, discomfort, uncertainty!

Today all women can know *at all times* the poise and the peace of mind that come from perfect protection.

Active, athletic women, too, can be *free* today to pursue their sports at any time. Free, to wear filmy frocks on any occasion.

For there is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an *immaculate and complete protection!* A sanitary napkin that is New in design; New in material; New and remarkable in the results it gives.

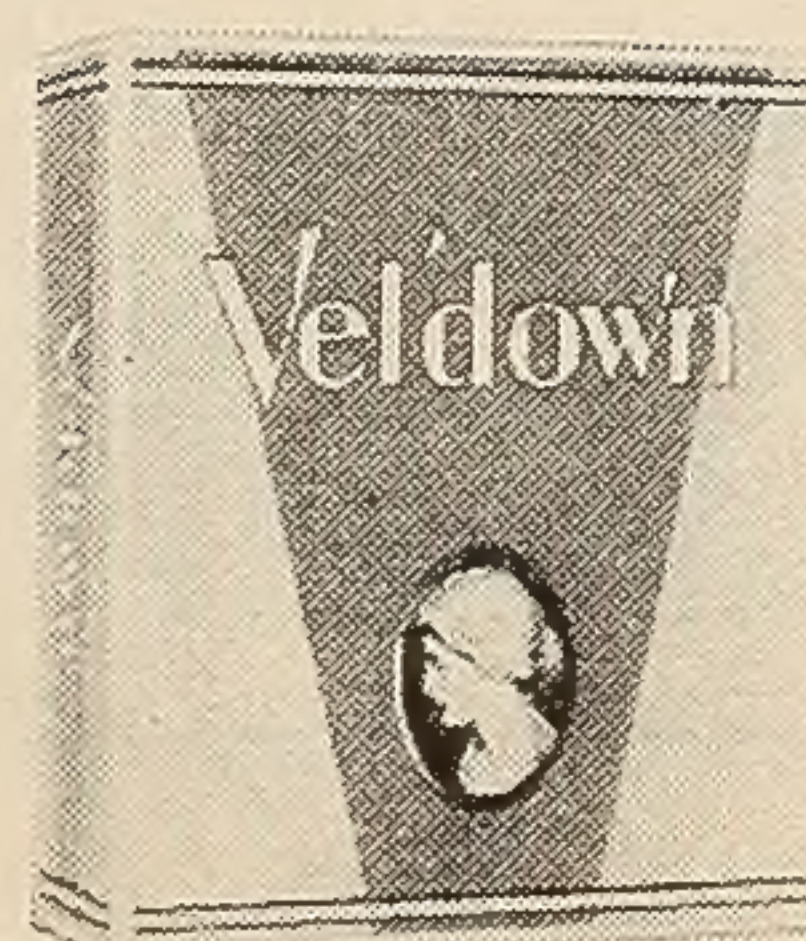
It is so unique that we want to send you a sample free of charge (in plain wrapping, of course). So you can examine it fully. Judge for yourself its *two distinct advantages* that have never before been offered to women.

Ends All Chafing—All Irritations!

Made under rigid U. S. Patents, it is pure RAYON cellulose filled. And you will find it as gentle as fluffed silk.

Veldown

FOR EVERY
WOMAN



This softness comes because of its totally new construction—as well as its rayon cellulose filler—as you will note the moment you see it and compare it with any other pad. You see *at once* why it is preferable. For it is *not* made from *mere layers* of crepe paper as in old-type sanitary methods.

Once the discriminating woman tries one, she never goes back to old ways. Its name is Veldown. Most stores can now supply you.

Effective Hours Longer

It also has another important feature. *It is absolutely protective for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture-proof and impenetrable.*

This innovation makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives COMPLETE SAFETY and protection HOURS LONGER than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated. And *no other* protective garments are necessary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant—and thus ends even *slightest danger* of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

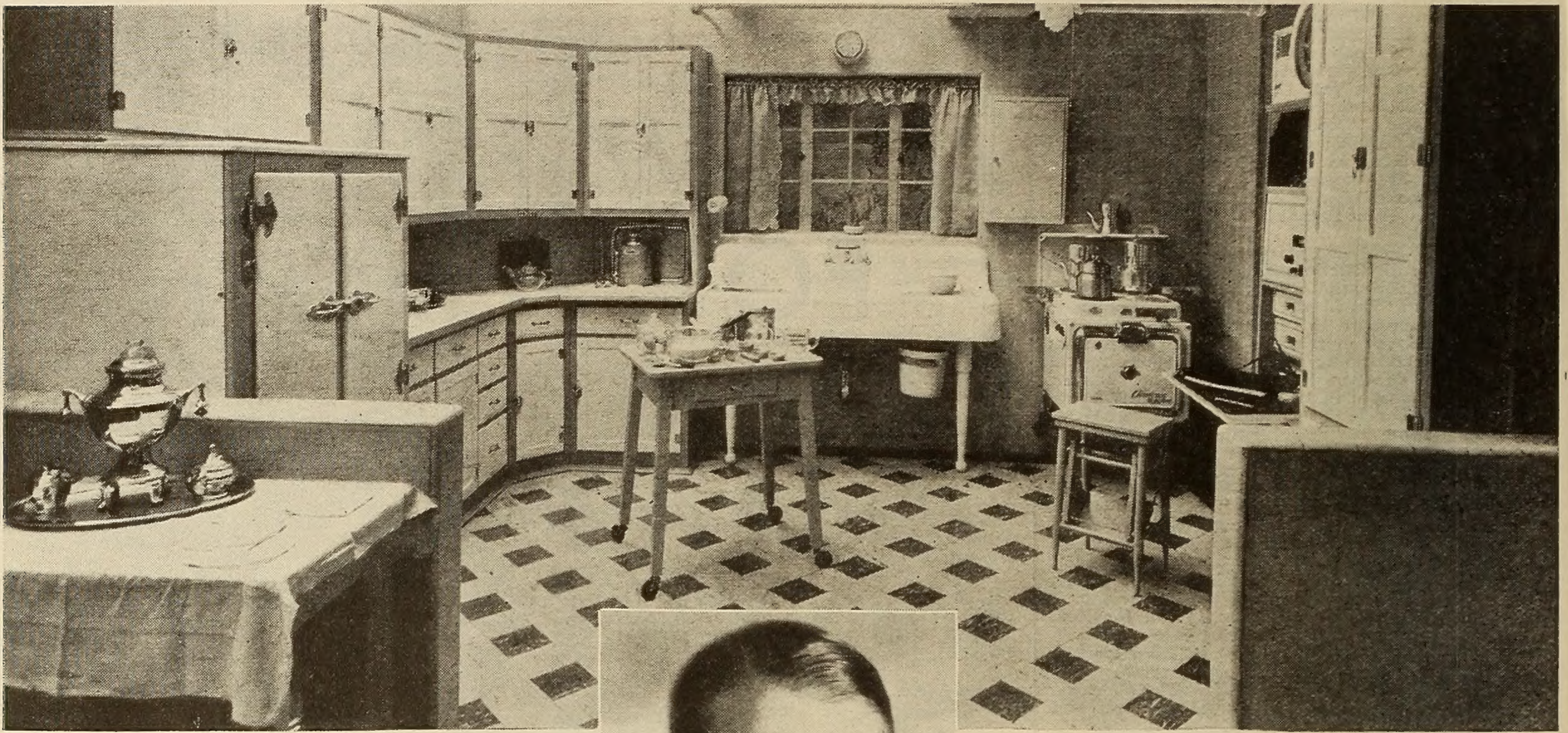
Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. You will find that it is a Vast and Great Improvement on any other pad you have ever worn.

Or, if you prefer to investigate before buying, simply write us for a trial pad free. For the sake of your own *comfort* and *safety*, don't delay to learn the unique advantages of this remarkable new invention.

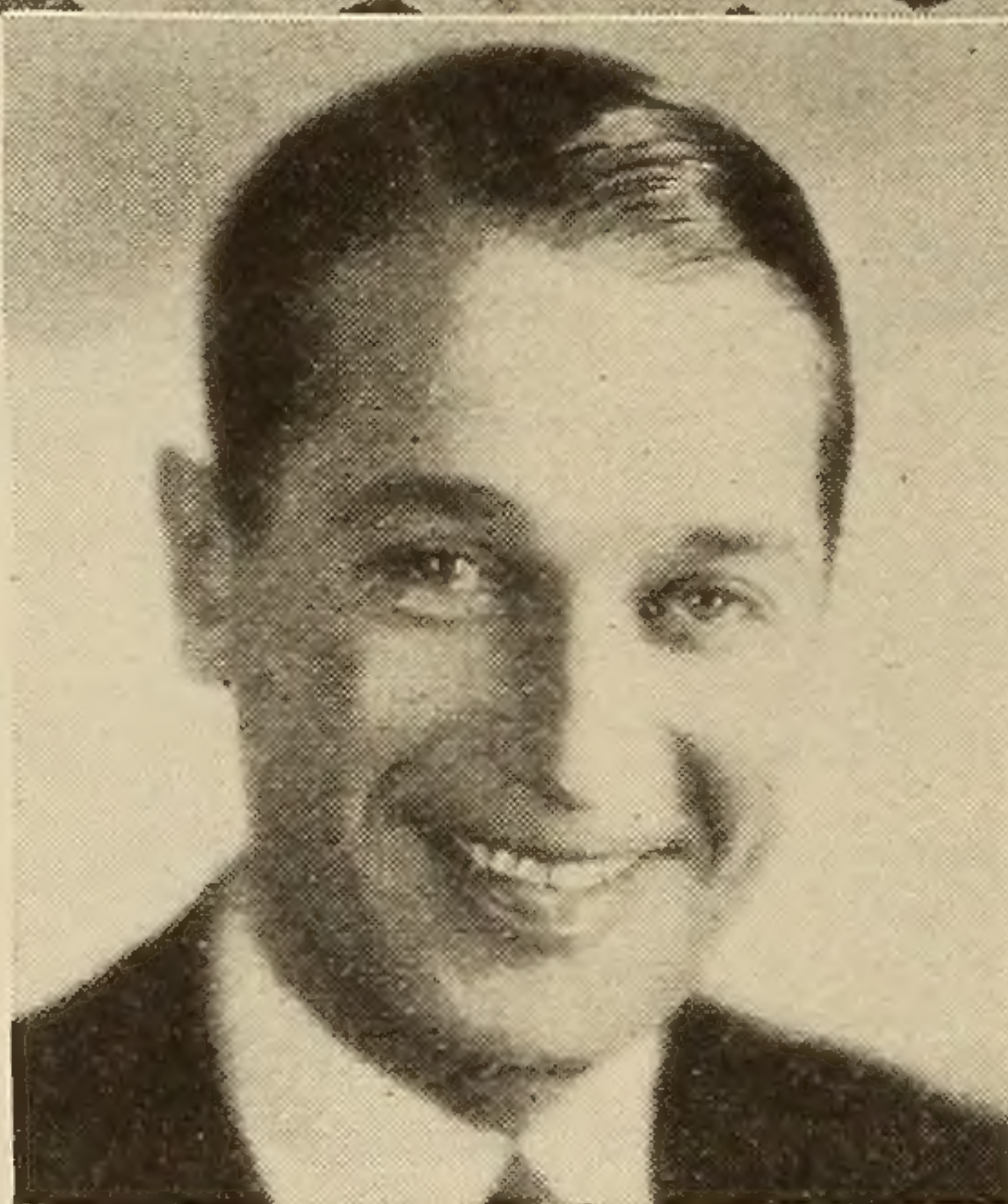
VELDOWN COMPANY, INC., 220 East 42nd Street, New York City. One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company.

THE MODERN HOSTESS



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A new monthly department which gives invaluable advice concerning the home



This month's recipes were prepared for Chevalier—try them on your men folks

WHETHER women dress for men—or for other women—is an open question. You can argue both sides of the subject indefinitely. But whether women *cook* for men or for other women is no question at all. Women cook for men—to please men—and the true value of any dish is measured in terms of what the men of the family think of it.

In planning her menus, however, the true homemaker must think not only of what her men *like* to eat, but what is *good* for them to eat. She must think, too, how she

Immediately above is the gentleman of France whose tastes in food are responsible for this month's recipes. The large picture across the top of the page shows a perfectly equipped kitchen; in just such a one as this the modern hostess tests each recipe.

can contrive to give them what they want and what they should have, and still stay within the family food budget. In short, she must combine flavor with digestibility, appetite appeal with nutritional value, novelty with economy. No easy task, this, and because we realize it is not easy, this department is going to specialize in recipes for foods that we know men like

because they have told us they like them. We are going to tell you what your favorite men screen stars like to eat, and just how to make these dishes for the delight of your own folks.

For this, our first Hostess Department page, we went to Maurice Chevalier, that famous and popular ambassador of good will from France—the land of good cooking—and asked him what *he* liked to eat.

We found him in his costume for his newest picture, which is called, aptly enough, "The Smiling Lieutenant."

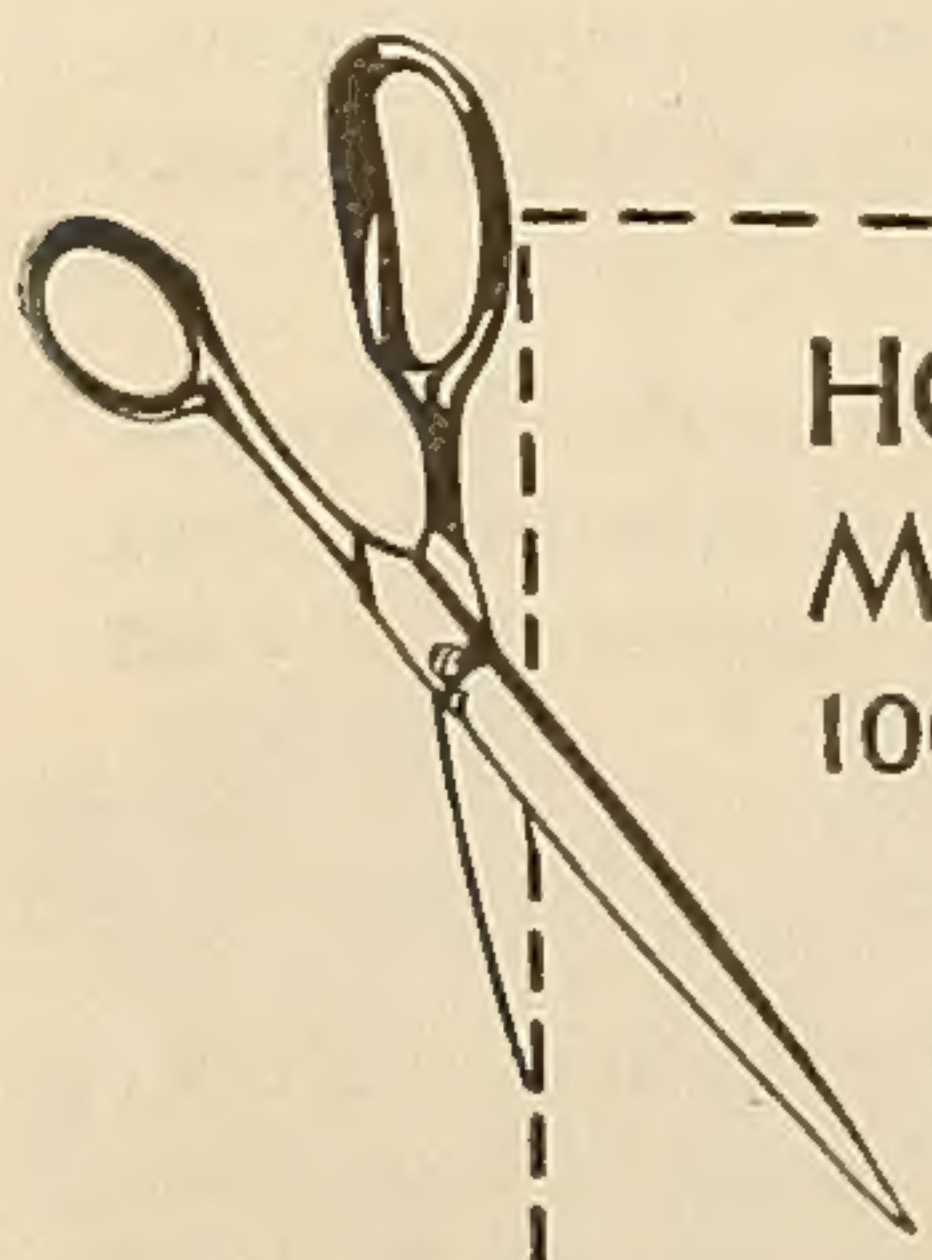
"Well," said Monsieur, in reply to our query about his favorite foods, "I like a chop, nicely grilled."

"But," we remonstrated, "that is a typical American or English dish."

"*Certainement*," responded he, "for when I am in America I eat as Americans do. Would you go to France and seek out an American restaurant?"

"No," we admitted, "we should want to have the pleasure of tasting those delicious dishes for which your country is so famous."

"Yes indeed," he said, "you would want to eat a casseroles of meat in a delectable (Continued on page 116)



HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for June
for which I enclose 4c to cover cost of
mailing.

Name

Address

.....

The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)



"Inspiration," Greta Garbo's latest picture, is by far her best talkie effort to date. She seems to have completely overcome her self-consciousness. Robert Montgomery does his best.

ALONG CAME YOUTH (*Paramount*)—Charles Rogers as an American boy stranded in England who, in order to make a living, bluffs his way into a chef's job. Stuart Erwin and William Austin assist in excellent form. *Good—suitable for children.*

ANIMAL CRACKERS (*Paramount*)—The Marx Brothers in their second talkie riot. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

THE BACHELOR FATHER (*M-G-M*)—Marion Davies in a talkie adaptation of the famous stage play. Somewhat sophisticated stuff. Marion is excellent. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

THE BAT WHISPERS (*United Artists*)—Chester Morris and others in a thrilling mystery story. *Good.*

BEAU IDEAL (*Radio*)—A Foreign Legion story of the "Beau Geste" type but not up to the standard of that excellent yarn. *Fair.*

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (*Radio*)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BIG HOUSE (*M-G-M*)—An exciting prison picture with Chester Morris, Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

THE BIG TRAIL (*Fox*)—An epic of the early old days in "The Covered Wagon" manner. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

BILLY THE KID (*M-G-M*)—A somewhat sentimentalized version of the life of the famous old-time bandit. *Good.*

THE BLUE ANGEL (*Paramount*)—Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings in a grim story about love in a vaudeville troupe. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

BODY AND SOUL (*Fox*)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT (*Universal*)—All about a diplomat of a mythical country

whose chief duty was to make love to a certain cabinet minister's wife. *Fair—not suitable for children.*

THE CAT CREEPS (*Universal*)—A thrilling mystery story with sliding panels, valuable jewels and all the trappings. Neil Hamilton, Helen Twelvetrees and Lilyan Tashman are in it. *Good.*

Starting this month we are making an innovation in our directory of pictures. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for anybody who is interested in finding satisfactory and pleasing entertainment for children.

CHARLIE'S AUNT (*Columbia*)—Charles Rugles in the talkie version of the famous old play. *Good—especially suitable for children.*

CIMARRON (*Radio*)—A picturization of the tremendously powerful Edna Ferber novel. This picture is of the epic type and has some of the biggest scenes ever filmed in it. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

CITY LIGHTS (*United Artists*)—Charlie

Chaplin's latest comedy—it needs no introduction. *Excellent—especially suitable for children.*

THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE (*Fox*)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE CRIMINAL CODE (*Columbia*)—An underworld story with Phillips Holmes and Walter Huston in the leading rôles. *Very good.*

DANGER LIGHTS (*Radio*)—A railroad story with some wonderful shots of railroad goings-on. The late Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur have the leading rôles. *Good—suitable for children.*

DERELICT (*Paramount*)—A sea story with George Bancroft and William (Stage) Boyd in the leading rôles. *Good.*

DEVIL TO PAY (*United Artists*)—A clever, sophisticated story about the adventures of a charming ne'er-do-well. *Excellent.*

DISHONORED (*Paramount*)—Reviewed in this issue.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN (*Fox*)—A light comedy about a woman-hater and a young married couple who are his friends. Edmund Lowe, Roland Young and Jeanette MacDonald. *Good.*

DOORWAY TO HELL (*Warners*)—A gangster story with many unusual twists and situations. Lew Ayres does some of his best work. *Excellent—but not suitable for children.*

DRACULA (*Universal*)—A weird story about creatures who are "undead." It's thrilling and creepy. Bela Lugosi, David Manners and Helen Chandler. *Very good—but not for children.*

DU BARRY (*United Artists*)—The story of the famous French peasant girl who rose to
(Continued on page 111)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

On this page the editor and readers of
MODERN SCREEN have a chance to write
frankly about their opinions

Dear Friends:

You have caught the real spirit behind this department. Your response has made me truly grateful. Don't forget—you can say what you please, favorable or unfavorable, and I will print it if there is room and if your letter seems truly sincere. No prizes are offered. As I have said before, fans write to me because they have something to say.

Are you glad that Pola Negri is back?

Do you agree with me that Robert Montgomery's elevation to stardom is his just reward for fine work in many rôles?

Do you disapprove as highly as I do of advertisements being worked into pictures?

Does anyone share my opinion that the one actress in pictures who should (and someday will) be starred is ZaSu Pitts?

I should like to see Lois Moran given a rôle on the screen that gives her a real chance, as did her recent stage part in New York, to show what a truly competent and able little actress she is. I should like to see the technique of "The Last Laugh" (the psychological study of one character) applied to a talking picture and I suggest Joseph von Sternberg as the director. I'd be overjoyed to have a Garbo film end happily. I think Neil Hamilton is destined to be at the top of the heart-breaker list in the ensuing months. I think Maureen O'Sullivan is better looking off screen than on and that some director and cameraman should give her a break. And to close this opinionated paragraph, I'd like to mention that my biggest moments in movie theatres these days are when one of the "Silly Symphonies" is being shown.

By next month I'll have thought up some more. Au revoir.

The Editor

Isn't that just what Joan is doing?

It is one thing to publish an article called "Joan Crawford Rebels" by Adele Whitely Fletcher, but quite another to sit down and read it without feeling the urge of a come-back.

In the first place, can anyone possibly fathom a likeness between Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo? It seems to be a fad to find someone who either resembles or is trying to mimic the Great Garbo. Joan Crawford has no more chance of attaining the heights of La Garbo than Clara Bow would have.

Just a line to Joan—why burn up your energy and scatter your forces in raving over what is broadcast

about yourself? Just be yourself, keep within the boundaries of your own type, aim to make *your* type distinctive.

MRS. HOMER H. PETERS,
Pueblo, Colorado.

Much still being said on both sides

Faith Baldwin's article concerning Garbo and Marlene is the cleverest yet to be found in this famous controversy. One can see Miss Baldwin's fairness and knowledge in analyzing these stars. Oh! would that only half of the fans would see that those two are not alike and are not trying to be! Greta is fascinating in her cold glamor and alluring awkwardness. Marlene is heavenly in her com-

plete womanliness, with all the feminine wiles and charms present in her being.

And while talking of the matchless Marlene, let me give bouquets and deep admiration to the marvelous Elissa Landi . . . her performance in "Body and Soul" was magnificent and her strange beauty is extraordinarily impressive.

DIANA T. SCHROEDER,
Houston, Texas.

All right, Mary, "what do you want for a dime?"

In your new magazine, do we have to take the bad with the good? The interesting with the dull?

Faith Baldwin may disagree with Elinor Glyn as to the screen's most attractive man, but who cares? Your readers have minds of their own. Tell us *about* our movie idols, but please, please don't dish us personal opinions and expect us to eat them up with much enthusiasm.

The future is certainly coming for us all. *Why* guess at Robert Montgomery's or Marlene Dietrich's? The present is complicated and interesting enough to worry with.

MODERN SCREEN is certainly sprouting all the earmarks of a successful magazine. And legitimately, too. Would it be too much to ask for more such exquisite pictures as that of Norma Talmadge in the March issue? And *more* pictures of the stars' wardrobes? And *more* fashions? And *more* film gossip? I—I'm sure I represent a large group of fan readers—enjoy them so. There's never enough to these departments.

If this letter is published, will you head it "What do you want for a dime?"

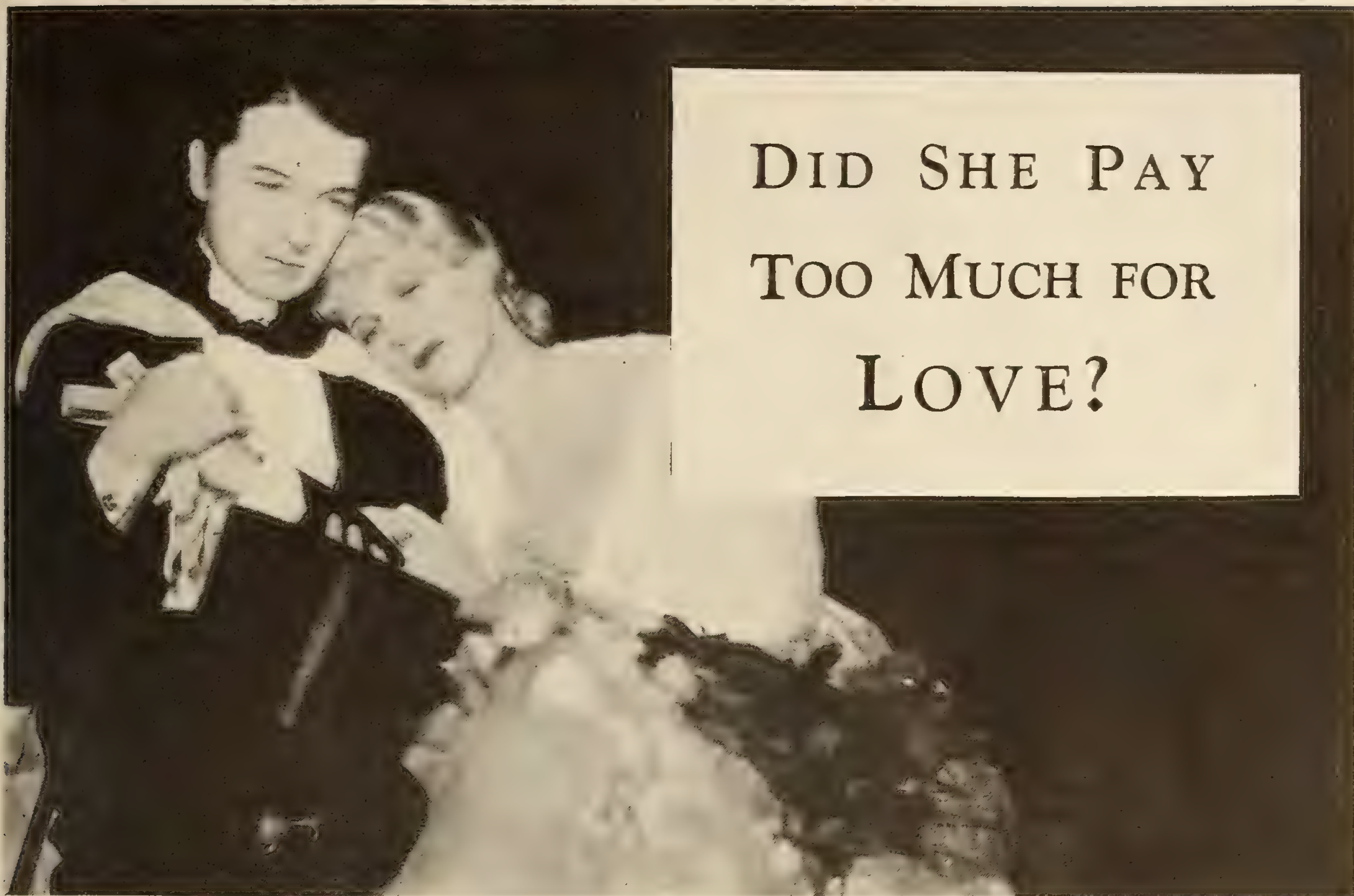
MARY RAY LITTLE,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

**We'll have to struggle along with two
or three fashion departments
for a while, Nancy**

(See pages 70 and 92 in this issue)

In the MODERN SCREEN Magazine there isn't enough about styles—not only dresses, but coats, shoes and so forth.

(Continued on page 114)



DID SHE PAY TOO MUCH FOR LOVE?

What is the right price for a brief—all too brief—period of bliss? Is it worth anything—*everything*? Which is the truest love . . . a lifetime of sacrifice to an ideal—or an hour of mad emotion?

Love stripped Lady Isabel of all she loved; crushed her and cast her to the depths. Yet love like hers could not be quenched.

That immortal romance, *East Lynne*, is one of the world's most intense love stories. On the screen it was an emotional triumph. The fiction version of the screen story will hold you in its spell from the first page to the last. It will make you smile; it will make you cry.

From her country home at East Lynne, Lady Isabel is thrust into a wide, friendless world, by a cruel prank of fate. The innocence of a young unspoiled beauty is mistaken for the abandon of a woman of the

ANN
HARDING,
CLIVE BROOK
and
CONRAD
NAGEL
were starred in the
screen version of
EAST LYNNE

world. In Paris and in Vienna she is swept into the mad whirl of European night-life. Only because of a devastating war does fate send her back to her husband in the placid country life of England. What happened when she returned? Here's drama that touches every woman's heart because it answers every woman's question!

Read the Screen Story of *East Lynne* and enjoy the modern form of this love-classic. It is profusely illustrated with photographs from the film . . . photographs that show Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and many dramatic situations. It is a complete story.

The Screen Story of *East Lynne* will be on sale in Kress and Kresge 5c to 25c stores about May first, price, 10c.

If you saw the picture you will want to read the story. If you did not see the picture you simply *must* read the story, for this is the tale of an unusual love that meets unusual difficulties—with a dramatic ending that you will remember for years.

EAST LYNNE

on sale about May first, in most Kress and Kresge 5c to 25c stores . . . 10c

THE MODERN



(Above) Emil Jannings, the famous Paramount actor of silent days, is on his way to this country to appear in talkies, also for Paramount. His first picture will be a war story and it will be directed by Ernst Lubitsch. (Right) Charles Chaplin in France. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor while there. See page 34 for pictures of his triumphant tour through London.



International



(Left) Madame Chanel, the famous French costume designer, is in Hollywood to create the costumes for United Artists. Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson will be among the lucky ones. Can this mean that Hollywood will once again follow Paris in the matter of style dictates? (Below) Nancy Carroll, the famous little red-head, has won the honor of being chosen to play in the movie version of the famous Pulitzer Prize play, "Street Scene." Paramount is loaning her to United Artists for it.



SCREEN MAGAZINE

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

MILLE. GABRIELLE CHANEL is in Hollywood! After much publicity hubbub the famous Paris designer and fashion dictator arrived under contract to Sam Goldwyn. And at the tea tendered her, the worst-dressed woman that attended was Mlle. Chanel herself. We guess that is just as good a publicity gag as anything else.

Chanel will create gowns for such famous United Artists stars as Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Ina Claire, Lily Damita and several others. Goldwyn is very enthusiastic about his latest importation. As a mere cordial gesture he spent thousands of dollars redecorating and rearranging the wardrobe department at the studio—to make it almost a replica of Chanel's Paris fashion studio. There are work rooms, fitting rooms, reception rooms, and a gorgeously remodeled style salon. This salon will contain a stage with lighting equipment, drapes, dressing rooms and in it mannikins will stage style shows of the gowns Chanel creates for the stars. Also in this building is a luxurious apartment to which she can retire for rest or study.

Anyway, however famous this lady has become as a fashion expert, she hasn't lost her sense of humor. The other day, Goldwyn was giving several new players screen tests — while Chanel looked amusedly at the proceedings. After it was all over, she begged Sam to let her try her

luck in front of the "devil camera." She decided she would be a comedienne, and kept everybody on the set in roars.

If she ever decides to give up the designing business, maybe she could team up with her countryman, Maurice Chevalier.

AN up-and-coming young actress who came to Hollywood via musical comedy had a date the other night with one of her fellow-workers at the studio. The night of the date the young fellow telephoned her to find out what time he should call for her.

"I'm awfully sorry," the girl frankly said, "but I just made another date with Mr. — (an executive at the studio). I knew you'd understand."

He did, and is telling everyone that not many girls

are honest enough not to have made up a cock-and-bull story about a headache or retakes at the studio.

We hear that just as soon as Paul Whiteman's divorce becomes final, that big band master from Chicago will marry Margaret Livingston. We were as surprised as you are!

MONA MARIS, who for a while was squired about by John Gilbert—and very attentively, too—seems to be concentrating on Clarence Brown. He's the ace director who has megaphoned many of Greta Garbo's most outstanding successes.

Brown is an enthusiastic aviator, and he and Mona fly together a great deal. Last week-end they flew down to Agua Caliente for the horse races in fifty-five minutes; and Mona presented the winning horse with a wreath of flowers.

It looks serious, but you never can tell!

MONTE BLUE and his beautiful wife, Tove, seemed to be having a marvelous time the other night at the Roosevelt Hotel. Bodil Rosing, Tove's mother, was sitting at their table, watching the gay throng and especially her daughter and son-in-law.

Betty Compson seemed to be getting a big kick out of watching one of the entertainers sing a song while he munched soda-crackers. Try it yourself sometime! Betty

was all in white and, of course, the tall dark-haired fellow with her was Hugh Trevor. Charlie Paddock and his bride were also there. And Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston. Joby's hair is still blonde.

THE weekly Friday night fights at the Hollywood stadium are getting to be more or less of a fashion parade. Last Friday we saw Lilyan Tashman in a gorgeous outfit of pale blue, and there was a sparkle in her eye that challenged anyone to maintain that she wasn't the best-dressed woman there. Not far away was Connie Bennett in an extremely chic dark suit. To add to the picture, Kay Francis sat in the same section of the stadium, dressed smartly in a tailored outfit.

And the fighting spirit prevailed!

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Joel McCrea seems to have quite supplanted Henri de la Falaise with Constance Bennett.

George Bancroft will receive \$100,000 per picture under his new Paramount contract.

Dolores Del Rio's contract with United Artists is held up on account of difficulties occasioned by her personal contract with Edwin Carewe.

Lupe Velez has signed with Belasco for a stage play at the sum of \$1500 weekly plus percentage of gross plus a half of the sale price of the play to the movies. Complicated!

F. W. Murnau left an estate of \$45,000 and a twenty-thousand-dollar home in the South Seas.

The rumor persists that Mayor Walker will take a position in the film industry similar to that of Will Hays.

Ricardo Cortez has been given the lead in "One of Your Gangsters," for RKO.

John Gilbert may not resign from M-G-M when his contract soon expires. If he signs again however, it will be at a figure greatly reduced from the \$10,000 weekly he has been getting on his present excellent contract.

You simply don't know your Hollywood if you haven't read this



International

Louella Parsons, famous newspaper writer and mother of Harriet Parsons, gave Ben Lyon and Bebe an airplane send-off recently.



International

Robert Montgomery recently arrived in New York with his young wife for a short vacation before beginning his next picture.



International

Alexander Penrod (sewing), the cameraman lost with the Viking, worked with Elmer Clifton (behind) in "Down To The Sea in Ships."

Statistics show that there are seven and two-eighths marriages to every divorce in Hollywood. Two-eighths of a marriage sound strange—even for Hollywood!

LITTLE Robert Coogan, age 5, went to the preview of "Skippy" the other night with his mother. Robert, you know, is the younger brother of Jackie Coogan.

Mrs. Coogan told us that Bobbie laughed so hard at the picture that she almost had to take him out of the theatre. Afterwards, when he was asked how he liked it, he considered a minute and said, "It's all right, but it's just like the rushes out at the studio!"

YOU remember that Hugh Trevor was in the insurance business before his pal, Richard Dix, persuaded him to become an actor. Well, Hugh hasn't been satisfied with the parts he has been getting, so he plans to leave pictures altogether and go back to stocks and bonds.

Hugh is an exceedingly handsome fellow, and with the proper rôles there seems no reason why he shouldn't be one of the screen's most popular leading men. But we guess he just got tired of waiting for his big break. Anyway, there's one thing that we're sure Hugh still likes about the picture business, and that's Betty Compson!

IRENE RICH disproves the saying that actresses are not business-minded. The other day Irene told us that she keeps a memorandum book—now worn by much usage—in which she has recorded the starting and finishing dates, and the salary she received on every picture she was ever in. She first started this when she was a \$3-a-day extra, "when even those small entries weren't any too frequent!"

MARION DAVIES and her nephew, Charles Lederer, celebrated St. Patrick's Day by giving a small dinner party down at Marion's beach home—or "The Davies Hotel" as some call it, it's so large.

The table was all green and white, with different kinds of St. Patrick's favors. After dinner, the main diversion was watching "The Front Page," which Marion showed for her guests.

Of course, Howard Hughes was there with Billie Dove, who looked simply gorgeous in a shade of deep blue. We hear that these two are planning to get married just as soon as Billie's final divorce decree from Irvin Willat is granted. And it won't be long now.

Eleanor Boardman in cloth of gold, with King Vidor. Corinne Griffith and her husband. Mary Brian, looking sparkling in red, apparently was squired by Lewis Milestone. Jack Oakie had better look to his laurels if he expects to keep Mary for "his girl."

MALIBU BEACH is getting to be the sanitarium of Hollywood. Everyone that feels run-down from overwork hies himself to Malibu to recuperate, so he can return and overwork again.

Wesley Ruggles, the director, is among those "resting quietly" down there—swimming a little but lolling in the warm sand most of the time. Evelyn Brent is just finishing a picture and is hoping and praying there won't be any retakes. Evelyn wants to go down to her beach cottage and "do nothing" for a while. The shooting schedules for her last two pictures have been almost unbearably heavy—and as a result, she hasn't been feeling up to par.

Dorothy Lee is enjoying a six-weeks' vacation in good old New York, while her husband of six months, Jimmy Fidler, adapts a story for RKO.

Isn't Fred Waring starring in a musical comedy back on Old Broadway? Remember, Dot worked with Fred in several shows and was reported engaged to him, before she met Jimmie.

WHEN a person as thin as Gary Cooper loses thirteen pounds in a short time—it's time to do something about it. For a long time Gary has been rushing from one picture to another with hardly any lay-off in between. That is the price you have to pay for screen popularity. Although he hadn't been feeling so well lately, nobody took much interest in the fact—not even Gary! But when his weight dropped thirteen pounds, he notified the studio executives that he would have to have a vacation. So he's in Arizona, and probably spends most of his time

That was a great party Marion Davies gave at her beach home



International

Charles Chaplin and George Robey, famous London stage comedian, exchange their comedy costumes. Which looks funnier?



We'll give you just three guesses as to this Indian Chief. No, not William Powell, nor Jack Oakie. It's Eugene Palette. Yes?



International

Did you know that Irene Dunne, of "Cimarron" fame, is married? Here she is at Miami with her husband, Dr. D. F. Griffin.

astride a horse. When he returns to Hollywood his usual healthy, tanned self, he will start work on "The Roundup."

The other day a certain reporter called a studio and asked to speak to a certain producer.

After waiting about five minutes, a secretary informed the waiting reporter, "I'm sorry, but Mr. ——— can't be disturbed right now. He's on the verge of a conference!"

HERE'S good news for Richard Cromwell's friends. For a time it looked like Dick would do a Betty Bronson and disappear from view after making a first big picture. But when we inquired about Dick out at the studio, they assured us that he starts work very soon in "Fifty Fathoms Deep." That made us feel lots better, because Dick is one of the most sincere youngsters in Hollywood.

HERETOFORE, if you saw Will Rogers, he was wearing either *the* blue suit or *the* brown suit. But in his latest picture he must don full-dress and formal morning attire, wear spats, boutonnieres and carry canes. So Fox persuaded Will to visit Hollywood's most exclusive tailor. When we asked him how he liked to be all dressed up, Will replied, "Wal, to tell yuh the truth, every time I pass a mirror, I blush for shame."

On top of this, he injured his arm playing polo and has to wear a cast. However, the cast is removable and every time Will is needed in a scene, he just slips it off.

ONE of Warner Brothers' stars (we promised we would mention no names) told us this one at lunch the other day. It seems that Hollywood wise-crackers can't seem to forget about Warner Brothers signing up several of Paramount's leading players. So it happened that a bright boy went to Warners' Studio to interview a prominent star. "But he's not here," said the information clerk. "He works at Paramount."

"Okeh," said the writer. "I'll wait."

Phillips Holmes is not only getting more and more popular with theater-goers, but sooner or later all the

Hollywood girls succumb to his blond charms. Sylvia Sydney is the latest.

LUNCHING Around Hollywood: Loretta Young across the luncheon table from Walter Huston at the Brown Derby. At the same place all three of Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands congregated around the same table—Wallie Beery, Herbert Somborn (who manages the Derby) and, of course, the Marquis. Somborn calls Wallie "brother-in-law." Mack Sennett was there too, with his favorite actress, Marjorie Beebe. Also Buster Collier and Marie Prevost (this romance threatens to break all previous records).

Up at the Embassy Club, Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, chatted gaily over their salads. And as usual, Lothar Mendez and Lady Inverclyde were eating together. Also Neil Hamilton and his wife, Elsa, and Adolphe Menjou with Katherine Carver. Katherine looked especially lovely in a new shiny black hat.

Joan Bennett is back from Yosemite where she went to rest—and some say—to try and forget John Considine, Jr. John seems to have been doing his share of forgetting in company with a certain dark-haired girl, whose first name is also the title of a well-known opera. Can you guess?

VOICE culture comes high! We heard that Billie Dove is paying \$100 an hour for lessons in voice training—in preparation for her new picture, which Howard Hughes will produce. Billie's teacher used to coach none other than Ann Harding back in her "legit" days in New York, and was brought to the West Coast for the express purpose of teaching Billie her "aa-s" and "rr-s".

We heard a wild rumor that Gloria Swanson is quite anxious to do "Strange Interlude" on the screen.

Our personal nomination for the leading man is Groucho Marx. Groucho can "strange interlude" so fetchingly!

YOU WILL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 82 AND 98

What a swell gag that interviewer pulled at the Warner studio



WELCOME BACK, POLA

If you are one of Pola Negri's faithful fans, give a cheer—for she's coming back to the screen

APPOLONIA CHALOUPEC is coming back to the screen! But of course you've heard of her. Pola Negri is the shorter, more vivid name by which this lovely, tempestuous lady is known to her public.

Do you remember "Hotel Imperial"? And "The Woman From Moscow"? And "The Loves of an Actress"? Do you remember Pola as Carmen—a fiery, taunting, greedy and utterly superb Carmen? Do you remember her with Emil Jannings in "Passion," her first film to be shown in this country?

But if these names and titles have slipped from your memory with the passing of years, you of course remember Pola herself. Always portraying the "good-bad" woman. Always mysterious, always lovely. Frequently in the headlines. And enough of a power in Hollywood to make even Gloria Swanson jealous.

What happened to her when the talkies came to Hollywood? Well, she had the good sense to realize immediately that she was through—unless she learned to speak English. Her contract was not renewed—and it would take a long time to learn English. So she left Hollywood, bravely and uncompromisingly, without one backward look.

AND after that—well, the Prince Mdvani happened. He married Pola and for a while life was just one of those blissful honeymoons you read about in books. Pola was quite content to give up her career.

But princes of ancient and honorable families and Polas who are used to being as temperamental as they please sometimes come to grief. The Prince and Princess Mdvani agreed to disagree, as the saying goes—and Pola looked about her to find something to take the place of happiness.

Ah, yes—there was that career she'd so nonchalantly given up. It stood her in good stead now. She bolstered it up with an excellent command of the English language.

The London and Paris vaudeville stages offered her an opening. She took it. And then Hollywood offered her a contract—with RKO-Pathé.

So Pola Negri will return in May. Her vivid, dramatic portrayals will be welcomed by the American public again. And her voice, speaking excellent English—with, perhaps, just a fascinating suggestion of an accent—will be heard for the first time on the talking screen.


We are happy to recommend to your attention a beautiful story about the Princess Mdvani by Princess Radziwill which appears in the next issue of this magazine.

PORTRAITS



Photograph by John Miehle

Gloria Swanson is now known professionally as Gloria Swanson, Incorporated. The rumors persist that Gloria is going to marry Gene Markey, celebrated writer, but Gloria herself will neither verify nor deny them. Here's something you didn't know about her: she usually eats lunch in her town car on the way to her various appointments.



Photograph by Preston Duncan

The last picture which Gavin Gordon completed was "Shipmates," in which Robert Montgomery is being starred. The report is still going the rounds that Gavin is the victim of an unreciprocated love for Greta Garbo. Gavin, however, vigorously denies it. And if you persist in the assertion he gets fighting mad. But the report goes annoyingly on—



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Bebe Daniels recently finished "A Woman of the World" for Warner Brothers. Bebe has decided to take a flyer in the business world by going into the cosmetic business with Jim, Hollywood beauty specialist. If Bebe can make her customers look as beautiful as she does, her success is assured even before she starts—she's amazingly smart-looking.



Photograph by Hurrell

Do you remember the little girl in "Inspiration" who killed herself for love of the roué impersonated by Lewis Stone? Karen Morley is her name. Although her work in this was splendid she says the picture won't do her any good because no one ever sees another girl in a Garbo picture. Her next picture will be "Never The Twain Shall Meet"—she's working on it now.



John Garrick, who has been playing leading man rôles for Fox for some time, will come into his own, as far as publicity is concerned, when he appears opposite Janet Gaynor in "Merely Mary Ann." This was the story in which Charles Farrell was to have played opposite Gaynor again—until his honeymoon intervened. Sort of a pretty good break for the Garrick lad, eh?



Richard Dix has just finished "Big Brother" and is now at work on "Marcheta." From now on Dix will appear only in serious dramatic stories, which means he will not be seen in any more comedies or ordinary "program" pictures. Dix, who is reported engaged to someone or other at least three times a year, has established a record by going for six months without a rumor.



Photograph by Ray Jones

Sydney Fox, Universal's new feminine feature player, got her first name because when she was born her mother and father were expecting a boy. She is going to play in "Six Cylinder Love," for Fox (Universal is lending her for the purpose). She has been working ever since she was thirteen. Did stenography, newspaper work, modeling and dress designing.

MY FRIEND CLARA BOW

By ELINOR GLYN

Besides the title of "It" girl, this famous author bestowed a fine friendship on Clara Bow. And no matter what the world may say about Clara, Elinor Glyn will always have a tender regard for the little star

I AM far away in England and have not read any of the American reports or criticisms about Clara Bow, so I cannot say who is right or who is wrong over the late affair—and by the time this gets into print the whole thing may have been settled amicably. But I feel that I want to tell my story of the dear little girl who played in my "It" in 1927. Everyone can be wise after an event, and alas! most people have a tendency to wait to see how the wind is blowing before they say anything nice about any person whose fate may be in jeopardy, so I think that now is the time for me to speak!

Whoever breaks rules, or will not listen to warnings, obviously must pay the price, so I am not suggesting a word of criticism about any decisions which producers



(Left) The famous star as she is today. (Above) As she was back in 1927 when she appeared in "It" with Antonio Moreno as her leading man. She has changed since then—as Elinor Glyn discovered.



(Above) On the "It" set where the fine friendship between the woman of England and the girl from Brooklyn was formed. Clara was a little suspicious of Mrs. Glyn's English reserve at first—but it soon wore off.



may have come to in regard to the popular little star. My story is merely upon my personal knowledge of Clara.

I HAD only seen her in one picture before she played in "It," but the roguish face and intelligent acting delighted me. Paramount bought the title of my story "It," which came out in the *Cosmopolitan*, and it was arranged that I should write an entirely new one for Clara under that title in which the characters should be reading that magazine and wondering if they had "It." Clara was to express the mysterious quality—and believe me, she did!

We met for the first time in Mr. Schulberg's office.

Clara was hatless, her flaming head tied up with some kind of scarf. She was frightfully dressed. This was the more remarkable because every little extra in the studios seems to have some clear idea of the "note" of the moment. But in spite of shocking clothes and ridiculous scarf, Clara exuded immense attraction. Her large, lovely eyes flashed with life, her tiny figure seemed all alive with a desire to go, just as race horses strain before starting their race. She expressed *vitality*. She talked in the toughest vocabulary I had ever heard in the film colony! but it was apt and very funny.

WE had a long chat afterwards in my office, and I began to have an impression of her life. She was perfectly genuine, and did not pretend to have come from anywhere grand, but just from the poorest class. This naturalness drew me at once, then I saw the pathos always lurking in her great big eyes.

She seemed to have no memories of a home, or a loving mother's care. It appeared that she was just a waif of fortune with nothing to lean upon but her own talent and scintillating fascination.

As we talked I realized how intelligent her mind was with almost no education; she saw at once every point I wanted her to bring out in the new picture we were going to make together.

She was a little suspicious at first. She had not met

any English people perhaps and could not quite fathom our rather stiff manners. But soon that wore off and we became friendly. Never have I had anything to do with a better actress. Clarence Badger was a broad-minded, generous director, and was in perfect sympathy with me in my—what shall I call it?—perhaps spiritual direction, of Clara Bow on the set. I used to explain to her just what I wanted her to *feel* and *think* in every scene, and then he used to do the actual direction, and we both concentrated upon what would bring out Clara's best points each day, as we invented new twists upon my original scenario.

THE dear little thing used to look at me like a child before she began, her huge eyes blazing with understanding, and she used to whisper, "Now, Madame, keep watching me. I seem to feel it and it helps." And indeed I did "watch" her and with every day stronger admiration for her talent—her pluck in the horrid cold water when the yacht capsized and threw her overboard for the last scenes of the picture!—her gaiety!—her good humor!

But underneath there was always this note of pathos, as though her soul was not content and desired something finer. I do not know who were her companions in those days—but her quaint little father came to me one afternoon on the set, and asked me to try to use my influence to get her away from them, as they were not helping her to go up—but pulling her downwards.

I used to talk to her often and try to interest her in books—and I remember I gave her Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," and she promised to study it. I always had a sort of "mother" feeling for her. I longed to protect and guide her—for whatever she may appear to have become now, Clara was then a perfectly sweet and dear character. I could have done anything with her if we had been longer together. I used to get glimpses of such an unhappy, comfortless past, utterly neglected as far as training in any domestic virtues went. And yet all of her impulses were good.

I REMEMBER I asked her to one of the parties I had for some foreign celebrity—I cannot remember which now—and she came remarkably dressed, not just in the perfect taste of the other stars. I noticed there was a slight looking down the nose at her, and no one was very kind to her except Marion Davies, whose golden heart is always kind to everyone. However, all the men of the party admired Clara! and she never showed that she perceived that she was not a 'persona grata'.

Her nerve never failed her—and, I know, never will. In those days I do not remember seeing her drink anything intoxicating. She appeared just a high spirited little girl out to enjoy her success.

About half way through "It" I happened to see "Children of Divorce" run, in which Clara had had a very tragic part—and then I could see her great aptitude for the expression of sorrow. And once or twice in her dressing-room I found her crying—and when I asked her why, considering she was so successful, she would say that she did not know—only she was sad—and she felt there was something else in life than all this, and would she ever find it?

I TOLD her then that if she worked and read and thought and educated herself, she could one day be a great tragic actress. "Ah! if that would come true," she used to answer.

I left Hollywood after we finished the picture, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps there would be no one to go on taking care of her and influencing her to enjoy finer things, and that perhaps she might be set upon by the decadents who batten on to successful stars.

I did not see her again until two years ago in New York, when she came to see me in my apartment on top of the Ritz Tower, and I remember the old wistful soul peeped out when we looked from that vast height over the wonder world of illuminated New York.

"Say, it's like being up in the stars here and seeing how small everything below is," she sighed. Then—she had *crème de menthe* instead of tea, and started being very gay and amusing. There was a change in her—her brilliant green dress matched the liqueur—her laugh was harder. I don't know why but she made me sad. I felt that she might be drifting—where?

SHE stayed for only a short time and there were other people there, so that I could not talk to her alone, and that is the last I saw of her as I left for Europe that Spring.

And now, judging by paragraphs I read in English newspapers, the dear little girl, capable of so much good if fate had been kinder to her, must be going through a distressing time—and realizing the inexorable law of the boomerang.

How I would love to see her make a splendid come-back!

If I were a millionaire producer this is what I would like to do with Clara. I would send her to Europe to travel for a year with a really cultivated, clever companion who would guide her interests and polish her mind, and let her have peace and beauty. And then I would find a really sorrowful story for her, like Hans Anderson's "Little Match Girl"—and get the very best author to elaborate it into an exquisite tragedy. Then when Clara's spirit was soothed and

rested I would encourage her to give the highest of her art to the part and present her to the public once more—and as a great tragic actress. I am certain she would come up to my expectations and belief in her. But I just want to say in conclusion that however her fortune goes, up or down, she will always find a friend in

ELINOR GLYN.



Says Elinor Glyn: "Her large, lovely eyes flashed with life, her tiny figure seemed all alive with a desire to go, just as race horses strain before starting their race."

Mrs. Harold Lloyd, her daughter Gloria, and her adopted daughter, Peggy, preparing for the care of Harold, Jr. Those are the beautiful baby clothes described fully in the story. (Below) Harold, Sr., when three years old.



Photograph by Russell Ball



From the Albert Davis collection

Harold Lloyd was delirious with joy when he realized his dream of having a son.



HAROLD LLOYD, JR.

An amazing story of perhaps the greatest happening in the Lloyd family

By GLADYS HALL

At precisely 8.35 p. m. on the night of January 25, 1931, Harold Lloyd, Junior, was born. He weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces. The doctors said, "He has a fifty-fifty chance." And that little hyphen between the fifty-fifty symbolized the dearest dream of Harold Lloyd's heart. When Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd were married, some seven or eight years ago, this dearest dream was

also the first dream. They said "We want a son."

When Baby Gloria was born the tiny string of blue identification beads was made ready beforehand. The beads spelled the name "Harold Lloyd, Junior." He didn't come.

In the past few years—how very few!—everything the world has to offer has come to Mildred and Harold Lloyd. The most dramatic, the most incredible of all the Aladdin's

Lamp tales of Hollywood took place in that palace on the high hill. The coffers of the earth have yielded up their treasures. Two little girls, one their own by right of birth and love, the other their own by right of adoption and love, play and laugh and are happy over acres more beautiful than Arcady. Fame and wealth and youth and two young people who are wise enough to know that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven" only when children's laughter makes it so.

One thing alone remained ungiven to them. The innermost desire of Harold Lloyd's (Continued on page 127)

GARBO—



Nils Asther and Greta Garbo made love on the screen in several pictures. But they never made love in real life. Theirs was a friendship born of similar natures and ancestry, no more.

Says this author: "Garbo knows — knows instinctively, I think, and has always known it—that the illusion of oneness of two beings which is created by a great love is an illusion and nothing more; that in reality these two must remain separate beings forever. . ."

WOMAN WITHOUT LOVE



In the days when Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were two names always linked together both on the screen and in real life. There were many reasons why Garbo could not love John.



It was through Mauritz Stiller, as you probably know, that Greta Garbo became such a tremendous success. She respected, admired—even worshipped Stiller. But she was not in love with him, ever.

A great many writers have told what they considered the truth about Garbo's love life. Here, for the first time, are the real facts

By HARRIET PARSONS

WHY has Greta Garbo never fallen in love? Why has she, who of all women seems created for love, been cheated of her birthright—the birthright of every woman from shopgirl to queen?

Is it fame, the merciless spotlight which plays upon her, which has cheated Greta Garbo of her share of love? Or is it the fundamental disillusionment of her nature which has kept her from falling in love as other women—even famous women do? Both, perhaps.

You can count on the fingers of one hand the men whose names have been linked with hers. There was Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director who discovered her. There was John Gilbert, idol of millions, who wooed and lost her. There was Nils Asther. And young Prince Sigmund of Sweden. And Sorenson, who Hollywood whispered was a prince but who turned out to be the son of a Swedish box maker. Of them all only two—the first two—really touched her heart. And of those two one is dead because Garbo did not love him and the other broken in spirit—perhaps for the same reason.

ASTHER, young Sigmund, and Sorenson really do not count. After her split with Gilbert, Garbo used to see Nils occasionally. They were countrymen and

they shared in common a moodiness and a love of solitude. It was natural that they should sense a sympathetic understanding in one another—that they should meet and find things to talk about. There was never more than a casual friendship between them. But the press, robbed of the choice morsel which the Garbo-Gilbert romance had long offered, sought to present Asther as Gilbert's successor—sought to create a new romance where none existed. And Garbo lost a friend. Nils has since married the woman whom he loves.

As for the youthful and royal Sigmund—another bit of press whimsy. During her visit to Sweden after Stiller's death Garbo was seen in public with the prince—ling—which was quite enough to start tongues wagging. Garbo is so rarely seen in public with anyone—and when that anyone happens to be a prince! It was even whispered that the Swedish authorities had had words with her on the subject, according to report. Her own single and succinct comment on the rumor when she returned to America was, "I don't play around with kids."

Sorenson, the tall blond young Swede who wasn't a prince, was in love with Garbo. But Garbo wasn't in love with him. And it takes two to make a romance—everywhere, that is, except in the press. Son of a millionaire Swedish box manufacturer, he was drawn to



Greta Garbo—the woman so closely associated with the expression of love on the screen—has known remarkably few men in her life. Mauritz Stiller, John Gilbert, Nils Asther, Prince Sigmund, and Sorenson. Did she love any of them? This writer tells us.

Hollywood by Greta's tales of that amazing colony. And quite possibly by Greta herself. During the months that he spent here he was constantly in her company, and it was apparent that she liked him immensely. Liked, not loved. And so when his passport expired he went back to Sweden and boxes. The prince charming legend subsided like a pricked balloon. And the world was thwarted once more in its attempt to construct a romance for its reigning queen of hearts.

But what of Stiller and Gilbert? Surely, you say, one of these two must have quickened love in that inscrutable, secret heart of Garbo's. I do not think so. Even though Garbo fainted at the news of Stiller's death. Even though she once almost eloped with Gilbert.

WITH Stiller it was the old Svengali-Trilby story. He was the master, she the pupil. Everyone knows how Stiller forced the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, because of their eagerness to secure his directorial genius, to accept his young acolyte also. Everyone knows how Garbo rose to world-fame through her achievements in the studios of Hollywood while Stiller returned defeated and humiliated to die in Sweden. It is already an old wives' tale.

Stiller's broken heart was not the result solely of his professional failure. He was jealous, hopelessly jealous of John Gilbert. Gilbert, handsome, young, gallant, could offer Garbo what he, for all his magnificent brain and wise, tender guidance, could never give her. It must have torn his heart to think of the two of them together. The sight of his own plain face must have filled him with an agony of loathing and despair. For the master had fallen in love with the pupil.

Garbo respected, admired—even worshipped Stiller. But she was not in love with him. The shadow of his lonely death still hangs over her, has deepened and pointed her fundamental sadness. And it is doubtless partly because of that shadow that she is unable to surrender her heart completely to any man.

SHE holds herself irrevocably and inexcusably accountable. One day a woman friend was visiting her at her home. Garbo insisted upon playing over and over a collection of melancholy Swedish records. "Why do you play that sad music?" asked the friend. "It must depress you frightfully."

"Yes," said Garbo. "It reminds me of one I hurt—one I murdered. But that is good—it is right that I should remember." No one else in the world would dream of saying that Garbo killed Mauritz Stiller. No one could possibly hold her responsible that a man died because she did not love him.

John Gilbert, too, was doomed to find only unhappiness in his love for Garbo. Garbo was drawn to him—he was her first real friend in America. His spirit of gaiety, his dashing good looks, his obvious infatuation for her, must have created in her at least the illusion of being in love. And yet, in the last analysis, Greta Garbo was not in love with John Gilbert. Once, it is true, he persuaded her to elope with him—but at the last moment she ran away and fled back to Hollywood alone.

The factors which kept Greta Garbo from surrendering to the man who came nearest of any to winning her were three. There was that ever-present shadow of Stiller—Stiller who hated John Gilbert. There was fame—the relentless, avid curiosity of the public and the press which has spoiled so many things for Garbo. A romance with John Gilbert could never be anything other than common property. Any romance of Garbo's would be that—but particularly so if the man happened to be equally in the limelight, equally the idol of millions. And Gilbert was then riding the crest of his popularity. What chance would those two have had for happiness? Ina Claire found out later the tragedy of (Continued on page 128)



Photograph by Hurrell

NORMA SHEARER

Fans, players, studio executives, bit players, extras, electricians, sound technicians, carpenters, script girls, prop boys, all join in a good rousing cheer for the return of Norma to the screen in the magnificent "Strangers May Kiss." She is now busy on the production, "A Free Soul."



(Left) Grannie Tricks, his old nurse, was visited by Charlie. You can imagine her delight! (Right) The triumphant parade through the streets of Britain's capital. What noise and excitement!

International



CHARLIE IN LONDON

What those Londoners didn't do to Chaplin in the way of welcoming!



The house where Chaplin was born. Kennington Road, London, is the name of the place. It's become a landmark since his success.

International

The little man in the derby with the cane. The population of London went mad with excitement when Chaplin arrived in their midst.

Acme



(Left) Arriving at the station. Charlie looks worried—and no wonder with that terrific mob pressing upon him in the exuberance of welcome.

Acme

During his tour in England, Charlie paid a visit to the home of Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister, at Wendover in Buckinghamshire.

Acme





AMERICAN HERO

In her own fascinating style this famous writer
applauds Will Rogers' honest Americanism—this
fine sentiment will carry you to great heights

By FAITH BALDWIN

I SUPPOSE there could be a good deal of discussion as to what constitutes a hero; and, more particularly, an American hero. But for this position I nominate Will Rogers.

Will's recent flying adventure which not only took up a good deal of his time and, theoretically at least, risked his life, is stirring enough, for it was an undertaking

made solely in the name of charity—and he certainly got returns as few men have been able to do. He went over the top, in more ways than one, but I do not base his candidacy for the job of American Hero upon this feat of endurance and courage and great-heartedness alone. I base it upon the fundamental make-up of the man himself—upon his fineness and genuineness.

To me, Will Rogers perfectly exemplifies the traits of character and the twists of personality which, summed up, are wholly American . . . or at least he possesses something which all of us like to think is as American as baked beans, apple pie, and ice cream.

I know very little more of his background and ancestry than I have read in the various magazines. I know, for instance, that he is a Westerner but he might easily be a Down East Yankee. His particular type belongs to no one part of the country. Shrewd, illuminated by generosity and mother wit, drawling, slow spoken, careless, he demands no sectional background for his setting.

He is as Western as plains and cow ponies and as Yankee as Calvin Coolidge!

This is the remarkable personality which, some years ago, stepped out on a Ziegfeld stage and, surrounded by

"He is, to my mind, the pioneer type. Today, he marches out on stage and screen... he talks, in his own fashion, over the mysterious ether... but put him back a few generations... and he would be perfectly at home."



Miss Baldwin asserts, with perfect truth, that Will Rogers is one of the few motion picture stars who has remained quite American in speech in manners and in approach.

in no way altering his personality, or, more significant still, his character.

This is a man who wears what he pleases, speaks as he pleases, does as he likes and is not concerned with the changing standards of the world about him. This is a man who may, if he likes, smite a King or a President upon the startled, but not offended, back, and proffer each some good homely advice. He may, if he so desires, hail Royalty by its sacred first name and he will get away with it. In his entirely democratic I-am-who-I-am—who-are-you? attitude toward people and things there is no display of bad taste as there might be in a man of a different type. Will Rogers may commit minor crimes according to the Book of Etiquette but he can never commit one according to the Book of the Human Heart, which is very much more important and much more widely read.



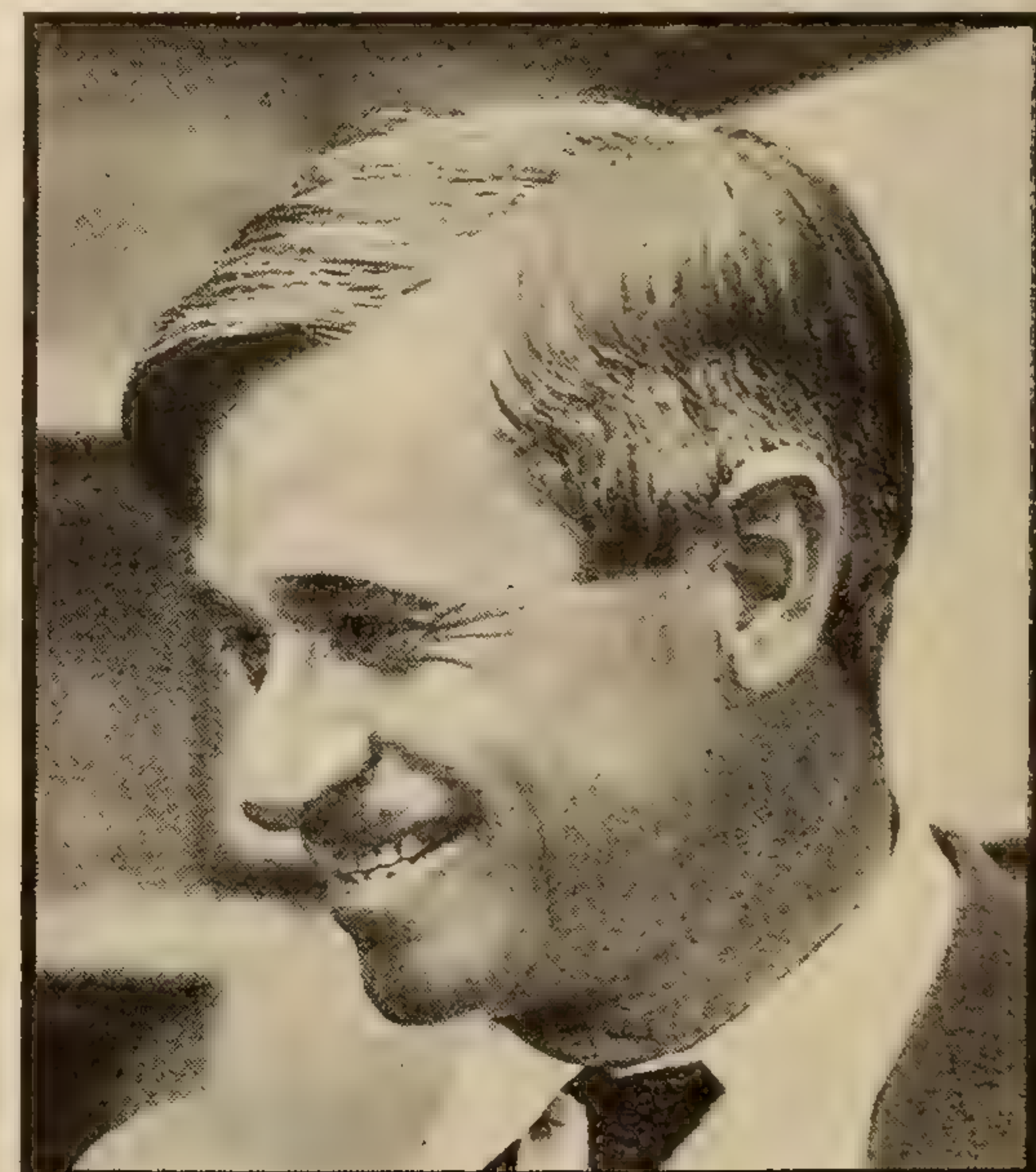
Will Rogers is purely American in his rangy build, his pleasant, quite un-Arrow-Collar face. The sort of American we all wish we were, says this writer.

HE is the epitome of the things we like to think of as American. He stands for tolerance, he stands for humor, he stands for a certain calmness in every situation, for poise, for an inborn dignity, for wit, and for a great and charitable heart. He also stands for the standards of American home life which, even today, are not forgotten—standards of decency and fidelity, of fine fatherhood. No, they are not forgotten, although to some of us who read the daily papers and listen to the conversation of our neighbors, they may have taken on the outlines of a noble, bygone legend. And speaking of legends I wonder, sometimes, if Will Rogers is not, in himself, a living legend, a sort of folk lore story, a saga of American life—of what we consider the best in American life?

the glamor of youth, beauty, exposure and theatricalism, twirled a rope and chewed a wad of gum and gradually, quite by chance, worked up his act into one which included a running, if slow, fire of exceptionally shrewd and humorous comment upon contemporary events.

The extraordinary thing about this business was that Will Rogers remained himself. He took on no color from his surroundings; his idiom did not change; *he* did not change. His head remained unturned and his standards remained as they had been. He appeared to me, when I first saw him, as some mobile Rock of Gibraltar around whose firmly planted feet the tides of song and dance, of tulle and satin, of rouge and powder, of perfume, of heat, of applause and wisecracks frothed and broke—making no impression upon him whatsoever, and

"I imagine that he has very big loyalties and enduring friendships . . . would be a good woodsman and a good camper. And a darned good scout in every sense of the word."



He is, to my mind, the pioneer type. Today, he marches out on stage or screen, he soars above the common streets in airplanes, he talks, in his own fashion, over the mysterious ether. But put him back a few generations and set him a-hunting with Daniel Boone, set him to sailing over great seas and land him on Plymouth Rock, in order that he might defend his homestead and his freedom and he would be perfectly at home.

He is therefore ageless. He does not belong any more to this generation than he belongs to the generation to come or the generation which is to be.

Many of our motion picture stars have become exceedingly Anglicized, in speech, in manner, in approach. This may be the Rod Colman influence, who knows? Many have gone Continental. What Chevalier and others have to do with this, I do not know. But few of our masculine picture stars have remained American, if they ever were. Rogers has remained so. He can do no other.

THERE is a certain craze for youth, at the moment . . . for youngsters like Lew Ayres, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, Robert Montgomery and many others. Their popularity and fan mail increases by leaps and bounds. Youth is, at the moment, brilliantly in the ascendant. Yet time alone can prove the enduring value of these charming young people to the stage and screen. Rogers is not young; he is not romantic in the accepted sense; he is certainly far from being handsome. But I have a curious notion that he will remain unthreatened while others will come and go.

Speaking of Fairbanks, Junior, reminds me of Fairbanks, Senior. The older Fairbanks, particularly in his stage days and the days of his earlier pictures, was considered very American. That is, he played his parts and performed his antics in the very tempo of American life . . . he was quick on his feet, smiling through, undefeated, laughing, the very soul of the Go-Getter, the Young Man who gets ahead. After which, taking to the costume picture, he preferred to adapt that tempo to sheer romantic adventure.

But Rogers' Americanism goes deeper than stories of Young Men Who Make a Million Over Night, or who rescue maidens in mythical kingdoms or who are magnificently acrobatic. It is an Americanism which does not at all depend upon the type of story in which he must play. An Americanism which is never all contingent upon lines or situations or temporary manifestations of "American" life. For many manifestations are temporary. We flit from one fad or fancy to the next, and resenting the European criticism that we are "commercial" we become avid in our search for "culture," so called. Rogers is completely unaffected. He is, I think, the living incarnation of what even the least sentimental of us like to think of at times, as the American Soul.

And the American Soul is not necessarily a Babbitt!

WILL ROGERS is not negative. He has virtues which are not negative virtues. I doubt very much if he has vices. I am sure he has faults and that they are not negative, either. He has strength, but strength without the usual sort of dramatic trappings.

When I heard that he was to do "A Connecticut Yan-

kee" for the screen I emitted the equivalent of three cheers and a tiger. I cannot imagine a more suitable personality for the part of the Yankee who wandered into a strange land and a stranger generation, and who set both land and generation by the ears.

I understand that on the screen, as on the stage, Rogers is permitted to *ad lib*, when he so desires. I can fancy that, in such a case, he might slow up the dramatic action of the story, but who cares—he'd probably stimulate the mental action of his listeners.

If Will Rogers is, as I imagine him to be, a *bona fide* hero, he is one without any borrowed fuss or feathers. He is very purely American in his type of slow wit—which isn't, really, wisecracking, after all, for there is too much shrewdness in it to permit it to be a mere ephemeral spark, thrown off to get a laugh, and then fading into darkness. He is purely American in his rangy build, his pleasant, keen-eyed, lantern-jawed, quite un-Arrow-Collar face; and in his private life he is the type of American that, no matter what we do ourselves, we wish



Rogers with Brandon Hurst in a scene from "The Connecticut Yankee." Miss Baldwin feels that there is no more suitable personality for the part of the Yankee who wandered into a strange land and stranger generation.

we were—or that every single one of our friends were.

I KNOW he is generous. I fancy he is thrifty. Where business is concerned I'll bet he can drive a hard, but not unjust, bargain. I imagine that he has very big loyalties and enduring friendships. I'm perfectly sure he would be a good woodsman and a good camper. And a darned good scout in every sense of the word.

I don't know how much influence he has, politically, through his newspaper connections. And I sometimes think that he certainly rushes in where super-angels would fear to tread. But I have the feeling that when he scolds a little he does it with a certain understanding of human frailty and temptation. I have been listening to him, recently, over the radio, (Continued on page 119)



Says Loretta: "When I stop to look back on that impulsive elopement of ours, I wonder if I ever was in love with Grant. . . I was deeply infatuated, yes. I thought he was the most attractive and interesting boy I had ever met. But I was too young to realize that the strong physical attraction we held for each other could possibly be anything but love. I thought the exciting emotion I felt for Grant was the kind that meant marriage, home and a life partnership. I was mistaken. If I had been a little older. . ."

LORETTA YOUNG'S OWN STORY



Hollywood was delighted when it heard of the elopement of Loretta Young and Grant Withers a year and a half ago. It was so romantic! Too bad that the romance didn't last.



In this interview, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, this famous young actress tells in her own words why her marriage to Grant Withers was an unhappy failure

By WALTER RAMSEY


One of the causes of their estrangement, says Loretta, was that both she and Grant wanted their own way. If she wanted to go swimming and he didn't—well, it meant something of a row.

MY marriage was the greatest mistake of my life. It is probably the greatest I shall ever make!"

With these two terse sentences, Loretta Young herself spoke *finis* to one of Hollywood's most romantic and youthful marriages. She was sitting again in the comfortable living room of her own home—the home of her sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young; the gay and laughing home her mother had begged her not to leave the day she and Grant Withers slipped away to Arizona for that sensational elopement-marriage of a year and a half ago. The marriage that is quite definitely and thoroughly over now.

It was an easy matter to sense the happiness of the little family at having her back with them once more. It is in the atmosphere that greets you as you step into the spacious and dimly lighted rooms that have remained unchanged in the many months of Loretta's absence.

She found the house was still alive with the constant ringing of the telephone as Hollywood's smitten swains called in an attempt to "date up" the prettiest girls in town, Polly Ann and Sally Blane—they hadn't changed.



All Hollywood was thrilled when Loretta Young and Grant Withers chartered an airplane and made their sensational elopement.

Only Loretta has changed.

NO longer does she laugh and smile as vivaciously as she used to in the days when she danced every night at the Cocoanut Grove. All the time she was talking to me, her hands rested gently in her lap. Her eyes held mine steadily . . . as though she wanted me to see this thing that has happened in her nineteen-year-old life as seriously and sanely as she does.

"My mind is quite definitely made up now," she said evenly. "At first I wasn't sure. You see, the things that came between us were so indefinite. You couldn't put your finger on any one thing in particular. I don't believe Grant realizes at this moment quite how far things have gone with us. Just the other night he called me long distance on the telephone. He made me promise him three things: that I wouldn't go out with anyone else until he returned; that I wouldn't do anything in court until he comes back from his stage tour; that I would give him a 'break'.

"Well, I've kept those promises. I haven't yet seen a lawyer about a divorce. I haven't been out with a single person. But I know deep down in my heart that there never will be 'another chance for us'. There can't be.

"I am no longer in love with Grant!"

"When I stop to look back on that impulsive elopement of ours, I wonder if I ever was in love with him.

I was deeply infatuated, yes. I thought he was the most attractive and interesting boy I had ever met. But I was too young to realize that the strong physical attraction we held for each other could possibly be anything but love. I thought the exciting emotion I felt for Grant was the kind that meant marriage, home and a life partnership. I was mistaken. If I had been a little older and more experienced I would have realized the feeling for what it was—a deep infatuation. The first and only important one in my life. You see, I had always been so sure that I would never marry an actor . . . and so when I actually did marry one, it surprised *me* as much as anyone.

MY mother tried to explain my mistake to me as she begged me to have the marriage annulled. But I didn't believe her at the time. I thought I knew what I was doing. I really believe I got just the least bit stubborn about what mother was attempting to do for me. I said to myself that I was married . . . and I was going to *stay* married."

Here Loretta paused a moment to again fix me with those steady, calm eyes of hers.

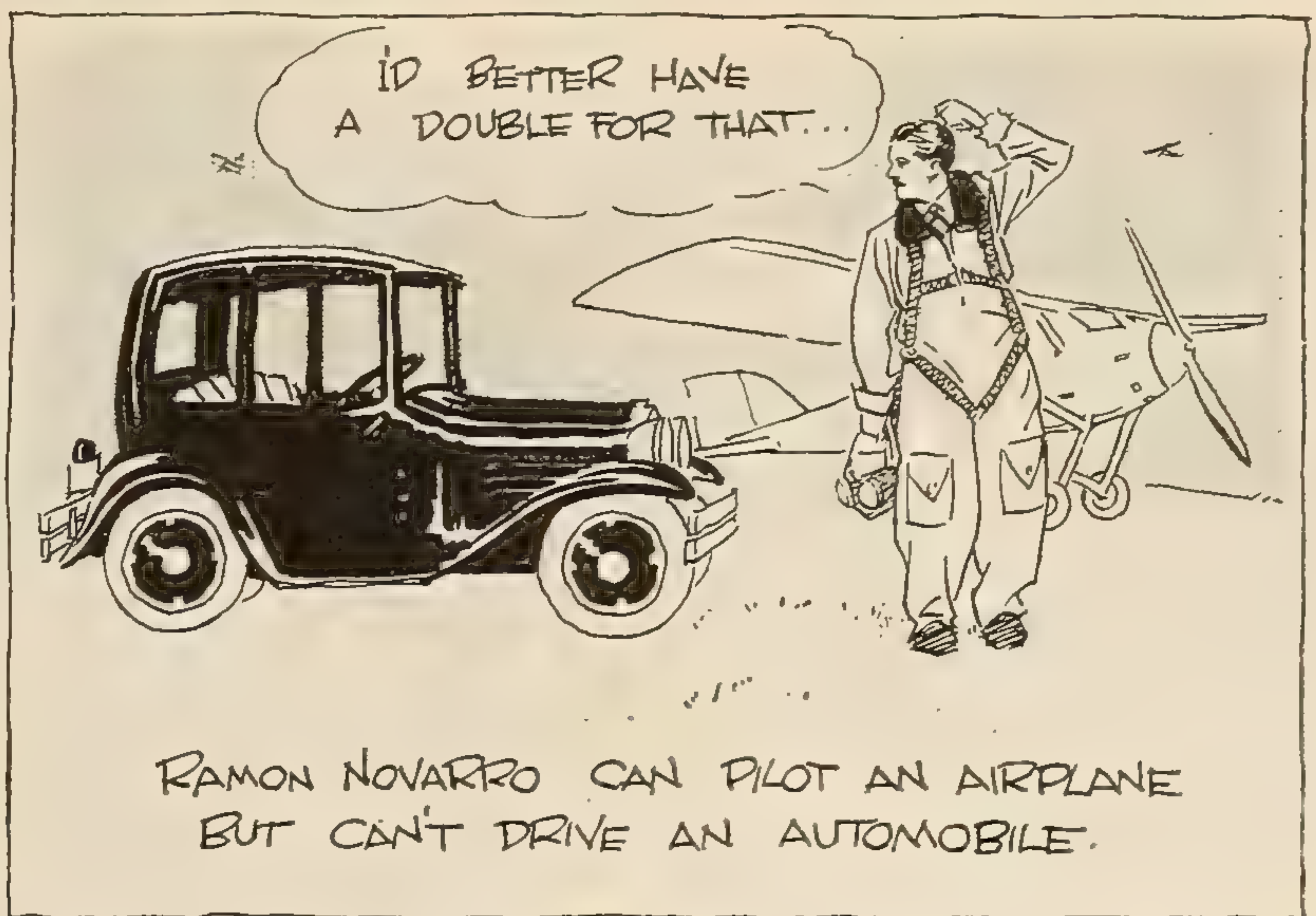
"Before I go any further, I want you to know that I am presenting only my side of the case. I haven't the slightest doubt but that there is another. Only Grant can tell you his side. And I want to be as fair to him as I can possibly be. He is a dear, sweet boy and I am truly fond of him. I wouldn't want anything I might say to hurt him—not seriously. The story I want to tell you is just the story of a very youthful mistake between two young people who were not meant to be married to one another.

"I don't exactly remember any definite thing that first came between us. It was just a series of little things. Little things that might sound terribly trivial to anyone else . . . but they meant the world to me. And please don't mistake me, I'm sure that those first small arguments were just as much my fault as Grant's. You see, I think I had been spoiled at home. Although I have a younger baby sister, I have al- (Continued on page 110)

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS WAS ONCE A HOUSE-TO-
HOUSE PEDDLER OF
ASSORTED SOAPS



RAMON NOVARRO CAN PILOT AN AIRPLANE
BUT CAN'T DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE.



LILY DAMITA
DANCED IN THE
BALLET AT THE
OPÉRA DE PARIS
—FOR ABOUT 3¢
A DAY



JAMES GLEASON
HAS A BEEHIVE
JUST OUTSIDE HIS
BEDROOM WINDOW.



HELEN TWELVETREES' BIRTHDAY IS DEC. 25.
SCOTCH ADMIRERS ARE SAID TO FIND THIS
A GREAT BOON.

ARE YOU A "SLEEPING



At the left is an early picture of Mary Astor. Pretty? Yes. But certainly not outstanding. Look at the difference in the picture at the right. There is a Mary Astor whose poise and amazing ability to carry a simple frock gives her a marvelous beauty and fascination utterly alien to the rather over-dressed girl on the left.

I*F the modern girl is unattractive it is from choice!*

No longer is it so much a misfortune to be unattractive as it is an indication that the person in question lacks, first imagination enough and then initiative enough to make the most of herself. No group of people in all the world have a greater reputation for beauty than the motion picture stars. Yet few of the girls on the screen were born great beauties. And many of them had still to attain the zenith of their loveliness after they had made their screen debut and achieved some measure of their success. So that even among famous beauties we find natural beauty very rare.

These illustrations speak for themselves. The contrast between the old and new portraits of the stars is really surprising. And certainly it is interesting to see how, passing fair girls without any particular distinction, they have groomed themselves with meticulous care until they are as attractive as it is possible for them to be. They well might be compared to jewels cut and polished expertly until they have achieved the fullness of their fire, color, and brilliance.

TO get down to specific cases, when Norma Shearer first came to New York, intent upon a screen career,

she was not the smart young woman she is today.

I saw her. I know what I am talking about. Time and again at parties I have seen wall flowers who had quite as much to go on, basically, as Norma had. Except, of course, that they lack her imagination and her initiative. It is, I think, more often the lack of these qualities than any lack of embryonic pulchritude that relegates girls to the background of life.

Norma Shearer used to wear her hair in the conventional way, parted somewhere on the side and waved. A little frizzily wave to be exact. Norma used to wear bouffant taffetas, school girl effects. Norma used to have the reputation of being haughty and ritzy. Norma was, in other words, a stranger to the charming chic young woman we know today.

Now it is possible that Norma wore her hair as she did feeling that this, combined with the more ingenue-ish clothes she then affected would soften her definitely cut

A "sleeping beauty" is a girl whose potentialities for outstanding

BEAUTY''?

By ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER



Here again is another "before and after" comparison. You'd hardly recognize that mousey girl at the right as Norma Shearer, would you? Yet that was how she looked when she first came to New York. Norma says, "I have learned the difference between being well dressed and perfectly groomed."

features. If this was the case she soon learned the error of her ways and began to emphasize the very things she previously had sought to temper. Today Norma intensifies the striking clarity of her features, her well defined nose, the cut of her mouth, the set of her eyes, by the way in which she does her hair and by the simple, chic things she wears. Wise Norma!

There's all the difference in the world in marcel. And there's all the difference in the world in a part in the hair one half inch further to the left or one quarter inch further to the right. Exactly which marcel and which part suits her is something every girl must discover for herself.

UNDoubtedly the old haughtiness of Norma's was a defense. Five years ago she wasn't sure of herself. Now that she is she can afford to be casual. No need to be stand-offish any more.



There are other slight changes. Norma's eyebrows are shaped differently. And what a difference this detail of the appearance can make! Norma has found the exact weight at which she claims the most graceful lines and contours. And what experimenting this takes! Where one person needs a

a little fullness another looks much better with slight lines.

Norma says, "I have learned the difference between being well dressed and being perfectly groomed. Being perfectly groomed necessitates an enormous amount of detail to maintain simplicity. But simplicity is the prerequisite and very essence of charm."

Norma Shearer is her attractive and charming self today not because she had the good fortune to be born a goddess but because she had the desire and the will to make the most of herself both mentally and physically.

MENTAL development proves of great importance. Once a person becomes aware of the many interesting things there are for people to talk about they aren't nearly as likely to feel themselves the topic of conversation whenever they see a group with their heads together. Therefore, if it does nothing else a mental awareness proves a deadly enemy of supersensitiveness and self-consciousness. And these things, in turn, surely

beauty have remained undeveloped by lack of attention

Even the far-famed beauty of Garbo was achieved rather than God-given. When Garbo first arrived in America she was a rather attractive Swedish girl. But since then she has learned the secret of dramatizing herself—with simply amazing results.



Clara Bow has increased her attractiveness to an amazing degree during the years that she has been a star. "The screen has taught me the value of three mirrors on my dressing-table," says Clara sagely. "In them I appraise myself rather than merely look at myself."

There's a tip.



are the deadly enemies of charm and true beauty.

There are exceptions to every rule. That goes without saying. But generally speaking show me a wall flower and I'll show you a girl who isn't taking either the time or the trouble to make the most of herself. I'll show you a physical, mental and spiritual sleeping beauty.

Consider the pale Garbo for a minute. When Greta arrived in New York she had reduced considerably because her director, the late Victor Seastrom, realized the American public would have little sympathy with her erstwhile ample Swedish figure. Outside of this, however, Greta had done little or nothing to enhance her beauty. There wasn't anything curious or especially interesting about her. She had freckles. Her hair was frowsy. Eyebrows beetled over her eyes to obliterate completely that dreamy quality which now makes her so very lovely. Greta was a nice looking Swedish girl. Nothing more.

Today, however, Greta defies any such apathetic description. Only a poet could do justice to her pale beauty and her curious aura. Through a number of slight changes, among them arching her eyebrows and rouging her lips a trifle differently, Greta has become a far-famed beauty. *Greta is conclusive proof that the sum of slight changes can be great.*

Parenthetically, beauty specialists insist the best results are obtained if lip salve is applied with the little finger and worked on towards the center. And they suggest that the very corners of the mouth always be wiped clean. Any alteration in the natural outline of the upper lip is taboo. However, where a mouth is too narrow they advise the lip salve being applied a little below the natural line of the *under* lip, and vice versa.

The case of Joan Crawford's amazing change from a jazz-mad girl into a self-contained woman is just another example of what an intelligent girl can do. Joan has learned the value of using the right make-up and right clothes.





A very early picture of Gloria Swanson shows only inherent beauty—"sleeping beauty."



Then came the "clothes-horse" period of her career. This hindered her beauty development.



But finding herself, happily resulted in the tremendously attractive Gloria we know today.

ANOTHER thing. You never see the peerless Garbo wearing a dress or a hat or a coat because that dress or that hat or that coat is deemed fashionable. Greta wears the clothes in which she is most comfortable and, therefore, most graceful. Greta wears the clothes that suit her height and the goddess-like breadth of her Viking frame. And on her, colored by her personality and coloring her personality, these clothes are so attractive that they became the fashion. Witness the popularity of the Garboesque polo coat and beret!

Greta has learned many things since she entertained the representatives of the press in the drawing-room of her suite the day she landed in New York and vouchsafed broken "How do you do's" with a timid smile that asked for patience and understanding. And not least among the things Greta has learned is the subtle trick, not easily mastered, of dramatizing herself. And I'm very much inclined to believe that it is in this trick that the secret of everyone's greatest attraction lies.

Be what you are and be it with a vengeance! There will be some who won't like you, of course. But there will be others who will like you tremendously. And no one will pass you by.

JOAN CRAWFORD is another charming lady who has travelled a long way. To my mind the most important things Joan has learned are simplicity and poise. Joan has matured. She is no longer constantly on the go, constantly dancing, constantly dashing madly from one diversion to another. Joan has become a self-contained young woman. She continues to find pleasure in dancing and gaiety. But she's better balanced. She seeks pleasure in other things as well. Her clothes have come to possess a charming young dignity. She wears black a great deal. With reason. It is fascinating with her pale skin and reddish gold hair.

"My career," Joan says, "has taught me the absolute necessity of using the correct make-up for any certain occasion. I've learned that one may change one's appearance by a periodic altering of one's make-up methods. Correct make-up is highly important.

"I utilize three methods myself:

1. Regular powder, rouge and lipstick.
2. No make-up whatsoever.
3. Scented oil preparations which impart a pleasing sparkle to the face for sports occasions."

No dabbing on of the same carelessly chosen cosmetics, morning, noon and night for Joan. Hers is an infinite capacity for taking pains. And how the results do justify the means!

Every girl—even a constant wall-flower—can learn from this clever article how to make herself outstandingly beautiful

NEEDLESS to say everyone isn't favored with eyes cut as fascinatingly as Swanson's . . . with the provocative mouth and facial contours of The Garbo . . . with the delightful gaiety of Norma Shearer . . . with the beauty of Mary Astor, a beauty that seems delicately cut from warm

marble . . . *But everyone is born with something. And it is by making the most of this something, whatever it may be, that they come to achieve an attraction of their own.*

Not by trying to look like someone else has Norma Shearer found her fullest beauty. And had Greta Garbo come to this country to be so impressed by Norma that she tried to make herself over in the Shearer pattern she never would have gained her high place.

Beauty no longer is an arbitrary thing, a matter of beautiful hair, big eyes, a charming nose, a good figure and a creamy skin. All of these things or any one of them are splendid things to possess. Naturally. Those who have them get off with a head start. But the most beautiful gem in its natural state is not likely to compare with an inferior stone that has been cut and polished with thoughtful care.

Mary Astor is a girl who was born beautiful.

I remember Mary when she entered the beauty contest through which she went on the screen. Mary had a delicately chiseled face. A creamy skin. Startling burnished hair. But in spite of these greatly-to-be-desired things you looked at Mary and thought "You're beautiful. No doubt about that. But what of it?"

Today, however, Mary matters tremendously. The intervening years have lit the (Continued on page 118)

PAGLIACCIS ALL

They say that to be a good comedian, tragedy must have entered your life at some time. Certainly it seems to be true in these cases

By POTTER BRAYTON



Joe E. Brown was playing in a musical comedy once when word was sent to him of the death of his favorite sister.

PUT on your funny smock and your grease paint . . . get on with the show, Pagliacci—the world must laugh—even though your Columbine has been stolen by another man . . . laugh, Pagliacci, though your heart is breaking!

A real trouper, this fellow Pagliacci! But, after all, he is only a mythical figure of opera. What of the real Pagliaccis—the clowns you look at for an hour in your local theater, and then forget—what of the terrific struggle along fame's rocky road, the bitterness of financial or domestic upsets, the heartbreaks which they must face with buffoonery; so that you can forget your troubles for the moment and laugh?

No one who has ever looked into Charles Chaplin's blue eyes can go away without a lasting impression of the tragic depth and silent suffering expressed in them.

Poverty, hunger, and unhappiness besieged Chaplin throughout his childhood. Almost every picture he has made has contained incidents lifted literally from those pitiful years—incidents so pathetic that they are incredible, and consequently make you roar with laughter.

THE hardest blow of all came to Charlie Chaplin in the fall of 1926 when he was filming "The Circus." Court mandates were issued putting his studios, home, and personal property into legal seal. It was only the beginning of the wrath of Lita Grey Chaplin.

Mr. Chaplin went to New York in search of legal advice, placing his picture on the shelf for the time being. While he was in the east the other side issued vitriolic statements, which were seized by Hollywood scandal mongers and enlarged upon by wagging tongues. Chaplin, still in the east, received his first deep wound when newspapers published his wife's complaint, a document which ripped his character from stem to stern—a document which in Chaplin's own words was "an attack without mercy."

Sensation seekers published and sold on the streets of Los Angeles thousands of pamphlets containing shady



(Left) One of the screen's funniest women, Marie Dressler, has had more heart-break in her life than most people could bear. But Marie has gone bravely on.



(Right) When Eddie Cantor lost ten years' savings in the famous Wall Street crash of 1929, he capitalized on the tragedy and made a gag out of it for his audiences' benefit.

remarks and vicious insinuations regarding the comedian's domestic troubles. After months of litigation, suffering physically and mentally, his domestic affairs terminated in a divorce. He had weighed 140 when he went to New York; at the time of his divorce he weighed 105. Despite his weakened condition, he returned to Hollywood and resumed work on his picture.

CHAPLIN'S intimate friends are the only ones who know what the man went through, or who understand why he refused to strike back at his persecutors, preferring to go into solitude. Writers have devoted volumes to their guesses as to why Charlie Chaplin sits alone in Henry's restaurant with that sad, far-away look in his eyes. His is a sensitive, genteel character, and a wise mind. He knows that his was the right side of the argument, and he knows that he can forget his troubles sooner by giving the world no satisfaction in discussing them behind his back.

Only a very keen observer of motion pictures, or one intimately in contact with Chaplin could pick out those scenes of great hilarity in "The Circus" that were made under a great mental suffering. But here and there in the picture, the physique of "the little tramp" is but a

shell in comparison to those scenes recorded at the beginning, when life was serene for Charlie Chaplin.

EDDIE CANTOR took ten years' savings and invested in stocks. In five feverish days he had lost it all in the sensational stock crash of 1929.

"Capitalize on your troubles—that's what I do!" Eddie replied when I asked him how he stood up under such a blow. "After I lost that money, I sat down and wrote the second-best non-fiction seller of the year, 'Caught Short'—a book I could never have written without the inspiration of my recent bad luck.

"When some crook stole my wife's jewelry last Labor Day, I wrote a skit on the incident which brought in enough to almost replace the stolen articles.

"I certainly don't believe in letting audiences know you are suffering over private affairs—especially, if you are a comedian. It would be as wrong to do that as it would be for an automobile salesman to sell a good car on the argument that his wife was raising particular Hades because he couldn't afford to buy her a new hat."

JOE E. BROWN says that "as a rule, you'll find that actors prefer to go on the stage, or face the camera in spite of their troubles, rather than suffer the added anguish of forsaking the show, if even for one performance."

He means it, for he played a solid week in New York in "Betty Lee" with a temperature of 103, before finally giving up to his illness. During an engagement in "Twinkle Twinkle" he had broken a leg. He called in six doctors, one by one, hoping that one of them would tell him the leg was repaired sufficiently for him to dance. None of them did; so Joe performed his dance anyway, and it was only after the final curtain that his fellow actors discovered that he had torn two tendons.

Many people would call that "foolhardiness," but any real trouper would envy Joe E. Brown's record in that event.

"But the toughest time of all," Joe confided, "was when I was playing in a musical show—only a kid in my 'teens at the time—and they brought me word of the sudden death of my favorite sister. I couldn't get a train for home until after the matinée anyway; so I finished out my part in the show. I know I cried every minute on and off the stage that terrible afternoon, but I doubt if anyone but the people on the stage knew my tortured state, for the audience laughed and clapped for more."

MARIE DRESSLER'S career should be food for thought for any young girl hoping for fame and fortune as an actress, and a good many of the younger motion picture actresses could learn a timely lesson of perseverance from her attitude of "Never say die!" Marie believes that "you're never too old to learn"; so she constantly is striving to improve herself. Perhaps she owes that fighting spirit to her long line of warring ancestors, the last of which was her father, who made a noble record as an officer in the Crimean war.

Marie's troubles began with her first attempt at a theatrical career. She was the ugly duckling. They laughed her off the stage wherever she appeared. Instead of making her cry, these continued rebuttals made Marie fighting mad. "I'll show 'em!" she would say. As they wouldn't have her in the footlight areas, Marie took jobs in the back row of the chorus. Then one day, about fifteen years ago, people began telling about that wonderful new comedienne, Marie Dressler, who had just made such a tremendous hit in a play called "Tillie's Nightmare." Marie found herself in the \$2,000 a week class. She had shown 'em! (Continued on page 106)



Genial Eugene Pallette has climbed the ladder of fame and fortune three times before reaching his present success. It's a wonder he can forget those struggles and be so convincingly funny.

(Below) ZaSu Pitts, the screen's most pathetically comic figure, has suffered such hard and bitter blows in her intimate life that she doesn't even want them published.



Skeets "Smarty" Gallagher was playing a vaudeville theater in Vancouver, B. C., a few days before Christmas, when a telegram curtly announced his mother's death. But the audience never knew.

BINKY

By
HAGAR
WILDE



Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

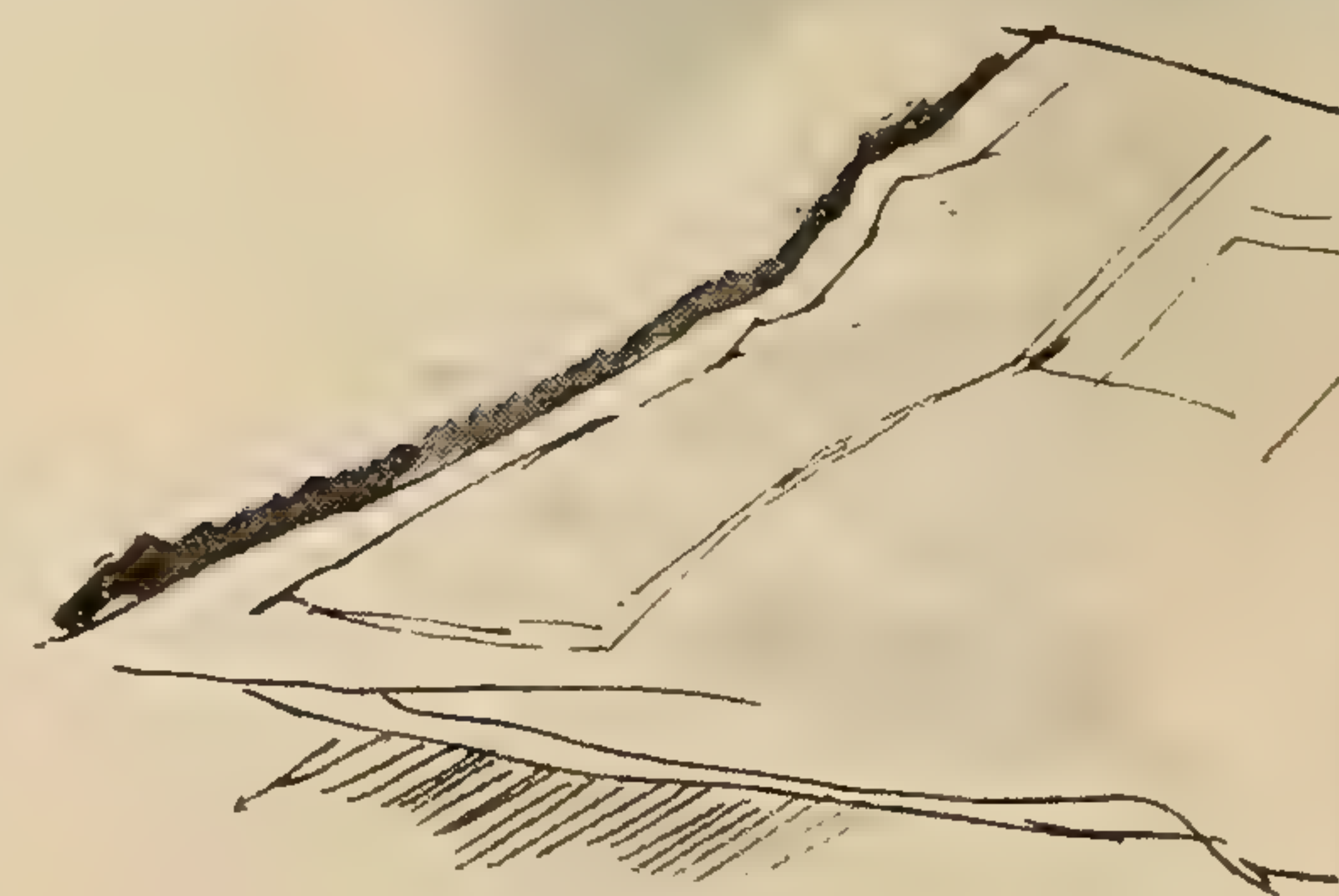
A fine story about a woman
who went to see a girl
about a dog—and a man

HOLD *still*, Binky," Muriel said.

Binky was an almost unrecognizable mass of soap-suds. He peered mournfully out from under a cloud of it and objected to his bath.

Binky, as a wire-haired terrier, dry, was an angel. Binky, wrapped in soap-suds, was a resentful devil. Toby Verlain, with twenty-five dollars in his pocket had been unable to resist Binky in a pet-shop window. At that period, twenty-five dollars to Toby meant meals for a week (or, if necessary, for two weeks) and not a bottle of champagne (or two). That had been before Toby got his break in "Crashing Through," one of Mammoth's six epics; the days before Fame hit Toby.

Jean had something else in mind. Plainly, she hesitated to mention it, but it came out in a rush after a moment: "Toby's terribly fond of that dog."



Toby had brought Binky to Muriel rather sheepishly. The twenty-five dollars was his last. She had scolded him, laughed, and then kissed him.

For two weeks, they lived on her thirty dollars, with Toby coming over for meals. Poverty had meant nothing to Muriel with Toby beside her, and it meant nothing to Toby with Muriel beside him. Things change rapidly, however, in Hollywood.

Toby got his chance and took it. Activity settled down, around, and over him. Muriel and Binky spent most of their time waiting for Toby's call. They came about three times a week, and then were hurried.

MURIEL rinsed Binky free of soap, thinking the while about Toby, and success, and . . . Jean Lester. Jean, of the tawny gold hair, the insolent mouth and the million dollars worth of ankles. The ankles had got her a contract, and the hairdresser had taken care of the tawny gold part of it. Life and a selfish nature had managed

the mouth. And Jean seemed to be managing Toby.

Jean Lester was playing opposite Toby in "Crashing Through," and the fact that she planned to play opposite him in a drama called married life, which is being enacted in every state of the union with more success or less, was common gossip. Jean Lester had taken her course and graduated with one divorce and a few dishonors, but dishonors in Hollywood are sometimes peculiarly switched, and hands are held over the prefix.

Muriel wondered if it were quite fair. She had gone through the days before his success, loving him. Jean Lester had waited until she knew. Jean knew a great deal about the ways of a smart maid with an unsuspecting man.

The door bell rang. Muriel abandoned Binky, wrapped in a towel, and ran. Binky wriggled out of the towel. He could do much better by licking, anyway. He licked.

The visitor was Jean Lester. She wore something in cloth of gold and looked perfectly splendid. She knew it. She smiled. Muriel pushed back a recalcitrant strand of hair with a wet (and slightly soiled) little hand. "Oh," she said. "Aren't you going to invite me in?" Jean said.

MURIEL'S mind went racing to the wet and indignant Binky, to the glass which had once contained milk but was now sporting a white ring where the milk had been, and a conspicuous position on the end table. She thought of the evidences of a too-meagre dinner and several other things which are bound to occur in a house guiltless of maid service. Nevertheless, she stood aside.

Jean entered. She did not neglect the white-ringed glass and the other evidences of poverty. She was very sweet. Too sweet. "So that's Binky," she said, regarding him.

Binky licked one brown and white side, giving her a full glance of dog's contempt, which Jean was incapable of understanding.

"I came about Toby," Jean said, sitting down and tossing back her rich, metallic collar.

Muriel clutched Binky and rubbed industriously. "I don't find that hard to believe," she said. "I knew you weren't paying *me* a social call."

"I know you love him."

"Given a few city hall records," Muriel said, "I'll bet you could ferret out my birth-date."

"You see, dear," Jean murmured, leaning forward, "Toby is a gentleman. There are some things he can't say to you."

"For instance?"

"Well," Jean fingered the clasp of her gleaming hand bag. "Toby's gone ahead. A new life has opened to him, and he loves it. He deserves a chance to . . . to blossom. Toby's an artist."

"Toby could tell you that he'd heard that before," Muriel said.

"You should be fair to him," Jean said.

"You mean that I should give



him up?" Muriel's voice shook despite herself.

"I'm simply recommending . . ."

"You're simply recommending that I give him up. The noble little girl tosses her great love into the furnace of success and weeps over the ashes." Binky whined and looked up at her. She had scrubbed one spot on his left hind quarters until it was practically bare.

"If I were in your place, I shouldn't want to hold onto a man who loves somebody else."

BINKY whined. Muriel had started on the other side and was well on the way to making that bare, too.

"Toby could tell me if he loved somebody else," Muriel said. "He's no coward."

"He loves me," Jean Lester said.

"I'll let Toby tell me that," said Muriel. Binky gave up being polite at this point, struggled indignantly and escaped.

"And when he tells you?" Jean said, rising.

"He will be free, of course," Muriel replied.

Jean was not ready to go yet, however. She had something else in mind. Plainly, she hesitated to mention it, but it came out in a rush after a moment: "Toby's terribly fond of that dog," she said.

"Yes."

"I wondered . . . I mean, I know you're fond of him too, but . . . well, I thought perhaps you could use money, and I'd like to have the dog, for Toby's sake. He's not worth more than fifty dollars at most. I'll pay you a thousand for him."

Furious, Muriel rose. "Toby gave me that dog," she said. "I love him, and I don't sell the things I love. He's my dog, and until Toby proves that he's not my man, I'm not selling him out, either. Now you get out of this house!"

"You're ordering me out?"

"In brief, yes," Muriel said.

"Why, you little . . ."

Muriel stamped her foot and was guilty of screaming for the first time in her life. Jean Lester left.

MURIEL went over to Binky and picked him up. She buried her face in his dampish side and made it damper with her tears. "Sell my baby," she said, in muffled tones. "Binky, did you hear her?"

Distressed at her tears, Binky abandoned his licking and nuzzled her neck. Together, they sat down in a chair. Muriel held him close, and he snuggled comfortingly.

Muriel was still crying when the telephone rang. It was Toby. "I'm in such a beastly rush," he said. "The party, you know . . ."

"What party?"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No," Muriel said. "I haven't talked to you for several days."

"Oh, has it been that long? Well, it's a party, anyway. I thought if you weren't too busy, I'd stop in for a moment."

Busy! Muriel looked around the unbusy and Tobyless room. Her life was Binky, and meagre dinners, and the hope of Toby. She said, "Oh, I'm not busy."

"All right," he said. "I'll be around. I can't stay long."

She replaced the receiver with a sinking heart, and looked at Binky. "Oh, Binky," she said, "I've lost him.

We've lost him! He's always going to be too busy for us!"

TOBY was very handsome in his dinner jacket. His dark hair was attractively rumpled. (Toby could never keep his hair combed.)

He was full of his plans, his future, the things they said about him. He was so happy. . . .

Suddenly, he stopped talking and ruffling the ecstatic Binky. "What is it, Muriel?" he said.

"What is what?"

"You look unhappy."

"That's funny," she said.

"I'm sorry I didn't call you yesterday."

"Oh, that's all right."

(All right! She'd cried herself to sleep at dawn, hugging Binky, lonely, lonely.)

"'Crashing Through' opens next week, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Jean's a knockout. You should see her."

"Any shots of her face in it?" Muriel said.

"What do you mean?"

"I thought they might concentrate on the million dollar ankles."

"Oh, no," Toby said, innocently. "She has lots of close-ups."

"Oh," Muriel said.

"I'll send you seats," he said.

He'd send her seats. He wouldn't be taking her. He'd be taking Jean Lester. She bit her lip. "That's nice of you, Toby."

"I'll see that they're good."

"Thanks, Toby," she said.

"Tom Taylor said that my contract for next year would break all salary records."

(A year ago, he would have said, "And now we can be married, darling." He didn't say it.)

"Toby," Muriel said, "things have changed a little for you, haven't they?"

"Gee," he said, "when I think that a year ago I was worrying about the next week's meals. . . ."

"Yes," Muriel said, slowly, "and were happy with a chop and a few vegetables and a custard for dessert. It's hard to believe, isn't it?"

"It certainly is."

"Toby, you know my rule about Binky and the rope?"

"You mean not tying him?"

"Yes. I never tie Binky, and . . . and . . . I'm not going to tie you. I'm going to take the rope off your neck and let you play."

"What are you driving at?"

"I'm giving you your walking papers," she said.

"Muriel!"

"I can't go the places and do the things you do. I'm deadwood. I haven't got the money."

"I've offered . . ."

"Oh, you've been generous, (Continued on page 108)



TOBY

HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS VISITORS



While making "Devil's Holiday," Nancy Carroll entertained on the lot Prince Frederic Leopold of Prussia and Baron Cerrini. Edmund Goulding, the director, at the left and Mae Murray in the center.



Many members of many royal courts have been presented at the cinema court, Hollywood. When they were there the Count and Countess Lakopolanski of Poland were shown around the Paramount lot by June Collyer.



Sir Esme Howard, the famous British statesman and one time ambassador to America, with Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M.

The name Rothschild stands for culture, wealth, power and family traditions. This is Baron Rothschild, scion of the famous family, watching the art of line-studying as demonstrated by Robert Montgomery.

Almost everyone who is anyone has visited Hollywood at one time or another—as these pages prove without doubt

(Right) When Professor Albert Einstein made his recent tour of the Hollywood studios, he examined a Vitaphone recording apparatus with Richard Barthelmess.



(Left) It was perfectly natural that when Colonel Lindbergh was a front page celebrity he should visit Hollywood and meet celebrities of his own calibre. Marion Davies and Louis B. Mayer showed him the M-G-M lot.



M-G-M again does some entertaining—this time for the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, British statesman. (Left to right) Randolph Churchill, son of the Rt. Hon. Churchill, William Randolph Hearst, Winston Churchill, Louis B. Mayer and Fred Niblo.

Richard Byrd, besides his recent visit, saw Hollywood about five years ago when silent pictures were the last word. With Jesse Lasky and Will Hays he visited the set of "Evening Clothes," in which Adolphe Menjou was working at that time.





Remember the time that ex-President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge "did" Hollywood? Marion Davies was making "The Floradora Girl" at the time and the distinguished visitors watched a rehearsal of it. In that group, see if you can pick out: Mary Pickford, Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge, Cecil B. DeMille and Will Hays.



(Below) Even Charles B. Schwab, the steel millionaire, couldn't resist the lure of Hollywood. Yes, that's Louis B. Mayer with him—he certainly meets them all.



(Above) Another moment during the visit of the Coolidges. Louis B. Mayer is standing next to the ex-President, and Mrs. Coolidge and Mary Pickford are standing behind them in the background.



(Above) When "Caught Short" was being made, Alastair MacDonald, son of the British Premier, Ramsay MacDonald, visited Hollywood. Anita Page and Charles Reisner, director, showed him around a bit, don't you know

A vintage black and white photograph of a group of seven people, including men and women, standing together outdoors. The group is dressed in early 20th-century attire, with some men wearing suits and ties, and one woman wearing a hat. The background is dark and indistinct.

A vintage black and white photograph of a group of nine people, including men, women, and children, standing together indoors. The group is dressed in early 20th-century attire, with men in suits and ties, and women in long dresses and hats. Two small children are seated in the foreground. The photograph has a dark, slightly grainy quality, characteristic of early 20th-century photography.

A vintage black and white photograph of four people standing behind a table. From left to right: a woman in a light-colored dress and patterned scarf, a man in a dark suit, a woman in a patterned dress and scarf, and a man in a dark suit. They are all looking towards the camera. The background is filled with a large, out-of-focus crowd of people.





(Above) When Baseball invaded Hollywood. Standing: George Manker Watters, author, George McBride, Tiger coach, George Bancroft, and A. J. Egan, baseball scout. Seated: Edward Sutherland, Bucky Harris, John Cromwell and Nancy Carroll. This was in the days of "Burlesque." (Above, right) Helen Wills, the tennis whiz, with Joan Crawford. (Right) An authentic picture of Mitzi Green on a bat. Helping her are Leo Hartnett, baseball catcher, and Rogers Hornsby.



(Below) Henri Daglane, champion wrestler of France, and Raoul Paoli, champion discus thrower of France, paid a visit to Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray in their own he-man fashion.

(Left) Remember the days when the name Suzanne Lenglen was front page stuff? At that time Marion Davies was making "Tillie the Toiler." And Marion acted as Suzanne's hostess at M-G-M.



The kings—and queens—of the sport world pay their respects at the shrine of the cinema



This astrologer seems to think that, although Lew Ayres' popularity is now based mainly upon his appeal to feminine hearts, there may come a time when such is not the case. He tells Lew sagely how to prepare for this time. At the right is a scene from Lew's latest picture, "The Iron Man," a prize-fighting story. Jean Harlow, of "Hell's Angels" fame, plays opposite him.



LEW AYRES' FUTURE

By WYNN

The famous astrologer makes some fascinating revelations about this youngster's future

AS an astrologer, I want to impress upon Lew Ayres the need of looking ahead, estimating the future and doing something about it. Just drifting along without any regard for what may turn up next isn't going to do him too much good. Everything may be just lovely now, and it certainly appears to be, both from the news reports in the daily prints about him and also in the horoscope picture of his stars for the present.

If you were born at 4:33 p. m. December 28, 1908, in Minneapolis, Lew, listen to what I have to say for none of us want to see you have any trouble in your life.

That may sound rather unpleasant and forbidding, and



Among certain characteristics of young Ayres, Wynn, the astrologer, finds that this young man has the tendency of wanting to do something other than what he's doing at the moment. Sounds like the restlessness of artists.

maybe it is. But I haven't any reputation for exaggerating, so perhaps I am talking sense. Anyway, Lew, let's see what we get about your character. If I spot a few things about you in your horoscope that aren't published in the publicity sheets about you, will you listen to the rest of my story? Will you pay attention to what I say about your future? I certainly hope so.

All right then. Let's see what type of girl you would be interested in. That's an item I haven't seen bruited about the highways.

Perhaps you know about this already, but there are two distinct types of women who will have a great influence on you all through your life. One type is the one you will marry; the other type is the all-inclusive girl who admires you via the screen—Miss Public. And



you must keep your eyes open all the way up the long grade for the right one to marry, for you have Uranus, that upsetting trouble maker, in the division of the horoscope to which the astrologer looks for marriage indications—the seventh house. Planets in this division of anyone's horoscope indicate the ideal type for domestic life, but there is another side to the problem, even when that much is agreed upon. There are more than one type indicated by every planet, for each of the heavenly wanderers has a plus and minus quality.

IF you were to select the negative Uranian type, not knowing about it till after the ceremony at the altar, there would be a sad result, very unlike the sequels we all imagine when the handsome hero wins the consent of the beautiful heroine in the movies. There might even be divorce.

But, happily, there is a good side to Lady Uranus in your seventh. Pay attention to this, sisters, if you are interested in Lew in a personal way, for I am about to describe his ideal type of wife.

She is a combination of many hard-to-find characteristics—that is, they are not too frequently met with in the same person. She must be dignified, practical, slightly older than he is, experienced in the world of life and living, probably a divorcee with an interesting past. I'll bet this is part of what makes all the older ladies exclaim when they see him for the first time on the silver sheet, "Oh, what a lovely boy!" He is the type my mother will follow all over a county, motoring forty miles three times in a week, to wherever his pictures are being shown. I don't mean that he is interested in marrying anyone's mother or grandmother—no, no—that wasn't what I meant when I said his ideal wife should be slightly older than he is. But, at the same time, he does appeal to the more mature minds in the audience, especially to those of the fair sex.

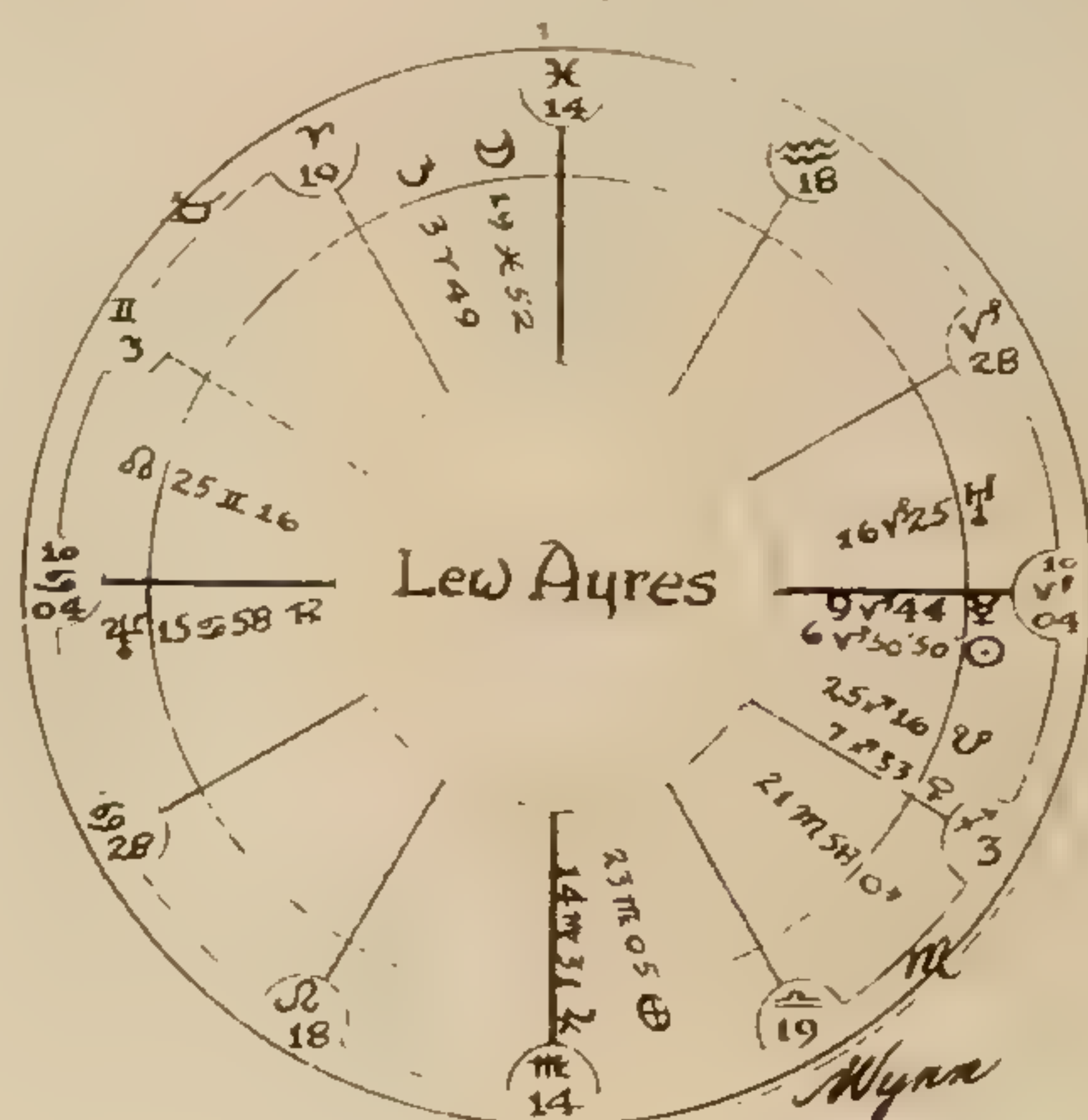
On the other hand, there is a distinctly lighter side that his ideal wife must have and display, for she must be a distinct modern, with a splendid education and an alert interest in all that is going on. Something of an old soul in a young body and with plenty of youthful ideas. For Lew himself is not as young as his brief term on this planet would seem to indicate. If you are one who accepts the Pythagorean doctrine of living many lives, this horoscope of Ayres is one that would seem to substantiate such a belief. Hence, no mental lightweight applicant for the honor of being Mrs. Ayres need apply seriously for the privilege of smiling cheerfully at him every day for years and years over the breakfast coffee and toast.

OCUPATIONALLY, there is perhaps too much that friend Ayres can do well, for he has his ruling planet, the Moon, at the mid-heaven, in the double-bodied sign Pisces. This shows a tendency to be wanting to do something else, no matter what it is that he is doing at the time. Of course, with this sector of the Zodiac so prominent (the mid-heaven is the most exposed and public position in the horoscope, and the Moon is also the ruler of anyone's contacts with the general public) he is bound to be artistic in more than one way. Pisces is often the artist and musician. I have heard of Lew's familiarity with a banjo and his having earned his bread and cakes in high class orchestras, but the painting and drawing is yet to be heard from by me. However, anything he turns out in an artistic way will not surprise

anyone who is acquainted with his amazing horoscope.

Naturally he gravitated to the movies. There are three big reasons why, according to this map of the heavens. First, he has the ruler of the movies, Neptune, rising at his Eastern horizon, or Ascendant, that part of the nativity which reveals the greatest talents of any individual. And it is also in the sign Cancer, the sign of the actor, as I mentioned here in my remarks about Richard Dix. Cancer is the sign ruled by the Moon, and, being on his Ascendant, gives him this celestial body as his ruler; all of which makes him thoroughly versatile and able to mimic or imitate anything that he has ever seen another person do. I should think this would make him a very good subject for direction, from the director's point of view, for he can get any and all effects that are

desired. There may, however, be some offset in the fact that Neptune rising confers upon him a very strong imagination and the sign Cancer has a definite mind of its own. So there is a possibility of temperamental displays at times, and that wouldn't please the director at all.



THE second reason for his excellent work in the screen drama is the remarkable combination of facts

(you'd think so if you couldn't find another instance of anything like it in all the other film players' horoscopes I have had under my gaze during the past nine years) that gives him his ruler, the Moon, in the sign of Neptune, and Neptune in Cancer, the sign of the Moon, and both these factors placed in the locations of the horoscope that show personality and occupation. His personality is his occupation and his occupation is his personality. Both these important positions in his horoscope reveal him as public property in many ways. Nothing he will ever do successfully could possibly be of a secret or behind-the-scenes nature. He is our boy, whether he likes it or not. I don't think he likes the publicity side of this glamorous life he has been thrown into as much as do some of the other boys and girls who strut about the minarets of Hollywood, for he has a naturally quiet and somewhat retiring nature—delightfully not quite sure of himself. Ooh! What a surprise he can be, though, when anyone tries to thwart him.

He has the Sun in Capricorn, and I was referring to the qualities in him that are produced by having his individuality, underlying basis of character, grounded in this sign. The actual degree occupied by his Sun, which is the masculine principle of all Nature, reveals him as one who is inwardly very sincere, earnest and certain of his own place in the world. His outward manner is none the less real because of this. I should think it would give him a charming manner—sort of soft external fur most of the time concealing the stronger characteristics that usually lie harmless beneath.

The third big thing that has cast him into the celluloid brand of entertainment, after all those other qualities gave him the undoubted ability to perform, was and still is, the transit of Neptune in the sign Virgo. The aspect which this planet makes to his Sun is a good one, the trine as it is technically called by astrologers. You will recall that it means a great deal to him because in his horoscope it originates in his first house, or Ascendant. No planet, you know, can ever (Continued on page 125)

Here you can find out the sort of girl Lew Ayres should marry

YOUTH vs. SOPHISTICATION



KAREN
MORLEY



HEDDA
HOPPER

On our left, Lovely Youth—Karen Morley, who made her screen début in "Inspiration." She wears a misty white gown of mousseline de soie, with airy petals crossing the hipline and forming the flounce. At the right, Triumphant Sophistication—Hedda Hopper—in an Empress Josephine gown of silver bullion on black tulle.

THE STARS CORRESPOND

To Otis Skinner



From Loretta Young



From Clive Brook
To Lothar Mendes



CLIVE BROOK

My dear Lothar
I am leaving for New York on Saturday and demand my revenge at tennis before then. Ring me immediately and don't try to avoid me.
Yours
Clive

My dear Mr. Skinner -
It is such a rare privilege to be able to thank you for the help and appreciation of this honor. Thoughtful of her, wasn't it?
My sincere greetings to Mrs. Young and to you -
Loretta Young

RUSSELL GLEASON
807 NORTH ALPINE DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA
CREW, 8P-9P-10

Dear Marguerite -
I just wanted to remind you about the opera next week, and to tell you to bring your libretto along, because I can never follow German operas without one. Don't forget, now, next Saturday.
Russell

P.S. How about going riding some time next week?
R.



From Russell Gleason
To Marguerite Churchill



(Left) Of course you know that Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill are supposed to be this, that and the other way about each other. We are delighted, therefore, to be able to publish a letter from one to the other of this romantically inclined couple.

(Above) Playing in "Kismet" with Otis Skinner seemed such a great honor to Loretta Young that she wrote a nice letter to Mr. Skinner in appreciation of this honor. Thoughtful of her, wasn't it?

(Above left) We're going to decipher it for you: My Dear Lothar, I am leaving for New York on Saturday and demand my revenge at tennis before then. Ring me immediately and don't try to avoid me. Yours, Clive.



From
Walter Huston

W. H.

My Dear Kay,

How you keep secrets,
you and Kenneth. I picked up a
New York Times in Paris, and saw
the announcement of your marriage.
Congratulations, you are both lucky.
"The Gentleman of the Press"

join "General Platoff" in saying
this is not a "Virtuous Sin" and
wish you joy and happiness in the
alliance.

My sincerely yours,
Walter Huston,



To Kay
Francis

This month's collection of
the stars' letters to each
other will delight you with
its friendly intimacies

(Left) When Kay Francis and Kenneth
McKenna got married it was natural
that Walter Huston—who has played
in the same pictures with them—
should congratulate them. "The
Gentleman of the Press" was a picture
that Walter and Kay played in, and
all three of them were in "The Vir-
tuous Sin." General Platoff was the
part Huston played in the latter film.



From Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr.

RECORDED
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Dear Edlie

Thanking

I would like to tell
the mean of showing you
how profoundly I appreciate
being in "Little Caesar" with you.
I shall cherish it as a great
experience and furthermore I
shall be endlessly grateful
for all I have learned from
such a great artist as
I know you to be.

With utter sincerity—

"Doug" Fairbanks

To Edward
G. Robinson



(Right) Here is an inter-
esting letter, indeed!
When Greek meets
Greek and one good
actor meets another good
actor. The good actors
in this case are Doug
Fairbanks, Jr., and Edward
G. Robinson. It's a de-
light to see the splendid
absence of professional
jealousy in Doug's
make-up as evidenced
by this letter.

THE TRUE LOVE STORY OF CHARLES AND VIRGINIA



(Left) Charlie Farrell fell in love with Virginia when she was a star on the Fox lot and he was an extra. That love culminated in their joyful marriage (right).

International

At last we have the truth about Charlie Farrell's love life told by the only person who really knows—his best friend, Dick Arlen

By CARTER BRUCE



CHARLIE FARRELL and Virginia Valli were married here today and left immediately for a three-months' honeymoon in Europe."

Hollywood was stunned when this bit of news came over the press wires from New York. Charlie married to Virginia Valli? Impossible! What of his "great love for Janet Gaynor"? Hadn't he made a statement just before he boarded the train for the East to the effect that he wasn't going there to marry?

And Hollywood and the rest of the world hasn't yet recovered from the news. It still refuses to believe that Charlie Farrell has forsaken the "great love of his life." The world hesitates to believe that the boy who played in "Seventh Heaven" and made a screen pact with little Janet Gaynor—"... to wait until eternity, if necessary, in hope that she would some day come back to him..."—has really and truly married another.

Almost everyone who ever knew Charlie Farrell has a story to tell of the *real* romance of his life... his love for Janet Gaynor. Others talk of the pact made between the lovers at the time little Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck "... just for spite because Charlie went to tell Virginia Valli 'Good-by' on the day Janet agreed to marry him..." Or the story of how Janet, her mother and Charlie spent the last afternoon before Janet left to marry Peck, crying on one another's shoulders. Yes, everyone is willing to tell you and me the *real* story behind the heartbroken Janet who married Peck... and the heart-

broken Charlie who married Virginia. But they are all wrong!

THERE is only one source in Hollywood from which we can obtain the truth regarding the rumored stories of Janet and Charlie, and the real love story of Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli!

That source is Dick Arlen and Jobyna, his wife!

They are the closest friends and confidants Charlie Farrell has in Hollywood. Dick and Charlie started as "extras" about eight years ago. They were pals from the beginning... lived together up in Laurel Canyon until the first screen break came... then occupied the same room at the Hollywood Athletic Club... were thrown out together for unknown reasons (financial suspected)... living and laughing *together!*

For a while they were even in love with the same girl at the same time...

Charlie was going with a beautiful little girl during those first few years of the Farrell-Arlen palship—her name was Jobyna Ralston, and she was Harold Lloyd's leading lady. One day Charlie introduced Jobyna to Dick. It proved to be a bad move so far as the Farrell-Ralston romance was concerned. However, no one took more pride in the romance which developed between Dick and Joby than did Charlie Farrell. In the following years, with the coming of fame, Joby and Dick were married, and it is Charlie's boast that "They are one of the hap-



Charles Farrell and Richard Arlen started their cinematic fortunes together. They were even in love with the same girl—Jobyna Ralston—for a time. Then Dick married Jobyna and Charlie fell in love with Virginia Valli. And his love has flourished faithfully ever since.

piest couples in town.” When they were married, they built a beautiful little home out at Toluca Lake. But that proved too great a distance for Charlie to come whenever he wanted to talk things over with Dick, so Charlie built a house a block away! And there they have lived, side-by-side ever since.

CHARLIE FARRELL hasn’t missed a single day since then in which he didn’t come over and tell Dick all his troubles and worries. If Dick wasn’t home when he called, he sat on the floor in front of the fireplace and related his daily doings to Joby. Everything Charlie Farrell has ever done and everything he has ever thought has been thoroughly talked over in the Arlen home.

That is the reason why I went to Joby and Dick when I wanted to get the true love story of Charlie and Virginia. And to say that Dick was anxious and willing to tell the story would be putting it mildly. He was as excited as if it had been *his* story.

“There’s one thing I’d like to say in print,” Dick declared vehemently after we were seated in his colorful living room following dinner, “and that is to get a fair break for Virginia Valli. She’s had the worst deal in the world from the press, yet she’s been wonderful through the whole thing.

“For instance, there’s only two years difference between the ages of Charlie and Virginia—Charlie is twenty-nine and Virginia thirty-one—and yet she’s had to read

silly articles about ‘cradle snatching’ Charlie. She’s had to swallow all the rumors of his supposed great love for another girl. And she’s come through with her sense of humor intact and her affection for Charlie unchanged. That’s a big order for any woman. So don’t you think it’s about time the public gave Virginia Valli a great big hand? I do.”

With Virginia in the rôle of Charlie’s wife, the press and public will surely give her a great big hand from now on.

I CAN remember the first time Charlie ever met Virginia. It was back in the days when she was a star at Fox, and Charlie and I were just a couple of small-time extras doing our best and praying for a break. Charlie had seen Virginia at the studio and fallen head over heels in love with her on sight. She was a famous actress and a beautiful one. She had just recently separated from her husband, Demmy Lamson, and she was a very popular young lady. At that time Charlie didn’t figure he had much of a chance with her, but she was his idol from the start. But it wasn’t until a few months later that their story really begins.

“I was reading one night quite late and Charlie burst into the room all excited. He practically rolled on the floor as he told of the wonderful thing that had just happened to him—he had been a guest at a house party, and Virginia Valli had consented to ride home with him in his

old rickety Ford. 'Gosh,' yelled Charlie as he told me all the details, 'Can you imagine a big star like that allowing me to take her home in that old rattle-trap of mine? I can't believe it yet!' That's the way Virginia affected Charlie when they first went out together.

"From that day to this," continued Arlen, "Charlie Farrell hasn't stopped telling both Joby and myself about the girl he has always been in love with . . . Virginia Valli. He used to sit and tell me by the hour of the things he was going to do so that he might some day be in a position to ask Virginia to marry him. He felt the difference in their status in the life of Hollywood very keenly. He made up his mind to make good on the screen so that he might be worthy of her love. That is the compelling force behind Charlie Farrell's success. He wanted to reach a position that would allow him to marry the girl he loved.

VIRGINIA didn't take Charlie very seriously in those first two years that he was madly in love with her. In the first place, he was practically tongue-tied whenever he was with her. He couldn't bring himself to tell her of his love because he didn't believe he had the right to speak. On that account, and because he simply *had* to tell someone about it, Charlie confided in me. He has recounted to me every incident and insignificant happening in their entire romance. That is why I know that Charlie has been in love with Virginia Valli for at least seven years . . . and that during that time he has never been in love with any other girl, in spite of all rumors to the contrary!

"I remember the day when he was informed that he had been chosen for the part of Chico in 'Seventh Heaven'. But the joy that he had in his heart at that wonderful break wasn't because he was to play a wonderful rôle . . . it was because *Virginia Valli worked at the same studio and he might see her every day!*

"It was after the picture was released, and 'Seventh Heaven' became the most talked-of motion picture of that year, that a 'romance' was started between Charlie and Janet. The public seemed to like the idea of the screen's most romantic team being really in love. The studio found in the rumored romance one of the greatest bits of natural publicity that has ever happened to any star or stars in the business. They went to the opening of their picture together. They were seen in other public places together. They talked about each other for the press. And the press loved it for the good reason that in the romance it sensed one of the greatest human interest yarns

ever to come out of well-publicized, romantic Hollywood.

BUT Janet Gaynor never was in love with Charlie Farrell nor was Charlie ever in love with Janet. They, however, have always been one of the finest examples of true friendship I've ever seen. They still are! But as far as actually being in love . . . not for a minute. The whole romance of Gaynor and Farrell was manufactured out of fanciful imaginations by an adoring public and a canny press who were quick to sense the wave of popular approval that spread over the country after 'Seventh Heaven'. Even hardboiled Hollywood fell for the idea and fostered it for all they were worth. Charlie and Janet came, in time, to stand for the word *romance* and *love*. They were in love on the screen . . . why shouldn't they be just as much in love off the silver sheet? That was the way the romance grew.

"But all of this time, Charlie was still in love with the same girl . . . Virginia. Never once during the filming and showing of their great picture did he cease telling me about Virginia Valli. He spoke of his friendship for Janet, too, but he always finished his talk with Virginia. In fact, it was at this time that Charlie first asked Virginia to marry him. She refused! Not because she didn't love him . . . but she told him that he should wait a while yet for the sake of his career. He must show her that he could really hit the top and stay there. I know she told him this because Charlie told me the whole story the same night it happened!

THE public has never placed much credence in the love story of Virginia and Charlie. First, for the reason that they were so busy with the romance of Charlie and Janet; second, be-

cause they always thought that Virginia was trying to take Charlie away from Janet. There has always been the rumor that Virginia was desperately in love with Charlie and that Charlie's affection for her was only lukewarm at best. Nothing could have been farther from the truth.

"Charlie Farrell would have married Virginia Valli any one of the seven years they have known one another if Virginia would have accepted him!

"Then came the rumors connecting Charlie and Janet just before her marriage to Lydell Peck. The story was all over the country of how Janet had told Charlie she would marry him—but that he should never see Virginia again. The story went on to relate how Charlie had immediately taken Virginia down on his yacht to tell her 'That it was all over between them'. Hearing of this, Janet was reported to have wired Lydell Peck (with whom she was supposed to have broken in favor of Charlie) and informed him that she had changed her mind, and that if he would take the next airplane to Hollywood she would marry him. Two days later they were wed in Oakland.

"That is the story that was told the day after Janet married Lydell. It was just a (Continued on page 117)



According to Richard Arlen, Virginia Valli has had the worst kind of deal from the press. But in spite of all that's been said and insinuated about her she's been wonderful through it.

Virginia and Charlie have been in love for seven years

HOLLYWOOD STYLISTS

IV. EARL LUICK

JUNE STYLE HINTS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Very short jackets of brilliant hues are in demand for evening wear.

Spongella in the brightest of colors is popular for sport togs. Three-piece knitted ensembles are good.

Balbriggan and Shantung in modernistic and nautical designs flaunt their gaiety in beach pajamas.

Organdy and lace is lovely for the June bridal gown.

why we're not a success. Our appearance is against us. Proper clothes give you the self-confidence that makes you the centre of an admiring group. Yes, they do! And here's what that miracle maker, Earl Luick, says about them: "To dress well is to think well. Because suitable apparel denotes a trained, orderly mind.

"The figure determines the lines of a garment; one's complexion and temperament, the color; occupation, the fabric. Analyze yourself honestly in studying what lines are best for you. Very few women have perfect figures so don't be discouraged if you find irregularities in yours. The thing to do is to attract as little attention as possible to your defects. Employ trimming details so that they carry the eye away from prominent figure features.

"Let's take the case of the woman who is inclined to be short and stoutish... and is therefore miserable when she goes to buy clothes. She doesn't need to be, not if she knows what she can wear.

"Her first consideration is the neckline. It should be soft and preferably V-shaped, since round and oval necks tend to increase her rotundity. Anything suggestive of curves, such as circular designs in material, round earrings, chokers, large round handbags and those enormous wooden beads, must be taboo with her. It is always wisest for her to adopt vertical lines from head to foot and to stay within one color if she can, by having hat, shoes, gloves and purse match her dress. If she wishes her dress to be of a different color, then, at least, her accessories ought to match one another to give her the effect of slenderness and height. The big thing she must avoid is a broken line, like having a shirtwaist and skirt of contrasting colors and short sleeves ending directly at the elbow on a line with the waist and thereby

A delightful Spring "dress-maker suit." The skirt is of plain material—wool or flat crêpe—with stitched pleats at the side. The blouse is a flowered print and has a shallow bertha and a ruffle which gives a bolero effect. The hat starts out to be a plain-colored wide brimmer and ends up in a gay plaid straw band. Novel, don't you think? Brown and yellow tones seem the ideal color combination for this outfit. On page 104 is another view showing the jacket.





For the June bride! The bridal gown is heavy ivory satin, trimmed with real rose point lace. It has a cowl neckline, a skirt which flares slightly from the knees, and a short train. Next to it is shown the slip, of white satin trimmed with a heavy lace flounce and handmade rose buds. The negligée is a mere wisp of lace and rose-buds. The delightfully slim teddies are white satin, patterned with Alençon lace.

seeming to prolong the waistline. Her sleeves may come just above the elbow, below it or terminate at the wrist with small pointed cuffs. They should be plain and never extremely tight fitting. Long flowing sleeves of sheer, diaphanous stuff are best for afternoon and dinner wear. For evening, she should don filmy lace or chiffon scarves that trail to the knees or further to accent the straight line. A narrow belt circling the figure twice, once at the waist and then below it, gives much-desired length to the waistline.

"So many people try to look thin by squeezing themselves into sizes too small for them and by wearing tiny hats. What a mistaken idea that is! Allow your clothes to 'fit easy'. Be impeccably tidy. These are the primary laws of the smart woman.

A SQUARE neck—providing the square is not too large—with a flesh-colored vestee is excellent for the stout woman. Skirts that are of a correct length and flare only at the bottom, surplice waists, carefully used diagonal lines . . . these are things for her to remember. Perhaps her greatest boon in several seasons from Dame Fashion is the new redingote. It is a perfect style for her.

"Then there is the tall, thin woman who gazes helplessly into shop windows wondering what *she* can wear. She doesn't have to wonder long. There is such latitude in the present designs that she is especially favored. She has her pick of the wide flounces, the multitude of ruffles, plaids and Roman stripes (used horizontally), voluminous skirts, double sleeves and those that are trimmed, nestling high collars, and brilliant two and three color combinations. Bateau and round necklines become her and if her neck is particularly thin she can make clever use of

the ascot ties and those looped in stock fashion for day wear, and wind tulle or chiffon scarves around her throat on formal dress occasions. There should be a feeling of softness and roundness in her attire. The don'ts for her include long, tight-fitting sleeves, sleeveless frocks, perpendicular and angular lines, clinging gowns, and extremely tailored garments.

LORETTA YOUNG, although she is of medium height, has the slimmness of youth and the tall, thin girl might get some pointers from the costumes in which she appears on the screen.

"In 'Big Business Girl' you'll see her in a woolen crêpe frock of navy blue and white that is a chic model for the office and street. (It could be fashioned of flat crêpe or silk, rep quite as well.) The neck is U-shaped and has a youthful gimp of ruching which is used also to trim the sleeves. Three circular pieces piped in white are set in the skirt and it flares a bit at the bottom. A white lapin jacket (or it could be of flannel) with a navy blue woolen belt is worn with it.

"Sometimes we arrange spiral effects on her evening dresses for Loretta with very pleasing results. There is her favorite one of shell pink tulle and net. Three inch bands of the net, evenly spaced, wind up from the very edge of the ankle length skirt to the bodice which is encrusted with small pearls and brilliants. Of course, it is impossible to achieve this effect satisfactorily with stiff material . . . or on a person of larger proportions than Loretta. (Evalyn Knapp, substituting very kindly for Loretta who was busy at the studio, is shown modeling this gown on page 104.)

"Loretta wears clothes beautifully. For a sequence in

Earl Luick says: "To be continually alert to fashion's decrees



A charmingly different tennis dress. The vestee inside the cowl neck is plaid silk. The slits in the short sleeves and the pink pleat show a bit of the plaid. To the right of this is Dorothy Mackaill's beach pajama of striped silk shirting. At the extreme right is Loretta Young's smart street ensemble—the dress of navy wool crêpe, with a gimp and sleeve trimmings of dainty white ruching, the jacket and beret of lapin.

"Upper Underworld" she has a dance frock of black net flecked with chenille dots over a flesh colored silk slip. The skirt is made up of circular flounces that increase in width until they simply swirl around her feet. The neck is oval and quite décolleté in back, coming almost to the narrow velvet girdle. A magnificent velvet rose, placed on the girdle at the left front, is the only ornament and a cape of the net edged with black flying squirrel completes the frock.

"I like Loretta best in youthful things that stress the eternal feminine. Very sporty things do not become her. Winnie Lightner is the type for them. The mode for dark tailored jackets with light skirts might have been created especially for her.

"Smart women never draw obvious attention to themselves. They never make the error of permitting themselves to believe they know all there is to know about clothes. Clever lines present an everlasting study, for dress is so essentially an individual problem.

JUST as big women should cultivate a statuesqueness, a warm womanliness—so the small woman must be particularly lithesome and graceful. She must scale the things she wears in proportion to her size. Small flat trimmings; no heavy fabrics like brocades; no long-haired, huge fur pieces. Joan Blondell is almost tiny, yet she has the knack of appearing taller than she really is because of the apparel she selects. Her chief delight is sport clothes.

"I ran across Joan on a shopping tour yesterday and it was as though an extra ray of sunlight had been let into the store. Her suit of a novelty mesh weave was a glorious golden yellow shade and the sweater-blouse had a

background of the same color upon which were flecks of black and green. The scarf carried out the three-toned combination and her lovely blonde hair was pulled under a tricot hat of the golden yellow that had a black and green pin on the side.

"When you have wide shoulders to contend with," continued our friend, Monsieur Luick, "run the neckline down the front of the blouse. Short sleeves and those of a raglan cut also detract from the width. Ona Munson is quite broad through the shoulders so we often drop a circular ruffle over the upper part of the arm to make them seem narrower, and to cut off the thickness of the arm. She has a way of causing clothes to look very distinctive on her—and that's what every woman wants!

"If your shoulders are narrow and your hips not too large, let your bodices be elaborated with berthas and frills to give the illusion of width. *The idea in planning a costume is to balance it.* If you're short-waisted, lower your waistline and avoid yokes. If you have a high hiped figure, choose skirts with plaited fullness just below the hipline, or godets and pieces set high up that tend to lengthen the line.

THE hat and neckline are two important features that are frequently overlooked. How many sartorial sins have been committed in the name of hats during the last two seasons! Plump, moonlike faces and frizzy hair sheathed in berets; elongated profiles emphasized by severe, high-off-the-forehead hats. Oh, we've had a regular crime wave in headgear!

"The selection of a hat should be governed, naturally, by one's height and the contour of the face, as well as by the garment it is to com- (Continued on page 103)

does not mean that you must adopt all of them."

BOB AND EDDIE

By MARGARET REID



(Above) Robert Montgomery and Eddie Nugent in an informal moment during the making of "Shipmates." (Right) When Bob first came to Hollywood he found it an unfriendly place until he met his friend Eddie.



FRIENDSHIP" is a word about which an awful lot of eloquence has been spilled. Sentimentalists, when on this subject, just go to pieces and are as like as not to write mottoes in verse that sell, complete with frame, for seventy-five cents the motto. And the sophisticates—you and I, of course—grow inarticulate about the word, toss it off with a light laugh which unsuccessfully conceals the deep feeling underneath. We feel uncomfortable.

We have, in the last few years, managed to evolve a nice candor about love. We can talk about it, in mixed company even, without being put down as mental undergraduates, softies, or old lechers. Young men and women now get together and discuss the ways and means of love in graceful ease. But just mention friendship—and you reduce strong men to silence and weak men to bathos.

Because very few people can discuss friendship rationally—without either embarrassment or hysteria—the natural conclusion is that friendship is a rare jewel indeed, probably rarer than love, and for that reason conducive to the uneasy feeling with which we approach anything savoring of "sacred" in ordinary conversation.

Well, the natural conclusion is also an accurate one. Friendship *is* rare, and of a value far beyond the price of rubies—which is quite a price. And the only thing rarer than friendship anywhere is friendship in Hollywood. Don't answer back—I *live* in the place.

ALONG our palm-lined, well-paved boulevards you will, at all times, see a lot of people being awfully pally. Indeed, "pal" is of as common usage as "N. G." and "yes." Instead of "Hi, there" as popular greeting, the more accepted form is "Hi, pal." Never, probably, have there been so many pals assembled in one community. And nowhere could there be found more virulent forms of verbal vendetta, or—as it is known—knifing-in-the-

Hollywood is full of necessity friendships and political pals, and a genuine friendship is an unusual thing indeed. But here's one that is truly sincere



(Left) Eddie, the boy who made Hollywood livable for Bob. (Above) George Irving, Eddie Nugent, Joan Marsh and Robert Montgomery in a scene from "Shipmates," Bob's first picture in which he is a real star.

of studio contact and has endured despite the funny tricks which Mother Hollywood, no doubt irate at finding herself harboring this alien flower, has resorted to in an effort to pluck it out. And in all the world exist no funnier tricks than are at Hollywood's command.

THE friendship of Montgomery and Nugent began when the former was a novice, the latter his mentor, helping him over

back than exists in our renowned film capital.

Social intercourse in Hollywood is built upon politics. The caste system of royalist countries is like one big, happy family compared to the cast system of Hollywood. "Job, job, who's got the job to give" is the first rule in selecting acquaintances. Naturally, on such a premise, some very dull people meet each other, which is just dandy. But meantime, friendship, in its purest and pleasantest sense, withers and droops under the glaring sun (arc) of Hollywood ambition.

For which reason, it is particularly refreshing to give a thought to the case of Robert Montgomery and Eddie Nugent. In the possession of these two boys is a friendship that has budded and flourished in the unlikely soil

the hurdles of studio initiation. Today, the first named is a star and the second is marking time in the same place he occupied two years ago. It ought to be one of those stories about the protégé who blossomed and forgot that helping hand of sadder days. It ought to be, but it isn't. Because this is Bob and Eddie.

I remember when Bob Montgomery first came to the coast. That was about two years ago. The birth of talkies was still in progress and the whole town was in a dither. No one knew what was going to happen, and never was there a more unwanted, unloved brat than little Sound.

Also unwanted and unloved were all the adjuncts to sound. And that included Bob, imported from the New York stage to speak lines into the microphone.

I USED to see him, wandering disconsolately about the M-G-M lot. No one seemed to speak to him, a tall youngster with a nice, quiet voice. I asked who he was—'oh, just another actor out from New York.' With morbid curiosity, I watched the composite cold shoulder which was turned to him. As the Indian welcomed the white man, so Hollywood welcomed stage actors. This boy had the glint in his blue eyes which indicated the presence in his pocket, of a railroad ticket to be used the very moment his six-month option failed to be taken up. He had that hunted, hungry, eastbound look.

Then, in a few weeks, I noticed him again—with a difference. He was walking toward the back lot with Eddie Nugent. Their arms about each other's shoulders, they were talking volubly, laughing noisily, having a swell time. M-G-M's current Broadway importation looked as if his mind weren't on Santa Fé timetables any more. And Eddie Nugent looked as if he had found some one who talked his language. They disappeared around the corner of a stage in all the amity of old buddies.

That was two years ago, but the same scene may be observed on practically any day right now—Bob and Eddie having a swell time. Bob is a star and Eddie is the same distance from stardom he was then. But that is totally irrelevant. What does matter is that two good guys like each other.

WITH Bob you are already familiar; through the obliging pages of fan magazines. With Eddie you are acquainted only if your eye is quick enough to catch the young man who appears suddenly in the background of occasional pictures, makes one remark, and disappears again. Eddie's is one of Hollywood's standard stories, although Eddie is no standard person.

Like Bob, Eddie is well-bred, highly intelligent, imaginative, witty. But the breaks have just not come his way. He, too, was on the stage in New York, but preceded Bob to Hollywood by nine years or so. Eddie liked movies, decided he wanted to be a director, came west to learn the trade from the ground up. After directing a few dog comedies on Poverty Row and writing a script here and a script there along the same street, he decided that the best school was a big studio. Still unaware of the little idiosyncrasies of Hollywood, he became a prop-man at M-G-M—his initial error.

Until three years ago, Eddie was still a prop-man. Officially, that is. Actually, he was one of the best gag-men on the lot. He had made a suggestion to the director of a comedy-troupe on which he was propping, which resulted in his gagging the entire picture. When the picture was released, the official gag-man on it was signed

on a new contract with a raise in salary. While Eddie enjoyed the questionable satisfaction of being sought as prop-man by every comedy director on the lot.

EVENTUALLY, the executive powers signed him, with a large gesture, on a contract which gave them his services as actor, scenarist, gag-man or director, as they saw fit. Eddie, undismayed by the minuteness of salary accompanying it, was delighted. Here was the big chance, at last. That was three years ago. And, at

present writing, Eddie is in exactly the same spot he occupied then. Five of his stories have been screened, but no credit-titles are his. He is, as the cutters who are forced to carpet the floor with his scenes know, a damned good actor, but no opportunity to reach the public is given him. It is one of those things—inexplicable, flagrantly illogical—that are peculiarly Hollywood.

Eddie, whose humor is undaunted, doesn't talk about it. But Bob, on occasion does.

"All Eddie needs," says Bob, with considerable heat, "is one chance. Just one decent break, that's all, and he'd be set. My God, he has everything it takes. He knows the business more thoroughly than ninety-nine percent of the people in it—he really understands it from every angle. He's a swell actor. One adequate chance in one picture—that's all he needs.

"And he'll get it," he adds. "You can't keep talent like that down forever."

ALTHOUGH Bob would probably sock you if you mentioned it to him, it is known that he himself has talked fast and belligerently on more than

one occasion in an effort to obtain for Eddie that one chance.

It is difficult to get them to talk about their friendship—Bob, because he is uncomfortably aware of Hollywood's interest in the story value of his own professional rise above his friend's status; Eddie, because, aware of the same thing, he can't see why he should take any bows for the fact that he was decently civil to Bob when he first came west.

"Bob," says Eddie, "is a grand egg. He's the sort of guy you want to know. Sure, people around the lot were cool to him at first—but that's natural enough. It's a clannish community, a closed business and, unless you ride in on top of the wave, it takes a while before they warm up. I liked Bob—we got along well together—and that was that. All this stuff about my helping him is a lot of nonsense."

But says Bob:

"Besides making me feel like a human being again and as if there really were (Continued on page 107)



The friendship between Bob Montgomery and Eddie Nugent is a delight to find in a town where the old idea of friendship for its own sake seems to be dead.

The
MODERN
SCREEN
Magazine's

GALLERY
OF
HONOR



BEN LYON

—who has the character to “no” Hollywood and walk out of a part which he thinks unsuited to him. He did this in “Broad-minded,” giving as his reason the fact that he couldn’t play any part for which he felt no enthusiasm. Hurrah for art, Ben!



Photograph by Richee

SYLVIA SIDNEY

—who, brought in from Broadway, became a pinch hitter for Clara Bow in "City Streets" and made good in an exceptionally big way for a talkie beginner. She is now on the way to stardom and is called the "Young Katherine Cornell" by Hollywood's elect. What more could one ask?



Photograph by Preston Duncan

EDMUND LOWE

—whose amazing energy deserves mention. Edmund Lowe hasn't had more than a month's vacation in three years. And three years before the kliegs is a long time. Eddie was recently all set for a good long holiday in Europe. Then they put him in another picture, so the vacation is off again.



MARY ASTOR

—whose long years of hard work and consistent display of intelligence and talent before the cameras has at last resulted in her achievement of stardom. "Nancy's Private Affair" will be her first starring part. "White Shoulders" will be her last featured rôle. She is under contract to Radio Pictures.



Photograph by Hurrell

MARION DAVIES

—for having won the reputation of being one of Hollywood's most generous and kind-hearted inhabitants. Marion is going dramatic in "Five and Ten." Irving Thalberg looked everywhere for the most effective girl to play the part and suddenly realized she was right on his own lot.

LET'S TALK ABOUT



Harriet Parsons, whose stories are so often found in MODERN SCREEN, is to be married to Edward Woods in June. Edward Woods, for some time on the stage, is now under contract to First National Pictures. They are very popular in Hollywood, these two.

International

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH II

F. W. MURNAU, director of such screen epics as "The Last Laugh," "Sunrise" and "The Four Devils," is dead. He had just returned from the South Sea Islands—his realization of Nirvana, the only real and worthwhile civilization of today, he maintained. "All else is madness," Murnau told a friend shortly after his arrival back in Hollywood.

After a two-year stay in this, his paradise, Murnau brought with him a picture depicting life among those simple, lovable and wholly natural Polynesians who inhabit one of the Islands most infrequently visited by whitemen, whom he regarded so highly. This film, entitled "Tabu," is to give the world his own picturization of life ideally lived. Murnau himself had built a \$20,000 home on the out-of-the-way island so that he might spend the remainder of his life with the people he loved.

Paramount considered this photoplay his greatest effort. It was even better than his previous great productions. This fact is explainable only in that the German artist

The Fashion Stakes are quite the thing at Agua Caliente. Kay Johnson recently crowned Sun Beau for capturing the first running at a mile and an eighth.



International

and idealist was feeling this work deeply—his efforts were abetted, no doubt, by the green blueness of the calm ocean, the verdure of jungle vegetation, the warm rain's easy tapping on a thatched roof.

Yes, Murnau had done his greatest piece of work, and he planned to visit his mother in Germany, whom he had not seen for five years, and share the fruits of his new fame with her. But Fate had other plans!

As the forty-two-year-old director was motoring near Santa Barbara on his way to confer with Gouverneur Morris, the novelist, his car rolled over a thirty-foot embankment. It seems that Murnau's chauffeur had swerved the auto to avoid hitting an oncoming machine, and Murnau was fatally injured when his car completely overturned, making a better fate impossible.

HOLLYWOOD

Exactly eight hours later he turned his dimming gaze Southward—toward the islands that had promised him so much happiness—and passed on.

Ironical, that he was killed by a product of the civilization he had no faith in.

Hail the conquering heroes! The four Marx Brothers are back in town! Harpo, who never has a word to put in edgewise. Chico, whose twinkling fingers skim the ivories. Zeppo, who vociferates. And Groucho, who admits he knows nothing.

Down at the station someone asked the boys if they had any desire to play "Hamlet."

Quick as a flash, Groucho replied: "Not unless they give us a stroke a hole!"



Heywood Broun, famous columnist, Edward G. Robinson, famous actor, and Louis Weitzenkorn, famous playwright, meet on the First National lot. Mr. Weitzenkorn wrote "Five Star Final." Mr. Robinson will star in it.

OUT at M-G-M we heard this one.

C. Aubrey Smith was brought out here to do a part in Marion Davies' new picture. He was bending every effort to learn American ways and movies. The other day he was introduced to Cecil B. DeMille, who as you probably know, expects people to bow low when they meet him. However, this Englishman shook hands and said: "Really, I am awfully glad to know you. Aren't you a brother of the great William DeMille?"

Cecil being Cecil, you would naturally expect him to burn up. But instead he thinks it is a great joke and tells it to everyone who will listen.

The Fox organization seems to have a mad on all of the feminine gender. First they released a picture entitled "Don't Bet On Women." Now comes announcement of "All Women Are Hungry!"

REMEMBER James Murray who scored tremendously in "The Crowd"? We saw him at the fights the other night with Jack Oakie, and he looks better than he has in some time.

For a while Jimmie was playing the bad boy of Hollywood—being late to sets, failing to keep appointments, etc.—but now he has reformed, and as a reward was given a leading part in Clara Bow's new picture.

What wouldn't you give to be Frieda Schmidt, my dear young lady? She is the lucky person at Paramount studios who has the enviable job of manicuring the nails of Monsieur Maurice Chevalier. What a rush there'd be if she ever gave up her job!





(Left) Irene Rich with her favorite dog, Binky. (Right) With Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss."

HOW IRENE RICH STAYS SO YOUNG

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

THIRTY-EIGHT years old . . . the mother of two daughters, fourteen and twenty . . . no dieting . . . no facials . . . no "daily dozens" . . . and yet, one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood!

How does she do it?

Irene Rich is the envy of every actress who has reached the age of boudoir night-caps and hot-water bottles. It's time, the others say, for her to begin showing signs of being fair, fat and forty.

But does she?

Her eyes are big and lustrous. Her smile is bright and engaging. Her skin is as soft as velvet. Her teeth are white and perfect. The corners of her mouth curl upward. No suggestion of a wrinkle is in her neck and no "crow's feet" are beginning to gather. She has long, curling lashes. She plays a stinging game of tennis and



she swims gleefully out beyond the breakers in the ocean. She drives a motor car, digs in the garden, romps with her children and is younger looking today than she was at seventeen when she had to fight adversity.

And yet, a woman of thirty-eight!

I DON'T know whether I'm old-fashioned or just sensible," Irene said at her beautiful Hollywood home the other day. "Apparently, I do a lot of things that other women don't and I don't do a lot of things that other women do. I do not smoke and I do not drink. If I feel the need of a stimulant, which is seldom, I take a cup of

"Under fifty, age is purely mental. The state of one's mind is



ADVICE TO WOMEN PAST THIRTY

Have an interest outside the home. Maybe a garden.
Contact with the world keeps one alive mentally.
Exercise preserves the figure.
Dress your age. Flapper styles show to disadvantage.
Avoid tantrums. They put poison toxins in the blood.

(Above) Miss Rich believes in relaxing her nerves by lying flat on the ground and absorbing the coolness and serenity of Nature.

Although Miss Rich is thirty-eight years old there is no suggestion of a wrinkle in her neck and no "crow's feet" are gathering. She tells you how she does it.



(Right) Irene Rich's perfect physical condition permits her to put up a good tennis battle with her young and vigorous children.



ocean is Nature's vibrator for stimulating circulation. "Nothing—absolutely nothing, is more vitalizing than Mother Earth and the sea. At my former home, which I recently sold, I planted twenty trees alone—cottonwoods, eucalyptus, pines and others indigenous to California. I got nerve tonic from the ground. I had a garden in which I dug and shady places where I could stretch out all by myself and nap.

UNDER fifty, age is purely mental. The state of one's mind is reflected in the face. Motherhood keeps me young by association with young folks. When my two daughters and my two step-sons, John, seventeen, and David, nineteen, gather in the family circle, the banter back and forth, the quips and stories keep my mind moving and alert. I am trying just as hard to be worthy of my children as they are trying to be worthy of me. It keeps me 'on my toes' to follow their gaiety, but it's great fun and I love it! (Continued on page 123)

coffee. If my nerves get taut or I feel 'all fagged out' and irritable, I have two remedies. One is to go out and lie flat on the ground, relaxing, drawing into my body the vigor of the earth, absorbing the coolness and serenity of Nature. The other is a plunge in the ocean which takes me in its arms and calms and soothes me in its play. The

reflected in the face. Motherhood keeps me young by association"

HOLLYWOOD SLEEP

By HARRIET MARSH

IT is two o'clock in the morning, and a low-hung roadster rolls out of a driveway and onto the smooth California highway toward the sea. Ask anybody about drivers of low-hung roadsters which roll out of driveways at two o'clock of a morning, and the answer is: rum-runners.

In this case, however, the driver is Clara Bow, who doesn't have to meet rum boats for a living. Her particular business on the highway is sleep-chasing, for when Clara can't slumber she finds nothing more soothing than a turn on the open road.

"It does two things," Clara told me. "It cools feverishness and diverts the mind. It makes the bed seem warm and delightful when I get back home. Invariably, it brings rest."

Plodding along while the city sleeps, oftentimes one will encounter the slender figure of Dolores del Rio swathed in a dark coat to prevent recognition. Or the restless Dorothy Sebastian and sometimes Marlene Dietrich. On another byway you might meet Ralph Graves. They are all night-walkers when sleep refuses to come.

Oliver Hardy, comedian, member of the team Laurel and Hardy, sticks his feet out from under the covers till they get cold.

"I read in a newspaper once," he said, "that if you get up and walk around in the damp grass for a while in bare feet, sleep thereafter is certain. Yeah! I did it! I got all bedraggled in the grass, went back to bed and developed the worst cold of my life. Now, I just lie there with my bunions exposed to the naked air. It works, too!"

Jack Mulhall is a papa. When he can't sleep, he says, he harks back a few years in reminiscence to the time when floor-pacing, with infant in the arms, was more of a necessity than a hobby.

Illustrated by
Jack Welch



Then he gets up and walks and walks until he longs to get back in bed and snooze.

During the past week or two I have talked with more than fifty players about their methods of inducing sleep. To most of them it is a serious matter. Nerves go "hay-wire" occasionally and need attention. In all the fifty interviewed, I found only two who resorted to the old method of "counting sheep." Richard Dix uses that system and a couple of thousand sheep usually suffice to bring him rest. Joe Brown, the comedian, does it, too.

OUTSIDE of the night riders, the night walkers and the sheep counters, I find the night readers in greatest number. Here again were some unique ideas.

Betty Compson, for instance, reads the telephone directory, with a special appreciation for the Browns and Smiths and Joneses. She tries to imagine what each looks like as she dwells on their names. The fancies created in "building" characters, gives her an interesting diversion.



(Left) When sleep will not come to Clara Bow she gets out her speedy roadster and goes rushing through the California night until her brain is soothed and quiet. (Above) Bebe Daniels finds the best antidote for sleeplessness is to get up and do a few minutes' calisthenics.

CHASERS

The stars, as well as you, sometimes suffer from insomnia—and here are some remedies they offer for it



(Left) Evelyn Brent finds that the wavering flicker of a candle brings the much-sought-after slumber. (Above) Oliver Hardy heard that getting up and walking through wet grass with bare feet was a sure cure for insomnia. He tried it—once!

Richard Barthelmess has a row of books on each side of his bed and when sleep fails to come he turns on the lights and reaches for one, preferably a biography. This same system of reading something heavy or obtuse is followed by Cecil B. DeMille, Norma Talmadge, Walter Pidgeon, Charles Bickford and Lois Wilson. The necessity for concentration in assimilating heavy yet interesting matter, brings the brain back to normalcy, they say, and induces sleep.

Louise Fazenda reads a chapter from the Psalms, or, if it's fruit season, she gets up and makes jam. Jean Arthur reads anything that comes handy.

Reginald Denny gets up and goes over his fishing tackle. Ned Sparks remains in bed and pictures himself in some favorite retreat pulling in trout. He always catches several times the limit.

Then there are the calisthenics devotees. Oftentimes in the early hours of the morning Bebe Daniels in her pyjamas does her daily dozen in her boudoir till the flow of blood which has fevered her brain is drawn away and sleep comes. Lila Lee follows the same method. She explains:

"Inducing natural sleep is entirely a matter of keeping

one's self fit physically. Happily Hollywood makes this easily possible. Physical laziness keeps many persons from ready sleep. I make it a strict point of routine to do one of three things every day of my life. I play a round of tennis, take a strenuous dip in the Pacific Ocean or, either of these being impossible because of work, I adhere to a strict morning and nightly routine of calisthenics. However, I never allow any one of these to completely sap my physical energy for that would defeat my purpose. Then before retiring I take a warm bath, which I restrict rigidly to ten minutes.

"A tendency to prolong the latter defeats its purpose, and exhausts rather than putting one in a desirable state of relaxation."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Bernice Claire and also Bebe Daniels say a glass or two of hot milk often will induce sleep. Joan Bennett, Jeanette Loff and Buster Collier turn on the radio and listen to its offerings—patent soaps, two-suits-for-the-price-of-one, the Sizzlin' Sisters, real estate subdivision and all—till they slumber.

Lupe Velez turns on the lights and plays solitaire. So does Chester Morris. William (Continued on page 105)

The MODERN SCREEN

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Fox)

First a book, then a play, later a silent cinema, and now a talkie, this Mark Twain story has lost nothing of its grand humor during all its many tellings. As ever, it is designed as a *tour de force* for its star, and the earnest, grinning Will Rogers plays his part to the hilt. Until you have seen Will in "iron pants" you don't know how loudly you can laugh.

The fantastic fable, you recall, introduces Will, a Connecticut Yankee, at the court of King Arthur. The rest is a merry mélange of fun in which armored knights and lovely ladies in distress are mingled with "baby" motor cars and other strictly modern contraptions, the whole stuck together with Will's chewing gum.

A good supporting cast, with Maureen O'Sullivan and Frankie Albertson, helps make this a smashing laugh hit.



DISHONORED (Paramount)

This is a picture about which there is sure to be a wide variation of opinion. Besides magnificent direction, lighting, and scenes full of intensity and color, it presents Marlene Dietrich, more glamorous and beautiful than ever, showing for the first time her true versatility.

But the story is not a popular one. It sketches the career of a Viennese harlot who is taken off the streets by the head of the Austrian secret service to serve her country as a spy. Her first task is to uncover a plot engineered by two officers. One of them (Warner Oland), whom she reveals as a traitor, kills himself. Her conflict with the other, a Russian officer, takes up the rest of the picture. Her personal interest in him is apparent—and, in the end, she allows him to escape and lays herself open to death by a firing squad.



THE FRONT PAGE (Caddo)



This is by far the fastest-moving and most sparkling bit of ribald comedy ever to reach the screen. Not for a single moment does Director Lewis Milestone allow us to forget the frantic, vividly romantic background of the reporter's life. It has suspense galore and thrills by the yard. And how it travels!

Adolphe Menjou, as the ruthless managing editor who knows only the ethics of "headlines" is excellent. Pat O'Brien brings a breezy new personality to the screen as Hildy Johnson. You'll remember Pat. And the reporters—Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, Matt Moore and Frank McHugh—are absolutely perfect.

Throughout the story is woven a slight but effective theme of romance carried by Mary Brian. In the rôle of the condemned man, George E. Stone is fine.

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (Radio)



A popular tale of the "woiking goil" who marries her boss is well told here by Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Ricardo Cortez and a staunch group of supporting players. It is a not too implausible variation of the romantic theme familiar in the lives of a million office workers.

Miss Astor, as private secretary to sales manager Ames, is responsible for the business success of that none too clever egotist. Her hopes for ultimate matrimonial rewards are shattered by the entrance of Catherine Dale Owen as a snobbish society debutante. Mary leaves and the business goes blooey. But it all paves the way for the big reconciliation, while Miss Owen and Mr. Cortez, "the other man," are left holding the bag.

Mary Astor is distinctly the star of the production.

Magazine REVIEWS

STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)



Here you see a Norma Shearer, more lovely and competent than ever before, a Neil Hamilton whose true appeal and talent you have never suspected until this rôle, and a Robert Montgomery who offers a charming characterization that will gain him even more fans than he now has. Besides, there are Marjorie Rambeau and Irene Rich.

It's the story of a girl who is loved by two men—one a delightfully debonair two-fisted drinker still at college (Montgomery); the other, a virile, independent newspaperman who travels to the ends of the earth for copy (Hamilton). The former proposes marriage, the latter declares his love and pleads for mutual freedom.

The film is replete with glamor and excitement. All in all, a fine picture.

TEN CENTS A DANCE (Columbia)



Don't let the title of this picture scare you away for a minute. It's *not* a sentimental yarn glorifying America's dancing hostesses. Nothing of the sort. It's a simple, poignant story of a dance hall girl who marries a weakling.

The dance hall girl is played by Barbara Stanwyck. And right here and now we want to say that this amazing girl has more dramatic power and more sheer personality than almost any other woman in pictures.

The scene in which she finally realizes what a rotter her husband is will hold you with the simple power of Barbara's emotional acting.

Ricardo Cortez and Monroe Owsley are both excellent. Great credit goes to Lionel Barrymore for his superbly natural direction.

MY PAST (Warner Brothers)

All attempts to make this screen version of the book, "Ex-Mistress," a bright, snappy picture fail to raise it above mediocrity. It manages merely to be a dull fable about a tarnished lady who hesitates between the secure love of an elderly suitor, and the passion of a youthful weakling. The weakling wins. And, as usual, Lewis Stone fails to get his woman. There may be consolation, however, in the fact that he runs away with all histrionic honors.

Aside from the presence of Mr. Stone, the most interesting item about the film is that the young lovers are portrayed by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon—Bebe Daniels to you. Each is worthy of better material than that provided in "My Past." Ben's rôle is so inconsistent that it is impossible to render a clear-cut characterization.



THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)

Ben Lyon does some of the best work of his acting career as the love-sick riveter in this amusing story based on the old "poor man-rich girl" theme. You cannot help being amused when a hot rivet having gone through a window, he finds himself gazing upon the prettiest girl he has ever seen.

The latter part of the picture in which the riveter and his friends go to the swanky country estate of the girl is not as good as the first reels. The comedy is exaggerated and the whole thing becomes somewhat overdone and impossible. But Ben Lyon manages to be convincing.

Ona Munson, a newcomer from the footlight area, has little to do as the heiress. She has a sweet but not very impressive screen personality. Bill Dugan as Ben Lyon's buddy is simply swell.



Why waste time on the wrong show—these reviews are a guide

KIKI (United Artists)

"Our Mary's" best talkie is this snappy version of the old Belasco stage play, with "America's Sweetheart" romping through the rôle created by Lenore Ulric. It's first-rate, fast moving comedy which offers as pleasant an hour as may be found in the current cinema. Miss Pickford's gay, spontaneous performance cannot fail to please her fans.

You probably know the story about the little French chorine with the farcical faculty of getting in—and out—of scrapes. Discharged from the chorus, she deliberately attaches herself to the household of the handsome producer, Reginald Denny. And despite all his protestations, she persists until the finale finds her established as mistress of his heart as well as his home.

Mary—and Mr. Denny—have never been better.



UNFAITHFUL (Paramount)

In this most English of Hollywood English pictures, Ruth Chatterton plays the part of the wronged wife who keeps quiet about her husband's philandering with another woman because the other woman happens to be the wife of the heroine's brother.

Although Ruth Chatterton is a fine dramatic actress, this story has certain sequences in which her true talent is not apparent. Ruth, unfortunately, does not shine as well as she might. She is cast as an American girl who marries an English nobleman, but Ruth's flawless English accent is somewhat disconcerting at times. It's hard to determine whether she's an American girl in London or an English girl in America.

Paul Lukas does well in a somewhat sentimental rôle as the man who loves Ruth.



BODY AND SOUL (Fox)



Elissa Landi makes her bow. And as Charlie Farrell's heroine in this drama of love and war proves herself a gallant actress not devoid of glamor. The film itself un-reels a tale of adventure revolving about the romance of a youthful aviator and a fair suspected agent of the enemy secret service. It is a bit complicated, and not too plausible.

The girl who gives herself "body and soul" that our knight of the air may snatch a moment of heaven before returning to the hell of war, is siezed as a spy. It looks like the firing squad for both of them. But then that slinky siren, Myrna Loy, enters the action, and every one knows that she will prove to be the guilty one.

Young Mr. Farrell isn't entirely at home in the rôle of the flier, so Miss Landi wins the honors.

THE GREAT MEADOW (M-G-M)



The period of this picture is way back yonder when George Washington was busy with the redcoats, and the pioneers with the redskins. The picture has three distinct stories, which make it over-plotted and slow-moving. But withal it is beautifully produced, and, once under way, sufficiently arresting.

Tale number one is devoted to the courageous hegira of Virginia settlers to the "great meadow" of Kentucky blue-grass. Their sufferings are graphically portrayed in impressive sequences. The second plot tells of the blood feud between our hero and a scalping savage, "Black Fox," while, thirdly, there is the "Enoch Arden" fable with Johnny Mack Brown, Eleanor Boardman and Gavin Gordon at the points of the triangle.

The cast is uniformly fine.



Louise Fazenda is one of those charming daughters who doesn't need Mother's Day to remind her of the fact that she has a mother. They are inseparable companions and it is said that Mrs. Nelda Fazenda is Louise's "best pal and severest critic." Just in case you don't know, here's an interesting fact about Louise: she's one of the best jam makers in Hollywood. Her latest picture is "The Mad Parade."



The very smartest of sport accessories: a tailored bag of shantung with a neat bone monogrammed ornament, crushable (and washable!) capeskin gloves, and an intricately designed novelty necklace with bracelet and earrings to match.



In the large picture, Betty is wearing a collarless knitted sports suit of brown and yellow mixed wools, cut on very severe lines. The skirt is cleverly made to flare slightly below the hipline. A harmonizing light crêpe blouse, with a bit of pleating on the jabot, and a knitted beret complete the outfit. On the hangers are shown an open-work trimmed tennis dress of white silk and a woolen sport coat, satin lined.



Betty's tweed sport coat has a deep shawl collar of beaver, a wide belt of self material and patch pockets. On the table is shown a profusion of gay scarves.

A plain suit and a "dress up" suit—and a profusion of

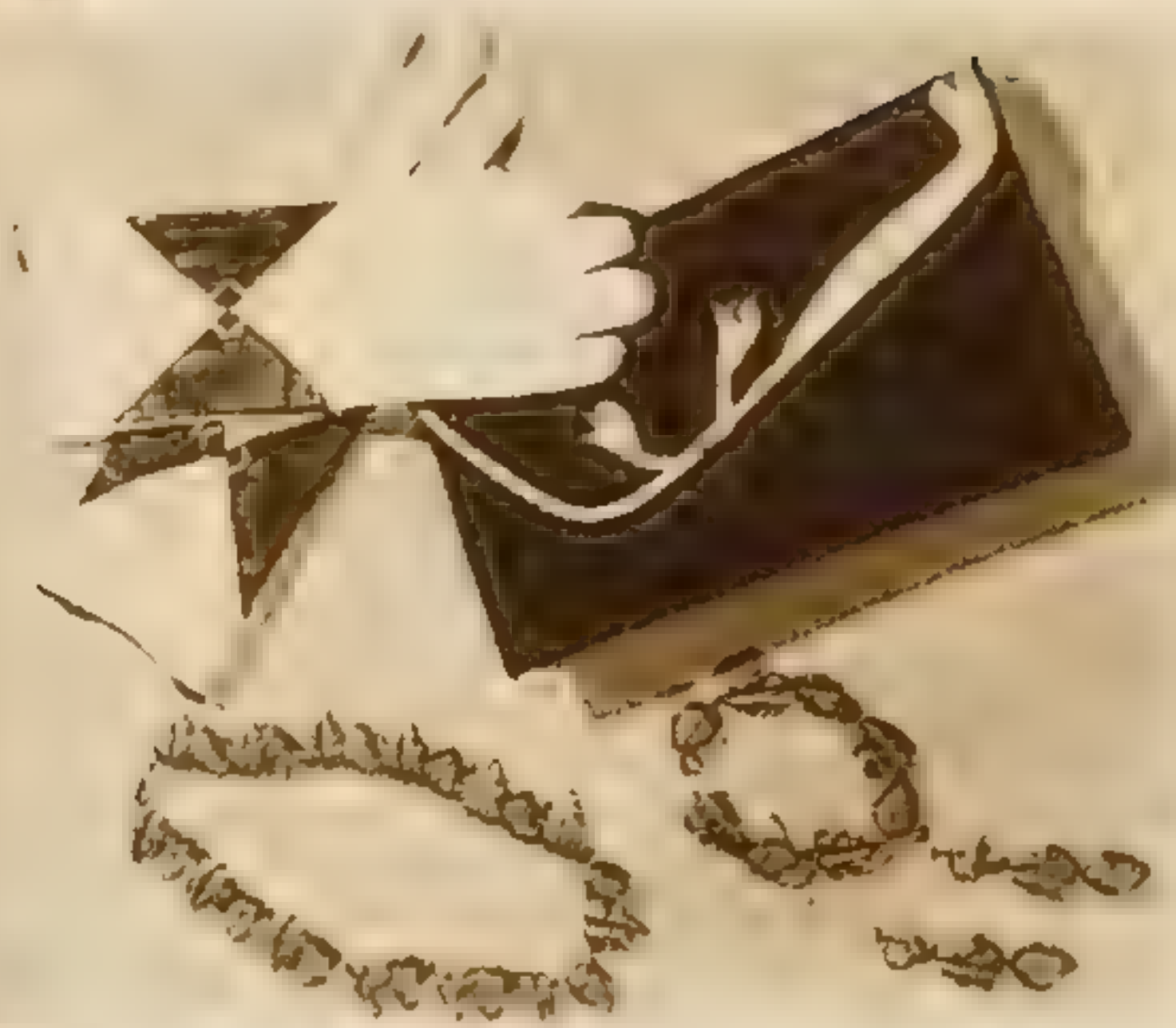
WARDROBES



A cleverly designed spring suit, black, with white lapin collar and cuffed elbow sleeves. Betty wears a shiny black straw hat with a very shallow crown to show her blond locks.



A group of Betty's afternoon dresses are shown above. Prints predominate. The dress she is wearing has gay colored flowers on a white background. It is very long, with a flat frill around the square neck and short cape sleeves. Hanging on the door is one of those indispensable dark flowered chiffons. In the cupboard is a girlish little model, with straight top attached to a full pleated skirt, and an afternoon chiffon of a large, splashy design.



Accessories for the formal afternoon ensemble: a black silk moiré bag, trimmed with gold kid—white kid gloves with tricky appliqués of black kid—necklace, bracelet and earrings of metal and novelty stones.

silks and filmy chiffons from Betty Compson's wardrobe

A silver evening gown that has all the romance of Summer



Is there a girl in the world who doesn't dream of some day having an ermine evening wrap? Well, perhaps we can't all have ermine wraps but this lovely one from Betty Compson's wardrobe (shown at the left, above) might give us a hint or two about a white velvet one. It's all in one piece, of circular cut, and has two flared tiers and a luxurious shawl collar. To the right, is a black velvet three-quarter-wrap—an almost indispensable part of one's evening wardrobe, even in the summer. The fur trimming on this is unusual—two bands of fox fur, one black and the other white, are attached to the neck line. This idea might be worked out in a summer wrap of satin with two tones of flying squirrel to trim it.



Above, are evening accessories for Betty's white wrap: a patterned moiré bag, piped with silver kid; shoulder length white kid gloves and pearl ornaments. Below, the same purse and ornaments, but long black suede gloves for the black wrap.



nights—and wraps for those chilly moonlit drives!



Betty's favorite evening gown (shown at the left) has a stately beauty that is very distinguished. It is fashioned of silver metal chiffon—a very supple material which drapes exquisitely. The hips are swathed snugly, with a diagonal drape in front. The butterfly décolletage (which you can see in the mirror) is becoming to almost all ages and all types. The two pieces which form that winged effect are tied in a soft knot and the ends fall to the floor. At the right is an evening wrap of the same material, swathed to the hips and then falling in charming fullness to almost the hemline. Iceland fox borders the cape. The entire ensemble is as light as gossamer.



From the MODERN SCREEN Collection

"Not that! Not that!" the heroine cries in the high voice. A caption on the back of the picture reads something like this: Leah Baird in "The Destroying Angel." Sarah Law (Leah Baird), cabaret dancer, kidnapped in her bathing costume and held prisoner on a yacht by "Strangler" Olsen (Mitchell Lewis), and her fiancé, (Noah Beery) . . . Need we say more?

SCOOOPS OF THE MONTH

What our busy reporter
has been discovering is
simply nobody's business



From the Joseph A. Golden Collection



From the MODERN SCREEN Collection

(Above) What milady will wear (to a masquerade). Words fail us when we start to describe this creation for evening wear. The bouffant effect seems to be due to a misplaced berth. The feathers are uncurled ostrich although they may curl up any minute from sheer embarrassment. When you're tired of this sort of dress the netting can very easily be used on that next fishing trip. (Left) Ah, here indeed is drayma in its purest form. The lady with the terrible wound on her shoulder and with the seasick expression is none other than Pearl White. The horrified gentleman is Chester Barnett. The good samaritaness is, alas, unknown to us. This picture was made in the days when movies were something "that gentfolk wouldn't condescend to notice." To be exact, January 11, 1914, is the date that it was released. And if you can remember it you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din, by about ten years or so. Wonder if they'll make it into a talkie?

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD



(Left) Informal, to say the least, this shot of Charlie Farrell taken during his much-publicized honeymoon on the S. S. Augustus. (Right) Francis X. Bushman, who gives his age as forty-seven, makes the startling announcement that he will wed the first woman who offers a million or more in exchange for his "I do." Miss Lola Moynihan is going over some of the offers with him.

Acme Photographs.



FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH III

MARY PICKFORD was hostess to quite a brilliant group at the recent dinner-dance given at the Embassy under the auspices of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. At the Pickford table were Johnny Mack Brown and his dark-haired wife, who was lovely in turquoise blue chiffon.

Gloria Swanson and her escort, Gene Markey (this is getting to be a tradition); Gloria's new hair-dress is very unique but fetching. Humphrey Bogart was also at the table with a charming girl.

At a nearby table, Lady June Inverclyde entertained a party of twelve. She's the one who seems to be seriously interested in Lothar Mendez, who formerly was Dot Mackaill's husband. Also included in the party was Myron Selznick, and, as usual, he had a little misunderstanding.

It is said that one of Miss Pickford's guests, her cousin, in fact, was dancing with Billie Bakewell, when a bit of hot wax thrown by Selznick struck her in the eye. The husband of the injured lady is said to have declared himself a contestant against Selznick, until the latter sought to put a permanent part in his hair with a candlestick.

Mary herself would say nothing further than that Mr. Selznick had apologized immediately after the event occurred. But someone else reported that Selznick rather resented Mary's gracious acceptance of his apologies, when all the time he had been addressing her cousin. Just one of those Hollywood parties!

Read these pages and astonish your friends by your familiarity with all the latest goings-on in the film city

THAT well-known painter, photographer and author, Cecil Beaton, of London, is visiting the film colony. He took it upon himself to list Hollywood's six most beautiful women. And that's a man-sized job for anyone!

Beaton said that Marion Davies should be included among the six because she's

the perfect type of natural beauty. Then comes Norma Shearer, for the reason that she's representative of health and wholesomeness. Greta Garbo was included because, being absolutely mad, she is ethereal. (Yes, yes.)

And just to prove that Marlene Dietrich and Garbo are not the same type at all and therefore can't be rivals, Beaton lists Marlene because she's the personification of the risqué. Next comes Lilyan Tashman because of her nose and hips—just a Grecian goddess at heart. And Ina Claire typifying the acme of gaiety and youth—a gorgeous almond.

Of course, this news sort of bolstered up the girls' inferiority complexes, and Ina said she appreciated being included even if she was described as being a bit nutty!

Ooh-la-la! Up at Noah Beery's mountain resort who should we glimpse, snappily dressed in yellow sports dress, but Fifi Dorsay. She was with Danny Thomas, newspaper writer, and they seemed to be having fun.

By the way, wasn't it Danny who was rushing Barbara Kent a while back? He's a regular Dan Juan!

(Continued on page 130)



ONE WEEK LATER—



AND What a wonderful lot of praise Rinso is getting!

EVERY day letters come from delighted Rinso users. *Thousands* have written to say, "There never were such suds!"

"All I do is soak the week's wash in Rinso suds — and out it comes white and gleaming!" writes Mrs. Anna Jennings of Albany, N. Y.

"This way is easy on the clothes, and spares my hands, too," writes Mrs. Otis Claywell of Terre Haute, Ind.

"Its suds are so lively, even in our hard water," writes Mrs. C. B. McGuire of Oklahoma City, Okla.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives *twice as much suds* as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. No matter how hard the water, you need no bar soaps, chips, powders or softeners. You need no washboard or boiler. Use Rinso alone for the *whitest* linens, the *brightest* colored things you ever saw!

Great in washers, too

The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package today. You'll like its creamy, economical suds for dishwashing and all cleaning.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens — white or colors

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine



Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane". Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p. m., E. D. T. over the WEAF network



June MacCloy, winsome Paramount player, shows you how to make the wrists flexible by curving the hands forward and back. Keep the fingers slightly arched.

Curve the hand downward with a vigorous movement so that the wrist muscles are brought into action. Piano players know the value of this exercise.



Clench the hands, then extend the fingers as far as you can. This creates suppleness in the complicated bones, muscles and ligaments of the hands and fingers.

BEAUTY ADVICE

I'VE had a perfectly grand time this month. I'm one of those people who likes to "fix up" other people—maybe that's why I'm writing about beauty problems. Anyway, my most hopeless cousin has come to live with me. I guess we all have some hopeless relative—unattractive and listless and difficult to get along with. Well, I made up my mind after the first two days that I just couldn't stand Marjorie mooning around the apartment all the time, looking sloppy and unhappy, but not knowing what to do about it. So I began a course of treatments for her.

What did she have to start with? Well, precious little! But every girl has some heritage of beauty and at last I found Marjorie's. Her eyes were brown, large and shaded with very presentable lashes. If I could only get that listless, dull look out of them! She had a nice hair line, too, if I could only make her hair bright and alive-looking. But everything else—oh dear, oh dear! She was about twenty pounds under weight. Her shoulders were round and she sagged in the middle. And yet she was so terrified of getting fat that she couldn't enjoy a meal. Her skin was sallow and pimply looking under her thick layer of—of all shades—white powder! And her clothes—well, I just wanted to put them on the dumb-

By MARY BIDDLE
Beauty hints galore
for your guidance
and delight



Place the hands, fingers curved, on a book or table. Then tap the fingers separately, bringing each one to an exaggerated arch, but don't strain the ligaments.

waiter and let the rubbish man take them home.

"Marjorie," I began, "I think we'll start having our meals at home instead of going out to a restaurant. I really should economize a little."

"All right," she said, plainly not caring a bit.

So I hunted up a cook book and eat at home we did. Fresh vegetables and cream soups began to appear in Marjorie's diet. I tried to tempt her appetite with new recipes and, gradually, she began to regard food as something to be enjoyed and not a hopeless bore.

After having added a few pounds to Marjorie's scrawny frame, I confess frankly I didn't know what to do next. So I said to myself, "I might just as well begin with that sad looking top-knot of hers and go right down to those apparently archless and ill-shod feet."

The smell of hot olive oil made Marjorie feel ill, so I couldn't give her hot oil treatments. But I scoured around the stores and at last I found an oil treatment which was just as pure as good olive oil but which had a pleasant, slightly perfumed odor. (Write for the name of it, if you like.) After rubbing the oil into her scalp, I gave it the laundering of its life and rinsed and rinsed and rinsed. The second (Continued on page 102)



**Hearts
will throb—**

**Blood
will race—**

**Eyes will fill
with tears!**

THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL..
Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough
For This Mighty Drama!

DIRIGIBLE! Gigantic challenge to the elements . . .
forged by the hand of Man! Cleaving with its silver
sheath the forbidden world of hurricane rising above
the earth . . . and in the ears of the super-men spinning
its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the
thunder of heaven defied . . . a sinister reminder that
the silver wings on their brave breasts mean "eagle"
. . . or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust
. . . "angel"!

DIRIGIBLE

**COLUMBIA'S
LEVIATHAN
OF THE
AIR!**

with
**JACK HOLT
RALPH GRAVES**
and **FAY WRAY**

A Frank Capra Production

From the story by
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Wead, USN.

Adaptation and Dialogue
by Jo Swerling

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN



Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 100)



UGLY HAIRS

can never
grow again

A Written Guarantee
assures permanent re-
moval of unwanted hair



THOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the re-growth of ugly unfeminine hair. The Koremlu Cream Method—based on the discovery of a noted French scientist—removes the hair *for all time*.

Koremlu is a delightfully fragrant quick-drying cream, applied to the skin and left on all night. The Koremlu Cream Method may be used with positive effectiveness on the face, legs, arms, and underarm.

The Koremlu Cream Method is not to be confused with temporary correctives, nor is it to be confused with any other method. The Koremlu Method gives *permanent* results. It *removes* the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, so that they are most easily lifted out. A number of applications definitely destroys the growth of hair. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—the *complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair*.

Rejoice that you can now be forever rid of all unwanted hair. Send the coupon today for our booklet containing full details of The Koremlu Cream Method.

Koremlu Cream is for sale at leading department stores (ask them for booklet). If you find that you cannot get Koremlu Cream in your locality, you may order direct from us.

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KOREMLU CREAM METHOD of permanent hair removal



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New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me booklet (in plain envelope) giving full information about Koremlu Cream for the guaranteed removal of superfluous hair.

Name _____

Address _____

N-6

time I shampooed her hair, I used a very mild color rinse in the last water. The results were amazing. Now—how to arrange it?

Marjorie's face was thin, so we tried a middle part and we waved the hair in wide, slightly diagonal waves. We divided the hair at the back and twisted the two sections into two long twists, rolling toward the middle of the head and keeping the waves prettily arranged in front. We took hold of one of the twists—the right one—and turned it, once, toward the right ear, and over, toward the middle of the head. Then we picked up the left twist and rolled it in with the right one toward the *other* ear. The two strands now being together, it was very easy to complete the figure-eight idea which was our object. Not a hard, bulky looking figure, but a soft, graceful one—rather pulled out toward the ears to give the impression of a coil right across the nape of the neck. (It's very hard to describe coiffures in writing, but I'm so completely sold on this one for almost every type of young girl with long hair that I couldn't help making an attempt at it. You'll find it easier than it sounds, if you try it.)

WE began skin treatments. A pure cold cream was patted (not rubbed) into the skin. Then, with cotton dampened in hot water, the cream, every last vestige of it, was removed. After that, a skin freshening tonic was patted into the skin. And, finally, Marjorie went protestingly to bed with tissue cream smeared lightly around her eyes and in the crevices of her nose and chin. In the morning, she washed her face in soap and water. We tried a variety of lotions and vanishing creams until we found the one that was best for a powder base for her particular skin. (Powder bases, by the way, are very individual matters. A vanishing cream that makes one girl look lovely will make another look horribly made-up.)

Gradually, the sallow tone of Marjorie's skin disappeared. (The good food took care of the blemishes.) Her basic skin tone was naturally olive. So we chose a powder that matched the darkest—not the lightest—tone of her skin. We used a geranium shade of rouge and placed it far out on her cheek bones, to give her face the appearance of width. The lipstick was bright, too. Marjorie needed no make-up on her eyelashes, but we did use just a touch of mauve eye-shadow in the evenings.

The result was, really, a very attractive, girlish face. Oh, yes—we even went to bed nights with one of those nose-adjustors firmly clamped to our nose. You see, when Marjorie was a

little girl, she had had great difficulty in learning to use a handkerchief—she'd just sniff, as a rule, and given her nose a very unladylike budge with her fist. As a result, the cartilage in the end of her nose had a decided tendency to veer over toward the left. Faithful use of the patent adjustor seems to be doing some good.

Our final problem was Marjorie's posture. She stood—oh, so badly. Even though she was thin, her tummy stuck out. She was a lazy thing—wouldn't try to sit up straight at first and balked like a mule at the mere mention of the word exercise. She did, however, adore dancing, and I finally bribed her into doing some simple exercises by promising to give her for a birthday present a course of dancing lessons at a well known school.

THESE were the exercises that I made her do: to strengthen abdominal muscles, she would stand about a foot away from the wall and bend backwards, her hands touching the wall, and walk sidewise in this position, her hands helping her to keep her balance. Then, to stretch and make supple the muscles in the waist, I had her do this: bend her right arm, the hands clenched, over her head; reach down just as far as she possibly could with her left arm, bending to the left very, very slowly. Repeat half a dozen times. Then alternate—the left arm bent over the head, the right arm reaching down, trying to touch the knee. Another exercise I gave her (for her flat feet) was to stand, barefoot, on a big telephone directory, with the ball of the foot at the edge of the book, and try to touch the floor with her toes. She howled piteously that "it hurt"—and that was just what I wanted it to do in order to stretch and strengthen those slack tendons. I didn't make her do this too strenuously, however.

And now what do you suppose I'm doing? I'm looking for a boy friend for Marjorie! Yes, indeed. She's going to be a pretty girl and I'm going to see to it that she has some fun. She's reading newspapers and magazines and books so that she'll have something to talk about and we're going places and doing things—because being alert and interested in events and people is just as much a part of beauty-getting as applying cold cream and the right shade of lipstick.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

EVERY MONTH THIS DEPARTMENT GIVES NEW IDEAS ABOUT BEAUTY. NEXT MONTH "BEAUTY ADVICE" WILL OFFER SOME VERY DEFINITE INFORMATION ABOUT THE CARE OF VARIOUS TYPES OF SKIN AND SOME HINTS ON COLOR FOR BLONDES, BRUNETTES AND IN-BETWEENS.

Secrets of the Hollywood Stylists

(Continued from page 73)

plement. The round face demands extra breadth in the crown and a straight or diagonal brim. The oval or angular face necessitates a hat with a downward, gracefully curving line. Wide brims are for the tall lady; for the short one, hats with no brims or those that are very narrow.

"You see, in pictures the stars have to be groomed so that no matter where the cameraman cuts, they will appear to advantage. The hat, blouse, skirt and shoes must be as perfect as possible for he may take a three-quarter length close-up or one of the head only. An excellent question for a woman to ask herself before she goes out is—'If I were about to have my portrait made, could the photographer cut to any part of my ensemble and still have me look my best?' The principle thing is to wear a costume that becomes you and not one that is merely smart.

"After all, there is a ruling higher than that of Madame Fashion's—it is called the Good Sense of the Individual."

Didn't I tell you this Earl Luick is a very sage young man? He puts all his valuable information into concise phrasing so that we can readily digest it. He knows whereof he speaks!

I had heard about the pajamas he designed for Doris Kenyon to wear in "Upper Underworld" so I went on the set to see them. The pale blue satin

trousers were very, very wide at the bottom and had an overskirt of deeper blue and white chiffon that swished about her as she walked. Cornflowers headed the cowl collar and the sleeves imitated the trousers in fullness.

ON an adjoining set was Dorothy Mackaill working in "The Reckless Hour." She was laughing and joking in the manner that has made her a favorite around the studio and when she caught sight of us she tangoed over with a word of welcome. Tangoed . . . in a chiffon evening gown of a rich rose-leaf green that accented her fairness. Flounces were placed diagonally on the skirt, which barely touched the floor, and the only trimming was an enormous flower of the material that joined the ends of the décolletage in back. The cream satin wrap to go with it was generously collared and cuffed with mink.

Later I saw Dorothy lunching with Ann Harding at the Embassy club. It was one of those cool, foggy days synonymous with springtime in California and both girls wore suits. Dorothy's was of a basket weave woolen in a wood brown shade and her yellow crêpe de chine blouse had a mammoth monogram of the brown in front. Ann chose to wear a skipper blue jacket suit with bracelet length sleeves and the

detachable collar was of maize galyak.

At the table next to ours, Mary Pickford earnestly discussed a new script with an eastern writer. She kept nibbling at melba toast in the little-girl fashion of long ago as she lost herself in the story. But the room was conscious enough of her presence—of her two piece green crêpe costume trimmed with platinum fox fur.

AND now let's talk about another fascinating subject—June brides. Here's a tip for the trousseau. Make one dress do in the place of two and get a better one than you originally intended. Good lines and good fabric are a saving in the long run. You can "dress up" a street frock for afternoon wear by changing your accessories. Supposing you select a simple dark green silk frock with an infinitesimal white pattern; one that has short sleeves with pleated cuffs of the reverse side of the material matching the round collar. Perhaps for morning you wear with it a sleeveless flannel coat of a still darker green, a small black hat of rough straw, black kid oxfords and a plain black leather bag. For four o'clock tea you leave off the coat and supplement the frock with high heeled black pumps having a matching green buckle, a green and white tapestry or silk bag, eight button length white gloves, and a large

after this

or this

or this

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TRUE ADMIRATION is won for the hair regularly washed with ColoRinse. It heightens the natural color tone. It restores that glowing sparkle of youthful lustre. And it revives the shimmering softness, the silky sheen, that nature intended all hair to have.

You can use ColoRinse whenever you please. The colors are harmless vegetable compounds . . . twelve shades to select from. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

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NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH



hat effectively trimmed. Then for evening wear your dress may be of chiffon and tulle in that heavenly violet-blue shade, made so that the surplice upper section continues down the skirt to a deeply wrapped flounce of the tulle. When you wish to wear it at dinner time, slip on a cape of the chiffon edged with a ruffle of the tulle.

Fashion Footnotes: The latest in ensemble ideas seen on Hollywood Boulevard is a narrow embroidered belt that matches the hat, purse, and cuffs of the gloves. Tailored chiffon street frocks are introduced by Luick. Bi-colored linen suits trimmed with large gold buttons add pleasure to June days. Sunday supper dresses of linen lace have separate jackets banded in dark fur to permit them to be worn at the theater. Handstitched linen baku hats and woven sandals glo. fy many a sport costume.

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

I am a school teacher, twenty-nine years old, and within a few weeks I expect to leave for my first trip to Europe. For months I have been planning this tour and I do hope something very exciting happens during it. I can't afford many new clothes but I want to take just the *right* things. What would you suggest? I am 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 118 pounds. My hair is a nondescript brown and I have hazel eyes. I would be so grateful if you could help me plan my wardrobe.

Truly yours,

J. M.

DEAR J. M.:

I know how you feel. You want to get out of a rut on this trip and *you want your clothes to help lift you out!* Well, let's make them. (Incidentally, don't allow your hair to be "nondescript". Write Mary Biddle, in care of MODERN SCREEN, and she'll tell you how to beautify it.) You'll want a tweed coat of unusually smart lines with an interesting collar. A brown and beige mixture is good because it will permit of variety in the sport dresses you wear with it, and, if possible, get a bonnet to match it. Four daytime frocks will suffice—a yellow with brown details, a soft green with touches of yellow and a bit of black, a brown having a colorful scarf of orange, green and yellow, and a light tan.

There must, of course, be one jacket suit. Have it made on extremely youthful lines, probably with an Eton jacket, and gray-green is an excellent travel shade. If it is of the new chonga cloth it will be less likely to wrinkle. Have a hat of the same material and a knitted blouse of white with green and white tie.

For afternoons and Sundays, better select a printed chiffon and let it be ultra feminine in style. Silk lace may be folded without injuring its appearance so your evening gown might be of that in some soft, becoming shade. If you have a wardrobe trunk so that your dresses can be hung up, a ciel blue crêpe roma patterned after Grecian

design might be added. Wear satin sandals of a darker blue shade and coral and crystal antique jewelry. Bon voyage!

DEAR MISS LANE:

I am to be married on the fifteenth of June and, as I am a good dress-maker, I'm going to make my wedding gown, myself. I haven't much money to spend on it, but I'd like it to be as beautiful as though it came from Paris—or Hollywood. My height is 5 feet 4½ inches and my weight 125 pounds. I have a fair complexion. Thanking you in advance,

Sincerely,

LORRAINE W.

DEAR LORRAINE:

Earl Luick tells me this wedding gown can be had for little money and it really sounds gorgeous. The silk slip has a heart shaped bodice, while the *point d'esprit* lace bodice of the dress has a round neck and is long and very tight-fitting. On each dot of the lace is sewn a sequin; the skirt is made up of four oval panels that flare at the bottom and half way down each panel is a net ruffle. A shower of waxed camellias and gardenias hang from the left shoulder to the waist. The sleeves are puffed and the veil has a halo cap adjusted to the head with orange blossoms.



Evelyn Knapp's spring suit, showing the coat, which tones with the skirt. The sleeves have that popular flared piece at the elbow.

Sleep Chasers

(Continued from page 87)

Haines repeats the multiplication tables until he gets to the thirteens.

"Then I duck under the covers and dodge the job," he said. "I always had trouble with those multiplication tables at school."

Leila Hyams counts backwards. Raquel Torres repeats the Spanish catechism. Raquel was educated in a convent. Bessie Love does mental singing. Aileen Pringle writes letters.

Kay Johnson says she endeavors to make her mind a blank in order to induce sleep.

Robert Woolsey says:

"I, when slumber refuses to come, put an alarm clock under my pillow and count the ticks."

"And I," said Bert Wheeler, "recommend polka-dot wall paper in bedrooms so you can lie still and count the spots."

Barbara Kent gets up and darns stockings—a job she loathes. Anita Page repeats the alphabet and thinks of all the words possible which begin with each letter. Ramon Novarro tries to trace backward his present chain of thought. Joan Crawford repeats nursery rhymes, starting with Little Bo-peep, a habit she learned in childhood.

MARIE DRESSLER gives herself a mental lesson in geography. When Marie is working she pours every ounce of energy and vitality into her work. Then as soon as she has finished dinner, she goes to bed. But she can't go right to sleep. Her mental self is alert, while her physical self is tired. So she closes her eyes and starts on her geography, naming the capitals of the various states and countries.

Robert Montgomery, a student of history recalls important dates. He begins at various places in the history of the world and goes on from there. Bob says that, when he starts with 1492 he falls asleep along about 1812. He has never reached Armistice Day, 1918.

Evelyn Brent revealed something entirely new as a sleep-producer.

"I am considered notorious among my friends," she said, "for my late hours. Even when spending an evening at home, I never think of retiring until after midnight. Even then sleep sometimes refuses to come. I have a simple remedy for obtaining it.

"Like many youngsters I feared the dark. So mother would leave a candle at my bed table, removing it after I fell asleep. Remembering this, one restless night, I tried it and it worked like a charm. I cannot account for it except that its influence when I was a child may have a psychological effect still active. Anyone who tries it will find that a wavering candle flame in the darkness of the room is almost a caress."

WITH sheep counters, night riders, night walkers, hot milk drinkers, solitaire players, calisthenic followers, date recallers, silent singers and the like as examples you will have no further excuse for insomnia.

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the Beauty Secret

**of
your
hair!**



HAVE you discovered how the soft high-lights, lovely finger-wave and satiny sheen of your hair enhances the beauty of your face? Millions of women know this secret. They know how lovely hair brings out the depth of the eyes, the texture of the skin, the delicate contour of every feature. That's why so many women depend upon Jo-cur' Beauty Aids to keep their hair always looking its best. These famous preparations are so easy to use, so delightful (and inexpensive, too) that they have a permanent place on the modern dressing table. There are just four Jo-cur' Beauty Aids. First, Jo-cur' Hot Oil Treatment—the only product of its kind—eliminates dandruff and gives new life to the hair. Secondly, Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and leaves the hair soft, silky and easy to finger-wave.

Then, Jo-cur' Waveset—the world's premier finger-waving liquid. With it, you can set the kind of lovely, lasting finger-waves you've always wanted—and set them so easily! Finally, Jo-cur' Brilliantine brings out the full lustre of every wave. Try Jo-cur' Beauty Aids. Remember they are easy to use at home. Remember, too, their fine, pure quality, their generous sizes and their low price.



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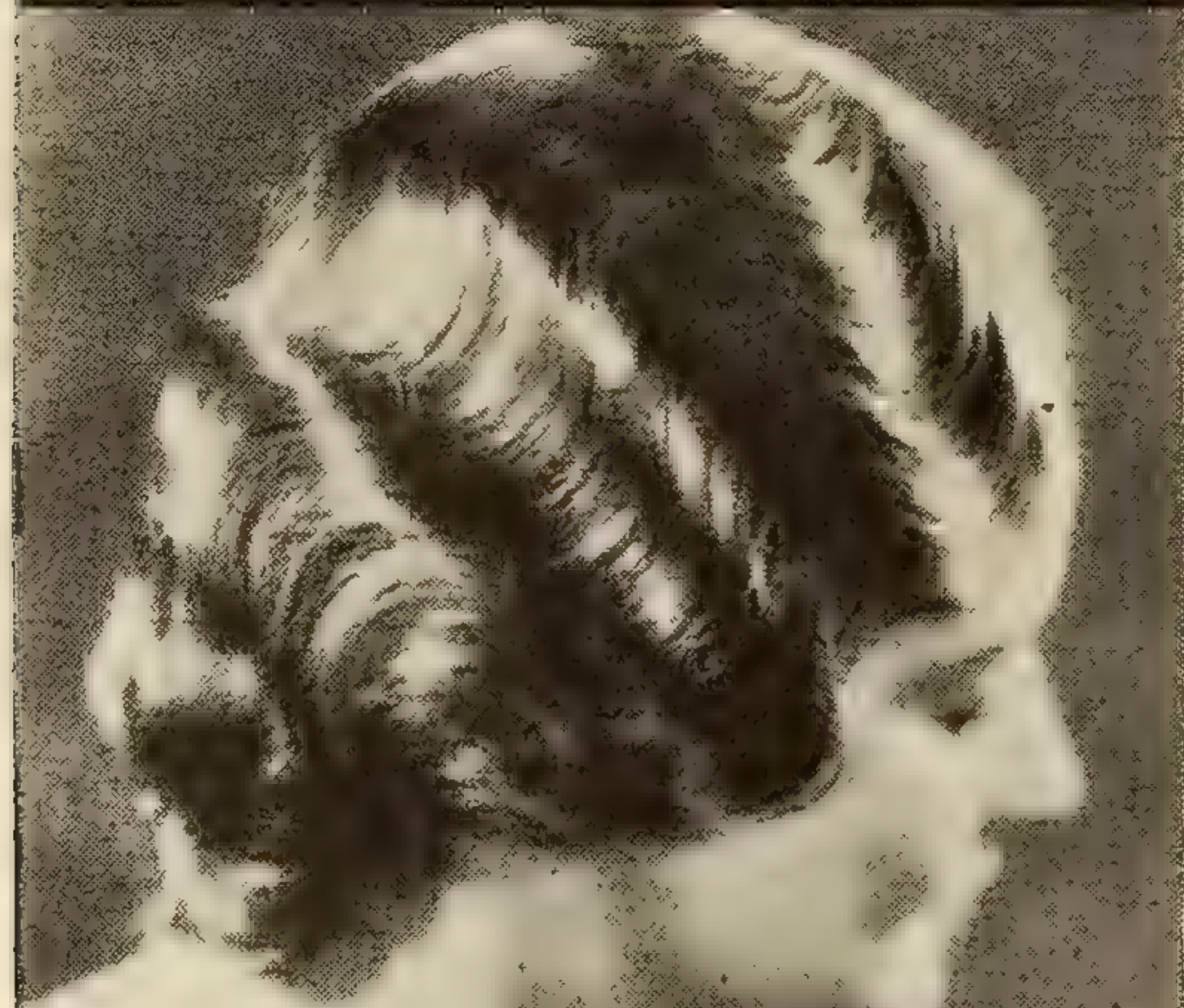
(Continued from page 47)

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Make
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WAVE



more wonderful

THERE is a subtle, glamorous charm in the finger wave or water wave that is set with Nestle SuperSet. It makes it easy to set the wave, even when you do it yourself. And it also makes a much longer lasting wave, leaving the hair soft, fluffy, and lustrous.

Made by the originators of the permanent wave, Nestle SuperSet is the preferred waving lotion in thousands of beauty shops all over the country. It is greaseless, fast drying and it does not leave any deposit or sediment. Just try SuperSet and you will use it—always!

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NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 438. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

She made her stage hit into a movie, and followed it with another movie equally successful—perhaps you remember it—"Tillie's Punctured Romance," but something went haywire with Marie's luck. The name of Dressler sank into sudden and unexplainable oblivion. From \$2,000 a week, she slid to \$100 a week, and soon she found herself glad to have enough for her room rent and an occasional bite to eat.

THAT was nearly fifteen years ago.

In the time that has elapsed, life has proved a bitter fight for Marie. Not once has she had a dim glimmer of hope; yet she struggled on, determined to stick it out until she dropped in her tracks from utter exhaustion. Suddenly, for the second time in her brave career, she burst forth triumphantly in the limelight to share the laurels of the stars who had done outstanding work in 1929.

Many of you who can't remember the Tillie whom Marie Dressler made so famous, supposed that the Martha in "Anna Christie" was a new find made by the talkie producers—a new genius plucked from nowhere. You didn't realize that behind that pathetic-comic character was a soul big enough to escape the hardened bitterness of years of fruitless struggle—a soul great enough to appreciate success after nearly sixty years spent in attaining it.

POLLY MORAN, so closely associated with Marie in modern screen-lore, claims that she has always—even at the very time—been able to laugh at the hardships she endured in building up her name as a monologist in Central Europe and South Africa. Sleeping in stuffy, filthy Continental day coaches, being stranded in remote African stations, where the best of food and shelter was nothing short of vile—these things were all part of the battle, endured with a stiff upper lip, a smile, a joke, for the sake of an ideal which she knew would some day materialize. But the one time Polly nearly broke under the strain was while she was playing at the Palace in New York.

"I've never known it to fail!" Polly told me indignantly. "When it's bad news, they always contrive to bring it to you just as you are standing in the wings, waiting to go on! That's where I was when they told me my father was dying. Too many people are acquainted with the hopeless heartbreak of feeling that someone dear to them is going, or has just parted from them forever—no use to describe it—I couldn't anyway . . . but to have to go out there, with my heart breaking, and act like an idiot before all those people was the toughest ordeal I ever hope to go through!"

EUGENE PALLETTE climbed the ladder to fame and fortune three times before reaching his present success. He has worked as a street car conductor, ranch hand, taken all sorts of jobs at race tracks and at circuses

—all in the seemingly mad effort to regain the success he had once tasted.

The unfortunate ill-health of his mother and sister has made his climb a tedious one to bear, but he says that without this family dependency upon him, he would probably not have strived so hard to make the grade after meeting with defeat the first time.

When he returned from the World War, Palette found that he had lost out as a leading man, and one of his toughest battles was to educate producers to the recognition of his talent as a character player.

In 1921, the first Metro company placed him under contract at a fine salary. Not long afterward, however, the company failed, and Eugene took his capital to the Texas oil fields. Within a year he had made \$140,000. Within another six months he had lost it all, together with the original investment. These reverses broke him nervously as well as financially and as a result, he spent the next thirteen months in a Los Angeles hospital. The old fighting spirit stayed with him nevertheless, and he was soon battling his way up to the high rung in the ladder of success where we find him today.

ZASU PITTS told me a tale so filled with heart-wounds at every turn, that it seemed almost too much for a lone woman to bear. Then, when she had finished, she realized that her story was so drenched in the bitterness of life that it would only serve to stir up unhappy memories for herself and those who shared them with her. She begged me to leave her out of the story. "Promise you won't print what I've told you! . . . It's all past now . . . I have my husband and my two children, and that's all I need to blot out the unpleasantness of the past. Really . . . I've never before given out that story to anybody!" With that last bit of flattery I weakened and gave her my word. I can't tell you the story, but at least now you'll be able to understand from whence comes the high plane of comedy-pathos portrayed by Zasu Pitts in any rôle she undertakes.

FATE dealt one of its cruelest blows to Skeets Gallagher while he was playing in a comedy vaudeville sketch in Vancouver, B. C., about eight years ago. The Gallagher family reunion back in Indiana at Christmas time was an event looked forward to for weeks in advance. Skeets was on his way to the theater, about two weeks before Christmas . . . happy as a youngster, for a letter from his mother that morning had filled him with joyous anticipation of the event.

When he arrived at the theater, someone gave him a telegram—his mother had died, it announced. With a five-day trip ahead of him, he resolved to finish his engagement at the theater and take a train for home that night. He was managing, considering the cir-

cumstances, to get through his party fairly well when Fate got in a final jab in the form of a jumbling of telegrams. As he stepped off-stage into the wings, awaiting his next entrance, a boy handed him another telegram—one which had been misplaced somewhere backstage since the previous day. It said, "Your mother dying. Hurry home." A mere accident; yet for a man keyed up to the restrained pitch at which Skeets had been tuned by the first sad news, this last, by this time grotesque, reminder of the unbridged gap forever between him and his mother was the final blow.

Skeets didn't break physically, but he suffered a thousand deaths before the performance was over. He had to be prompted—to this day he cannot actually remember leaving the stage. But the show went on!

Bob and Eddie

(Continued from page 76)

a place in the world for me, Eddie taught me things that have been invaluable. We made tests together—I'd find that, when we saw them, I was watching him instead of myself. Then he'd explain why. I was depending too much on my voice, whereas he was working as much for the camera as for the microphone. We'd make more tests, and I'd use his suggestions. And they worked. Why, in a few weeks, Eddie taught me things about the camera and mike it would have taken me months to learn by myself."

EDDIE and his young wife, with Bob and his, spent many evenings at each other's houses. Bob began to like Hollywood—and so did Eddie, for that matter. They were good company. They liked much the same things, had much the same opinions, laughed at the same madnnesses of humor.

When Bob began getting good rôles, recognition, advancement, Eddie was pleased and proud.

When Eddie continued to be shoved into inconsequential parts that were little more than bits, Bob seethed inwardly. He himself was getting along great, eh? Going to be starred soon? And the only difference between him and Eddie was that he had gotten the breaks and Eddie hadn't. Bob's soul was indignant. It wasn't fair.

Eddie is shortly to leave M-G-M where he has undeniably been held down by the stigma which a studio places on a player it has decided shall be a step-child. He has wanted to leave for a long time but, perversely, the studio retained him.

Bob is elated.

"It's only a question of time, now. When he isn't tied down, the right break is bound to come—and because he isn't tied down, he'll be able to take it. And then—just watch him!"

Each is probably the best press agent the other ever had. But that's the way with friends. Real friends, I mean.



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for Normal
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Purple Box

Binky

(Continued from page 50)

Toby, but I couldn't pay it back if I borrowed it. I might never be able to pay it back. I wish you'd go now. Honestly, I do."

"Throwing me out, eh?" Toby said. He jammed his hat on, a trifle bitterly, and looked at her. She nodded.

BINKY, seeing the hat, wanted to go too. He sidled up to Toby and wagged his hind-quarters appealingly. Toby bent down and rubbed him behind the ears. "Not this time, old boy," he said. "Take care of yourself, pup, and . . . take care of Muriel." He got down on his knees and hugged Binky hard.

"I've been offered a thousand dollars for Binky," Muriel said.

Toby stood up, his eyes darkening with anger. "You're not going to sell him!" he cried.

"No," she said. "I refused the offer."

"When you decide to sell the dog I gave you," Toby said, "I'll double any offer you have." He wrenched the door open. Binky raced for it. Muriel followed and caught him up in her arms. Binky struggled and whined. She held him and they listened to Toby's footsteps pounding wrathfully down off the porch. In answer to Binky's struggles, Muriel moaned, "Oh, Binky, do you want to leave me too?"

A week of torture and loneliness followed. She dared not think of Toby. She would not think of Toby, and yet, she thought of nothing else.

THE seats for the opening of "Crashing Through" came, accompanied by a short note saying that Toby hoped she'd be there.

She wanted to go. She knew that he wanted her to see his triumph. After all, it was partly her triumph, too. She and Binky has seen him through the lean days. She had nothing to wear. There was an old black satin dress that she might be able to fix up. It would need fresh flowers and a lot of work.

She called a young camera-man she knew and invited him to accompany her, and then stayed up all one night struggling with the black satin dress, piecing here and cutting away there.

Jimmie, the camera-man, was a nice enough boy, but his gawky, angular figure looked pretty bad in evening clothes. Muriel reflected, as she pulled on her gloves, that together they were enough to humiliate Toby. She wore a single gardenia at her shoulder. She was unable to afford two, and Jimmie wasn't the sort who thought of bringing flowers except in the bunch.

Binky sat, looking expectant. "No, Binky," Muriel said, "you can't go."

Binky barked furiously.

"No, darling," Muriel said.

Binky pled. He abased himself. He promised things vociferously. He upbraided Muriel for being an unfeeling person. In spite of it all, she closed the door on him. Completely unstrung, Binky sat and looked at it, quivering with disappointment.

With a determined expression, he trotted to the casement window. It was open just a crack. Binky writhed and shoved with his nose. Sitting back, he ordered it to open. He gave that up and shoved with his nose again. Straining, he managed to shove it far enough open to twist his small body through. Then, whining victoriously, he raced for the taxi. It drew away from the curb, but nothing daunted, Binky streaked along behind it. What matter how he went, as long as he went.

He lost them at the theater, in the crowd. There were many lights and a great many voices. Binky was bewildered. He found himself a corner in the lobby and crouched in it, shivering, until the picture started and everybody went in. He knew that she would come out. He was content to wait.

MURIEL sat in the darkened theater and cried, quietly. Ahead of her, she could see the dear outline of Toby's dark head, with the blond coiffure of Jean Lester at his side.

He kept turning to look at her. Each time he turned around, Jean Lester whispered something, fiercely. A subdued quarrel started.

Muriel choked and sobbed aloud. Jean Lester rose and glared at her. Muriel fled, with the perplexed young camera-man at her heels. Jean Lester tore out of her seat and after Muriel. Toby tore after Jean and outstripped her. They all met in a breathless group on the curbstone, where Muriel was trying frantically to hail a taxicab. With a glad cry, Binky bounded over to her.

Jean Lester was screaming, "You dare to come to my opening and make a scene!"

"I wasn't making a scene. . . ."

"You want to make Toby sorry for you. . . ."

"Keep still, Jean," Toby said.

"I won't keep still! She has no right to humiliate me this way. . . ."

"I only came because Toby sent me the seats. I thought he wanted me to come!"

"I did," Toby said, putting his hand on Muriel's arm.

Jean reached out and snatched it away. Binky growled ominously. Who was this woman who dared to touch Toby that way?

"There's a taxi coming," the young camera-man said, hopefully. "No, it's full. . . ."

Jean whirled on Toby. "You said she threw you out. Haven't you any pride? She threw me out of her house, too, the cheap little. . . ."

"You tried to buy my dog!" Muriel cried. "You tried to buy Binky. . . . he was all I had. . . ."

JEAN raised her hand and brought it furiously across Muriel's cheek. With a rasping little snarl, Binky left the pavement. He had, in a split second, a pair of million dollar ankles in his teeth. Jean shrieked with pain and

kicked him loose. At that moment, the young camera-man hailed an oncoming taxi. Binky landed in its path. With one short, agonized cry, he told them that it hurt.

The taxi-driver saying, "Geez, it was so sudden . . ."

Muriel on her knees, crying. Toby on his knees, crying. Jean Lester sitting on the curbstone holding her ankle and moaning with pain. The young camera-man saying, "Better hold him farther away, Muriel. You're getting all . . . stained."

"His heart's still beating," Muriel gasped, and had him in her arms, running. Fast. She knew the veterinary two blocks down. She was dimly aware of somebody running along beside her.

Toby's voice, "Darling, let me carry him. . ."

"It would hurt him to make any unnecessary motions," Muriel said.

Binky whined a little. Toby said, "It's going to be all right, Bink. We're hurrying."

"His heart's still beating, Toby," Muriel said. "It's still beating." She pinned to that. He would be all right. he had to be all right. But his little body felt so broken and limp!

"Muriel, I'll run ahead with him. You can't keep up this pace . . ."

"I'm all right . . ."

THEY stood on either side of the operating table while Mac, the doctor, prodded and explored with gentle hands. Binky whined, and two people winced.

Mac looked up. "He's hurt," he said, "but he's a tough little beggar. We'll get him through it."

Muriel cried out with relief.

Toby said, "When can we take him home, Mac?"

"I'll bring him around to you tomorrow," Mac said.

Toby looked at Muriel and asked a question. "I'll be there?" he said.

She smiled through her tears. "You'll be there," she said.

Outside, in the shadows, he stopped her. "Muriel," he said, "I think Binky is getting tired of his present home. When he's better, could he have a new one?"

Muriel swallowed hard and went into his arms. "I'm sure . . . he'd love it," she said.

ELINOR GLYN

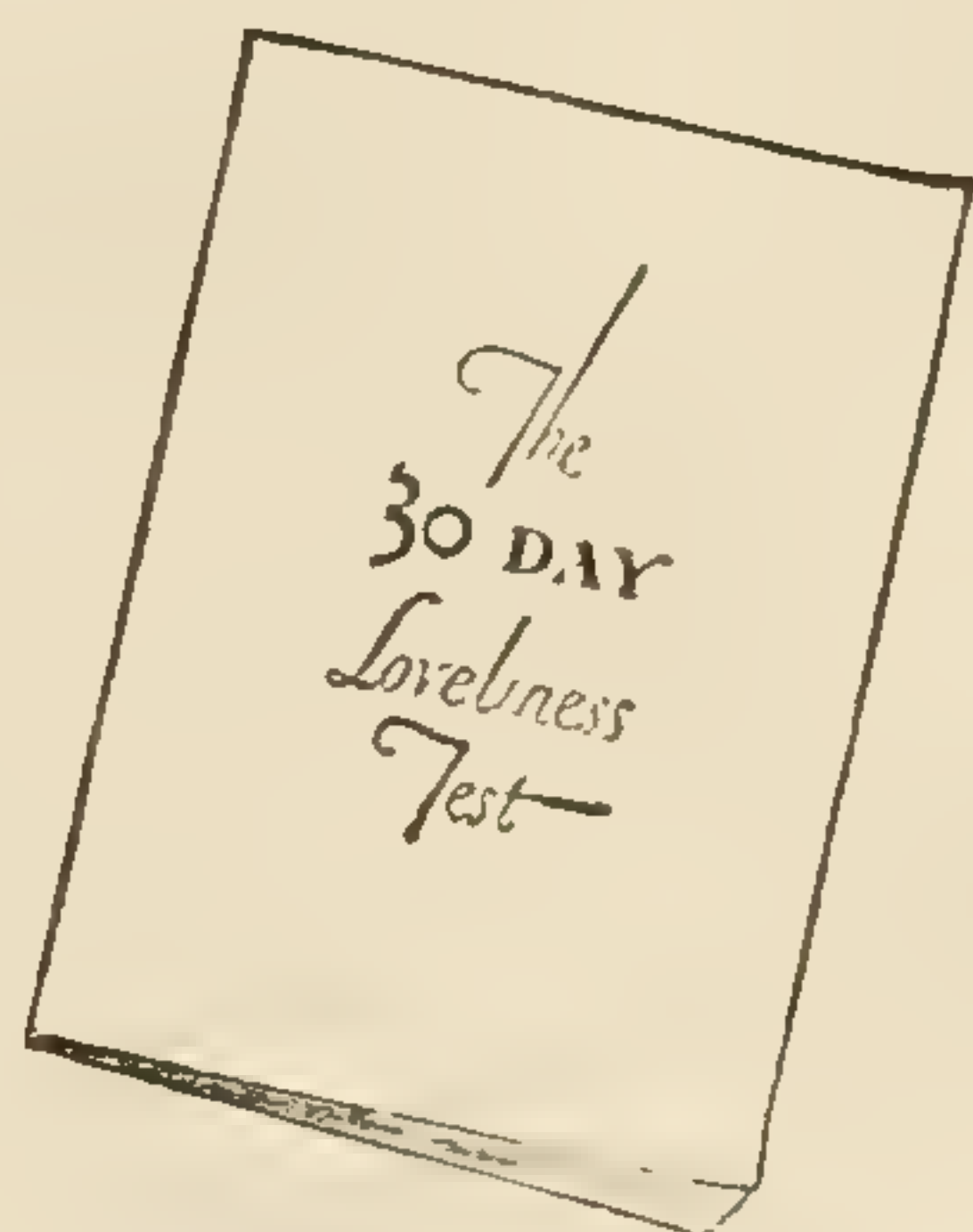
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Loretta's Own Story

(Continued from page 40)



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ways been looked upon by the whole family as the "baby." They petted and humored me—I did not realize just how much until I got away from their influence. As a bride, I'm afraid I behaved like a rather spoiled little girl at first.

WHEN I was at home with my mother and sisters I was always the one who settled the discussions. If two theaters were suggested for the evening... it was the one that I would enjoy that was attended without question. If we were dining out, I always chose the café. If I was tired everyone in the house was particularly quiet so that I might have a chance to rest.

"But I was not long in finding out that Grant was as used to being catered to as I was. We were two somewhat spoiled youngsters setting out for a very shaky matrimonial barge. At first I didn't mind. I wanted to give in to Grant. I tried to fight down what I believed to be my 'selfishness' and do the things he wanted to do. And, as a result, we *always* have done the things Grant wanted to do.

"One year of marriage has taught me the utter truth of a very old saying: *As sweethearts, we live with our loved one's virtues—but as husband and wife, we live with our mate's faults!* Believe me, every word of that adage is correct!

"One evening, after a particularly hard day at the studio, I was tired and nervous. It was then that I told Grant that I thought we should do things on a fifty-fifty basis. If I was so tired that night that I wouldn't enjoy going out for dinner—I didn't see why I should, just because he was not tired and felt like going. This started what turned out to be a long discussion... and brought on our first real difference.

"After the argument had subsided, Grant stayed home and read a book all evening and I sulked because he did not talk to me. Finally I burst out with: 'Oh, really, we should never have been married. We have nothing in the world in common'.

"Of course we made up. The next day Grant sent me flowers and that evening I cried on his shoulder and everything was all right again—for a little while.

AND then other little things began to mount into big ones. I don't think I could ever explain Grant's character. He is disarmingly gentle and sweet. He does the grandest and most thoughtful little things—and lets the big ones go. For one thing, he has not the slightest conception of the value of money. Money, to him, is just something one has in one's pockets to pass out to various people for amusements and things. One thing it is *not* to him is a source of paying bills.

"He would send me a frightfully expensive bottle of perfume when there was a two-month-old bill on his desk from a tailor for three times the amount of the perfume. He never had

money for the necessities of life—only for the luxuries.

"I had a different idea of its value. Things have not always been so comfortable for my family as they are now, and from childhood I was rigidly schooled that a dollar is one hundred cents of value. With that idea deeply instilled in me I couldn't reconcile myself to Grant's charming, spendthrift ways while the bills went begging. We continually argued about money matters.

"It isn't true what they are saying about my affection for Grant cooling considerably when his contract expired. The contract didn't make any difference. But if he had only felt the same about saving and investing money as I did! If Grant had saved, rather than spent money on me, I would have been far happier.

"I used to try to make him see my point but he would laugh and say I was foolish and go out and send me a thirty-five dollar bouquet of roses.

I WAS married to Grant for about a year, but I do not feel that I ever really knew him. I was used to life on a rather routine plan—certain things at certain times. I never knew what Grant was going to do next. One minute, he would swear that he could not accept a picture engagement that would take him on a long location trip because it would mean separation from me—even though I would beg him to do it. The next day, he was liable to leave on a six-weeks hunting trip with some of the boys—even though I asked him *not* to. He would say that he liked nothing better than a 'little dinner at home, just for two'—and a half hour later he would be on the telephone calling up three or four other young couples to come over and join us at dinner. I tried to understand him. I wanted to understand him because I was so anxious to prove to my family and the rest of the world that I had not been impulsive in my marriage. But every day I realized more deeply that understanding him was more difficult than I had thought.

"Grant's carelessness about money is the main reason why I didn't dare tell him about my decision to separate before he left on the stage tour he is now engaged in playing. I couldn't possibly have told him! That is very hard for you to understand, no doubt, but I knew that Grant needed the money that he was going to earn on the tour. He was to receive a salary of \$2,000.00 a week. Do you know what he would have done had I told him of my plans? He would have said, 'Well, darling, in that case I don't think I shall leave'. And then to cap the climax he would just as likely have gone out and bought me a box of roses costing close to fifty dollars.

JUST to prove my point a bit further: The first week he was on tour, he spent almost his entire salary calling me up long distance from Chicago! He

called on an average of once every half hour. When I told him that I would refuse to answer the phone if he continued to be so foolish, he would ask the Los Angeles operator to ring my phone until I answered it. It got so maddening that I *had* to talk to him.

"When Grant learned that I had decided to separate he asked, 'Why are you going to leave me?' I told him that I didn't love him and that I didn't think we should spoil both of our lives by a sham marriage. To this he answered in a typical Grant Withers manner: 'You don't love me any more? Well, remember this darling—I still love you, and I'm coming back some day and make you fall in love with me all over again.'"

"But Grant is wrong about my ever falling in love with him again. When a thing is over—it's *over*. Nothing in the world will ever make me fall in love with Grant to the extent that I now *know* is necessary for complete married happiness. I know this for the reason that I wasn't really in love with him when I married him at the age of seventeen . . . I haven't learned to love him in the year I was married to him . . . how can I *ever* love him with that all-consuming love which is the absolute prerequisite to marriage and children?"

"The only thing I'm gaining out of my mistake is the knowledge I should have had before I took the enormous step in the first place. I am convinced that it will be a long time—a *very* long time before I shall ever think of marriage again!"

And thus ends the most famous of all Hollywood's run-away elopements. The game is over . . . Loretta is home again!

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 11)

be the mistress of the king. Norma Talmadge, Conrad Nagel and William Farnum. *Fair—Not suitable for children*

THE EASIEST WAY (M-G-M)—The story of two sisters, one good and one bad. Constance Bennett and Robert Montgomery are in the cast. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

EAST IS WEST (Universal)—The well known story of the little oriental girl and the American boy who falls in love with her. Lupe Velez and Lew Ayres. *Fair.*

EAST LYNNE (Fox)—A talkie version of the famous old melodrama. Ann Harding is excellent and Conrad Nagel does good work. *Very good.*

FAST AND LOOSE (Paramount)—The son and daughter of a wealthy family who both fall in love with members of the poorer folk. It's taken from the stage play, "The Best People." *Very good.*

FEET FIRST (Paramount)—Harold Lloyd's latest talkie. *Very good—suitable for children.*

FIGHTING CARAVANS (Paramount)—Another epic. Gary Cooper and Lily Damita. *Fair.*

FINN AND HATTIE (Paramount)—A comedy of the adventures of an American family in Paris. Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts and Leon Errol. *Good.*

FREE LOVE (Universal)—A comedy of a young



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modern married couple. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin. *Fair. Children won't like it.*

THE FRONT PAGE (Caddo)—Reviewed in this issue.

GANG BUSTER (Paramount)—The story of a boob who gets mixed up in a gang war. Jack Oakie is the boob. Somehow he's not as funny in this as he has been in some of his former efforts. *Fair.*

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT (Fox)—John Wayne and Virginia Cherrill in a typical college yarn. *Good.*

THE GREAT MEADOW (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE (Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in a cuckoo comedy. *Very good—suitable for children.*

HELL'S ANGELS (Caddo)—The famous air spectacle which took two years and four million dollars to make. *Very Good.*

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER (Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in another comedy. *Good.*

THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)—Reviewed in this issue.

ILLICIT (Warners)—A story of a modern girl who thinks it better to love her man than be married to him. Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie. *Very good—but not for children.*

INSPIRATION (M-G-M)—A story somewhat on the Camille idea, with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery, Lewis Stone and Marjorie Rambeau. Garbo is splendid. Montgomery is unconvincing. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

JUNE MOON (Paramount)—The musical comedy in talkie form with Jack Oakie and Frances Dee. *Good.*

JUST IMAGINE (Fox)—A musical based on what New York will be like in 1980. El Brendel, Frank Albertson and others. *Excellent.*

KEPT HUSBANDS (Radio)—The poor boy who marries the rich girl—and the discontent afterwards. Joel McCrea and Dorothy Mackaill. *Good.*

KIKI (United Artists)—Reviewed in this issue.

KISMET (First National)—A fanciful tale of an Arabian beggar and his adventures. Otis Skinner, Loretta Young and David Manners, among many others. Beautiful settings. *Very Good. Fine for children.*

KISS ME AGAIN (First National)—From the famous Victor Herbert musical comedy, "Mademoiselle Modiste." *Fair.*

A LADY SURRENDERS (Universal)—A story of modern marriage, with "the other woman" being extremely charming and unusual. Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart do well. *Good—but not suitable for children.*

THE LASH (First National)—Richard Barthelmess as a bad bandit of old California. Taken from the novel, "Adios." *Good.*

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY (Warners)—The rollicking story of a gold-digger and her girl-friend who go digging in Havana. Winnie Lightner, Charles Butterworth and others do good work. *Very good.*

LITTLE CAESAR (First National)—Another gang story—and a good one. Edward G. Robinson, the big gang man of the screen, does some of his best work. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., also contributes his talent. *Excellent—but not suitable for children.*

LIGHTNIN' (Fox)—Will Rogers as the famous Lightnin' Bill. The story is a little slow at times but Rogers is excellent. *Very good.*

LONELY WIVES (RKO-Pathe)—More modern married life comedy. Laura La Plante and Edward Everett Horton do well. *Good.*

THE MAN FROM CHICAGO (British International)—An English crook story. You'll like it if you can forget the funny affect of the English accents. *Good.*

MAN TO MAN (Warners)—What happens between father and son when the father comes back after a jail sentence. Phillips Holmes does good work. *Very good.*

MILLIE (RKO-Pathe)—The story of the little girl who was good but knew the wrong kind of men. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Ames are excellent. *Excellent—*

but not suitable for children.

MIN AND BILL (M-G-M)—A story of a tough, but good-hearted woman who owns and runs a water-front rooming house. Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery will delight you. *Very good. Children will like it.*

MOBY DICK (Warners)—A thrilling story of the old whaling days. John Barrymore plays the role of the whaler in fine style. The fight with the whale is thrilling. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

MONTE CARLO (Paramount)—A delightful musical about a titled lady who falls in love with her hairdresser. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan are splendid. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. *Excellent.*

MOROCCO (Paramount)—A girl vaudeville player finds herself in Morocco to fill an engagement. Her adventures in that torrid atmosphere constitute the story. Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou are great. *Excellent—but not suitable for children.*

MOTHER'S CRY (First National)—A somewhat sentimental story of a mother's love and sacrifices for her children. *Fair.*

MY PAST (Warners)—Reviewed in this issue.

NEW MOON (M-G-M)—A romantic operetta based on the stage musical comedy of the same name. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, two real singers, make this picture well worth seeing. *Very good.*

NO LIMIT (Paramount)—A girl who is ushering in a movie theater meets a boy and marries him without knowing he's a crook. Clara Bow is the girl. Norman Foster is the boy. *Good.*

THE OFFICE WIFE (Warners)—The married man and his stenographer. Lewis Stone is the married man and Dorothy Mackaill is the stenographer. *Excellent.*

ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT (United Artists)—A romantic love story with John Boles and Evelyn Laye. *Fair.*

PAID (M-G-M)—Melodrama about crooks, with Joan Crawford playing the part of a girl seeking revenge because she goes to jail innocently. *Excellent.*

PAINTED DESERT (RKO-Pathe)—A story of love in the desert. Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees play the leading roles. *Good.*

PASSION FLOWER (M-G-M)—A story of a wealthy man's wife who fell in love with the husband of her sister. Lewis Stone, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Charles Bickford. From the Kathleen Norris story of the same title. *Very good.*

RANGO (Paramount)—Another picturization of jungle life. *Good—especially suitable for children.*

REACHING FOR THE MOON (United Artists)—A Wall Street wizard who has never had time for women falls in love with amusing consequences. Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels and Edward Horton do wonderfully well. *Excellent.*

REDUCING (M-G-M)—Comedy in a beauty parlor. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another of their amusing team comedies. *Excellent.*

RESURRECTION (Universal)—A drab story of old Russia taken from Tolstoy's famous novel. Lupe Velez and John Boles do the best they can. *Fair—not suitable for children.*

THE RIGHT TO LOVE (Paramount)—A mother who has let love pass her by fights to see that her daughter is not similarly treated. Ruth Chatterton plays the parts of both mother and daughter. *Very good.*

RIVER'S END (Warners)—A story of the Northwest Mounted Police with Charles Bickford playing a dual role. *Fair.*

THE ROYAL BED (Radio)—An amusing story of a king who has never bothered about managing his kingdom until one fine day, when—Lowell Sherman, Mary Astor and Anthony Bushell do well. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

SCANDAL SHEET (Paramount)—A newspaper editor to whom getting the news means more than anything else in the world. George Bancroft, Kay Francis and Clive Brook. *Good.*

SCOTLAND YARD (Fox)—A story of English crooks with Edmund Lowe playing one of the crooks. *Good.*

(Continued on page 115)

Find 5 out of 8 Guests...



Become Eligible ...

Seven thousand eight hundred dollars in prizes will be given in our unique new advertising campaign. The first prize will be \$1785.00 cash (or the Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan shown to the right) and there is an additional prize of \$715.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Can you pass this difficult test of observation?

Here is the test. The picture above portrays a young woman awaiting the arrival of her guests. Unknown to her, eight of them are already there. Their faces are concealed in the foliage around the door. Can you find them?

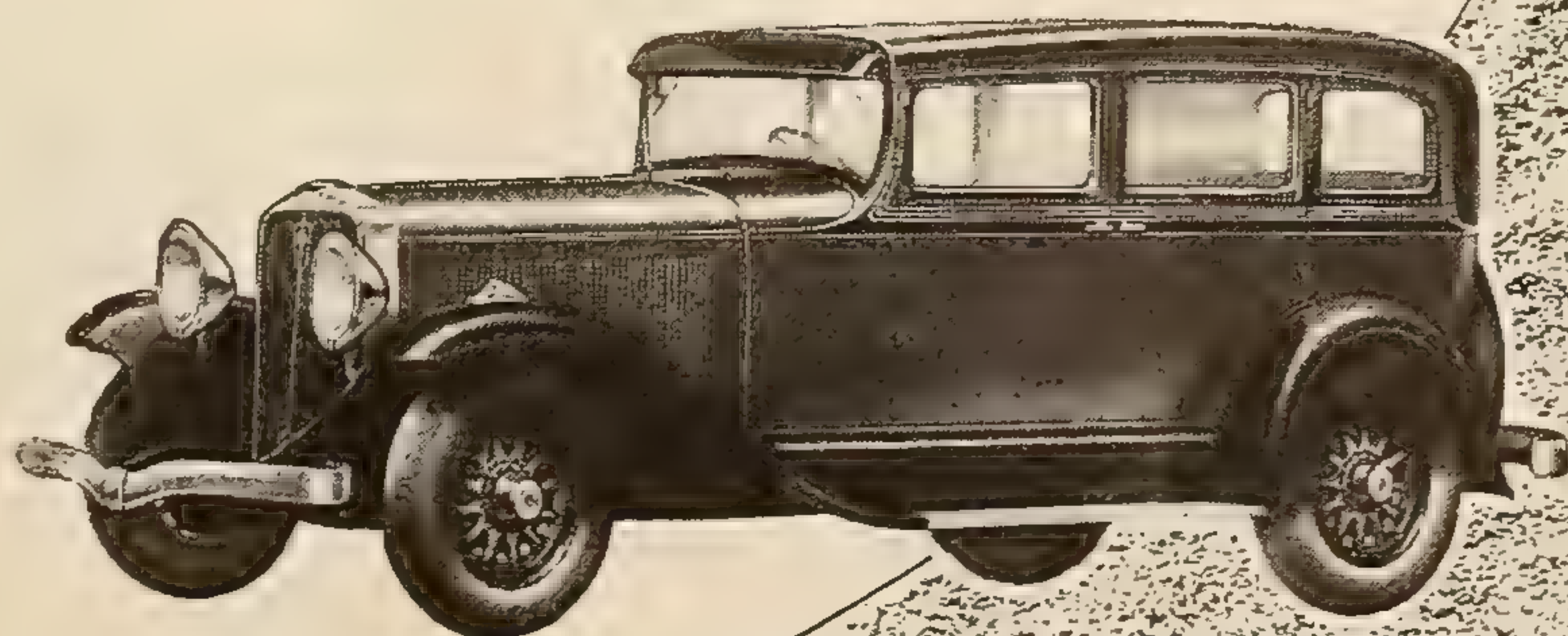
Look carefully. If you can find the faces of five or more of the guests who are present, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and send it. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago.

T. A. HUGHES

Dept. 220 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

for this
**OPPORTUNITY
TO WIN \$2500.⁰⁰**

Studebaker 8
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Genuine MAYBELLINE



for
ALLURING EYES

If you would have alluring eyes . . . eyes that plainly speak the loveliness of your beauty, but that do not even whisper the means taken to accentuate them—use *genuine* Maybelline.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener has been preferred by millions for over fifteen years. It will make your lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant—instantly. It will not stiffen nor break the lashes, and is very easy to apply. Perfectly harmless.



Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline—either form in Black or Brown. In standard sized packages only—75c at all leading Drug and Dept. stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

Eyelash Beautifier

NEW BOOK **Song Writers**
writers of words or music for songs
may submit their work for free examination and advice. We revise, compose, arrange music and secure copyrights.
PUBLICATION CONTRACTS NEGOTIATED FOR AUTHORS & COMPOSERS *Write for a day*
Mahoney & Associates 4-X E. 23rd St. New York

GLORIA MORGAN VANDERBILT

Famous Social Leader, tells, through

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

the reactions of a society woman to modern Hollywood. . . . You will be both pleased and delighted at the frankness of her disclosures

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
MODERN SCREEN

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 12)

For instance, every month you could gather up all the fashions from other books of the same month, newspapers and so on and run them as "Reviews of the Month."

NANCY PERZZIELLA,
Bristol, Connecticut.

You couldn't choose a more charming model than Ruth Chatterton, K.

Can't something be done out in Hollywood to bring Ruth Chatterton to us more often? Something as good as "Madame X" or "Sarah and Son"? (I shall never forget her in those two pictures.) I'm speaking for those thousands of people who love her and have failed to tell her and Hollywood about it. So many—*too* many—who love her just sit and wait for the other feller to write and boost her—like I did for a while, I confess. I have written to her but not *for* her in departments such as yours before now. If it would interest you, she sent me a very sweet letter of appreciation. She answers her fan mail!

I've made up my mind to try to be like her. Not an actress, but poised, charming, intelligent and understanding. I think she is a very good example for a young girl to follow in every way, don't you?

K. MEHAFFEY,
Columbus, Georgia.

We'll sneak up behind 'em

Please print a page of screen stars with their backs to the camera so that I can study the backs of their heads. My trouble is that I can get my face looking real nice (considering my face to begin with) and then I get a mirror to see how it looks in back (my head, not the mirror). Everyone knows that the movies set the styles, so please help us on the "back of the head" question.

LORENE TUCKER,
Overland, Missouri.

Perhaps we will have Colleen with us again.

What has become of our little Irish girl with the Dutch bob and cheery smile? I refer to Colleen Moore. Can't you see her in "Flaming Youth," "Naughty But Nice," "Lilac Time" and "Why Be Good?" and all the rest of those entertaining pictures she made?

In an earlier issue of this magazine, I read, in the article by Harriet Parsons, that she is "on the outside, looking in." Well, with her out, the movies are almost out for me, and a multitude of others feel the same way. So here's hoping and praying we will see Colleen on the screen in a brand new picture soon.

A DEVOTED FAN,
Springfield, Missouri.

Two fine subjects for controversy—
but the stars are generous!

There's quite a controversy over the three boys who robbed a bank in Berlin, Connecticut. The prosecuting attorney claims that the pictures were to blame.

I sincerely agree with him. We've had a great many gangster pictures lately. I have two nephews—fourteen and fifteen. They are nice, sensible lads but whenever they are allowed to go to the pictures they are so changed and effected on their return home that we don't know them. They play hold-up and go through all the motions that they have seen on the screen. . . .

Another thing—the actors of today are very much overpaid. The idea of some of them getting a salary of \$10,000 a week and even more! We read glowing accounts of their pleasures, clothes—some even spend as much as \$500 on a pair of shoes. We see pictures of all this. How do you suppose it effects the public? Besides, half of these people can't even act. All they do is pose on the screen. What good do they do with their money? Do they donate to any charities, hospitals or orphan asylums?

JEAN SATURN,
Terryville, Conn.

Have you seen "Strangers May Kiss"—
one of the best films in months?

I would like to see more pictures of Norma Shearer, especially as she was in "The Divorcée." Very seldom have I gone to a movie that I enjoyed as I did that.

A year ago, I did not like Greta Garbo—now I find myself reading every article about her and looking forward to her pictures—that is what she does to us. I do not think her voice is beautiful—it is a bit harsh for a woman—but it is suited to her type and is different.

MRS. H. ROBERTS,
Chicago, Illinois.

I agree that Alice should get a break

I have been reading the movie magazines but I've seen hardly anything of Alice White. Now, can't something be done to help this little star get back on the screen again? I read that she is free-lancing. I think that all this little girl needs is a good story to get her back on the screen where she once held reign. Now that the flapper period is passé, why not give her a good story opposite a player who is popular and watch the crowd flock back to see her. Come on, you Alice White fans, help give this little girl a great big hand. I know there are a lot of you that want her back as much as I do.

VIOLA JOHNSON,
Chicago, Illinois.

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 112)

SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (RKO-Pathe)—The story of the stenographer who marries for money. Constance Bennett, Basil Rathbone and Kenneth McKenna. Good. Children won't like it.

SIT TIGHT (Warners)—A rollicking comedy with Winnie Lightner acting as a wrestling bout promoter. Joe E. Brown also adds some comedy. Good—suitable for children.

STOLEN HEAVEN (Paramount)—Phillips Holmes steals twenty thousand dollars and Nancy Carroll goes to Florida with him to spend it. But after they get there—. Good.

STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

TOM SAWYER (Paramount)—The famous Mark Twain classic. Mitzi Green, Jackie Coogan and Jackie Searl all give splendid characterizations. Excellent—especially suitable for children.

TABU (Paramount)—Another film which deals with the lives of the natives in far off places. Natives comprise the cast. Very good.

TEN CENTS A DANCE (Columbia)—Reviewed in this issue.

TRADER HORN (M-G-M)—Adventures in the jungle of Africa. Harry Carey and Edwin Booth are excellent in the leading roles. Excellent—suitable for children.

UNFAITHFUL (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.

LIPS now stay lovely 8 full hours

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."



You apply when you go out

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

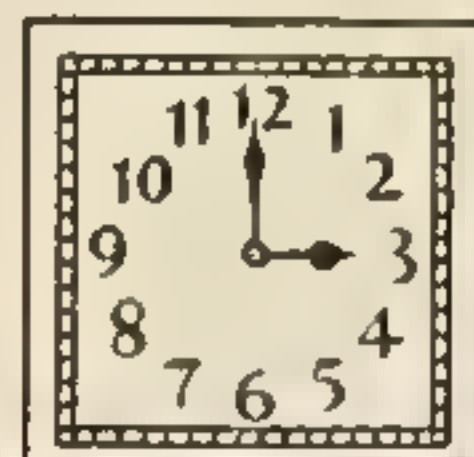
Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—Kissproof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no



Eight hours later—lovely lips

other lipstick does or has ever done . . . actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the French for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

The NEW
Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK

Newly Discovered Formula



Sterilized!

You know your skin is absolutely safe when you use a Blue Bird Powder Puff! Soft and downy—and Sterilized! Sealed in a cellophane envelope for your protection. All colors—and all sizes.

Blue Bird Powder Puffs 10¢

Buy them where you bought this magazine.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of The Modern Screen Magazine, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for April, 1931.

State of New York ss.
County of New York ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Modern Screen Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: publisher, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; managing editor, none; business manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Syndicate Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of March, 1931. (SEAL) MAY KELLEY
(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 10)



TRY THIS PERFECT WAVE SETTING FLUID *at our expense*

YOUR name and address on the coupon will bring you, free, a trial bottle of Wildroot Wave Set . . . remarkable new greaseless finger-waving fluid that dries so rapidly and leaves your hair in soft, glossy waves. *Leaves no residue.* Does not make hair gummy or sticky. Beneficial to hair.

New low prices . . . 35c and 60c. (Formerly 50c and \$1.00) at drug stores, department stores, hairdressers. Ask for Wildroot Wave Set by name. Beware of imitations.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

Coupon brings FREE SAMPLE

THE WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. MM-6, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free sample Wildroot Wave Set.
Also a sample of your new Liquid Cleansing Cream.



Name _____

Address _____

FRECKLES

**Get Rid of Those
Ugly Foes of a Fair Skin**



Even the fairest-skinned woman need no longer dread the sun and winds. Though they cover her face with ugly freckles, she can easily and safely fade out these homely blemishes in the privacy of her home with Othine-double strength.

It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear the skin of the ugly, rusty-brown spots. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will see that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

sauce or a braised vegetable or a compôte of fruit, which is after all the favorite dessert of France." (And which, we added mentally, has been growing in popularity in America since it has been appreciated how close is the relationship between the diet and the figure.)

In testing recipes for these foods mentioned by Mr. Chevalier we were as impressed with their economy as with their deliciousness, but the French are a thrifty people and no doubt enjoy a dish the more for realizing that it costs little to prepare.

RECIPES CASSEROLE OF LAMB PARI- SIENNE

- 1 pound shoulder of lamb cut into 1 inch pieces.
- 2 cups dry white beans
- 2 medium onions
- ¼ lb fat salt pork
- ¼ lb link sausage
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 tablespoons canned thick tomato sauce
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper to taste.

Soak beans overnight in water to more than cover. Drain, put in saucepan. Cover with boiling water, add the salt pork, cover and simmer gently for 1½ hours. Melt the butter in a frying pan. Slice the onions and add to the butter. Cover and cook slowly until onions are transparent but not brown. Sprinkle the pieces of lamb with the flour and add to onions and brown both lamb and onions, turning the lamb so that the pieces will brown on all sides. Add 2 cups boiling water, gradually, stirring constantly. When smooth and thickened, season to taste with salt and pepper. Add bay leaf, tomato sauce and sausages cut in slices. Cook one hour.

When both beans and lamb mixture have cooked the required time, remove from fire. Into a casserole put one half the cooked beans. Add the meat mixture and cover with remaining beans. Slice the cooked salt pork and arrange the slices over the top of the beans. Pour over all the gravy from the meat pan and bake in moderate oven for one half hour.

BRAISED CELERY BONNE- FEMME

Cut tops off celery and quarter each stalk, allowing at least one stalk to each person served. Wash thoroughly and cook twenty minutes in boiling salted water. For each two stalks melt in saucepan one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour. Blend thoroughly and brown slightly, stirring constantly to prevent flour from burning. Add ½ cup undiluted canned bouillon or ½ cup boiling water in which a bouillon cube has been dissolved, stirring until smooth and thickened. (As the bouillon is flavored, no salt or pepper is required). Drain celery (reserving celery water

for cream of celery soup). Add celery to thickened bouillon. Cook in uncovered pan 20 minutes over a low flame.

We wish we had space to give you Consommé d'Eté, Chicken Mousse salade de Printemps and Peach Condé, which we also tested—but we have too many other things to tell you. If, however, you will fill out and mail to us the coupon on page 10 we will be glad to send them to you—each recipe printed on an individual card, to serve as the nucleus of your collection of MODERN SCREEN tested and approved recipes.

SO far we have talked only of food—but there are many other aspects of the art of homemaking and we don't intend to let our enthusiasm over French recipes trick us into forgetting that summer is practically upon us and that the living room furniture needs slip covers!

What "flavor" is to food, "atmosphere" is to the home—and the best summer atmosphere for any home is one of orderly simplicity. It is impossible to relax and feel cool in a room which is in a state of confusion. So the first rule for summer comfort is to put away all useless ornaments and to keep the rooms scrupulously "picked up".

The second rule is to bring as much of the "garden" appearance into the house as possible. Use cool green or light flower colors in your slip covers, draperies and curtains. Gay cretonne slip covers not only lend charm to your rooms but double the life of your upholstered furniture as well.

Put away your silk lamp shades and substitute parchment or paper ones, for dust rots silk and summer sunshine fades it. For your glass curtains use simple theatrical gauze or net.

If you are fortunate enough to have a garden bring some of the flowers into the house. But if cut flowers are not procurable keep a few bulbs or small pots of growing things about. Do be sure to place the objects of your indoor horticultural undertakings in attractive jars, jugs or vases. Proving once again that good taste is not necessarily a matter of money, lovely flower containers can be purchased very inexpensively in the Kress and Kresge stores.

Somehow flowers seem to suggest candles as their natural companions. Candles, too, come in lovely flower shades and can serve to emphasize the effectiveness of the most modest bowl of blossoms.

We cannot resist the impulse to remind the homemaker that she can do much towards creating a pleasant atmosphere by making herself attractive, as well as through serving delicious meals amidst charming surroundings. Crisp colorful wash dresses are always attractive and it is a wise woman who remembers that dipping them in a dye bath will help keep her home frocks as fresh and lovely as the blossoms whose colors they have borrowed.

Charles' Love Story

(Continued from page 64)

'spite marriage', according to the gossips of Hollywood. 'Janet has married Lydell Peck to spite Charlie Farrell', was the way they put it. But during all of that time, I only heard Charlie mention Janet once. That was the time he said, 'I wish to heaven they would let Janet and Lydell alone. They could be so happy if the world would let them!'

"And that story of how Charlie and Janet spent the last afternoon before she was married, crying their love to each other and making pacts to the effect that Charlie would wait for her forever if necessary—another false rumor. How could Charlie have been crying on Janet's shoulder that afternoon when he spent it with me? Further than that, we spent most of the afternoon talking of Virginia Valli!

"Then a few weeks ago, Charlie asked for a three-month vacation so that he might go to Europe. He didn't tell them why! I was the only person in Hollywood who knew why Charlie Farrell was going on a vacation. He told me that he was going to meet Virginia in New York and after a quiet marriage they were leaving on the next boat for a long honeymoon in France. The day before he left for New York, I heard him tell the press and his own studio that he was *not* going to New York to be married. Charlie had a good reason for that... he wanted a quiet wedding, not a pageant!

AND now they are married! Now the world knows who Charlie Farrell really loves. And the happy couple will come back to Hollywood to live in Charlie's house right here at Toluca Lake. Do you know why Virginia will be perfectly satisfied with the furnishings in Charlie's home? *Because she picked the furnishings for the whole house and helped Charlie with every bit of the interior decorating over two years ago!* This is how long Charlie and Virginia have planned to get married!

"The public was sorry for Charlie when Janet married Lydell Peck. The public is sorry for Janet now that Charlie has married Virginia. But I think the real sympathy should go to Virginia and Lydell. It is they who have had to bear in silence all the sickening darts of public opinion and rumor. Especially is this true of Virginia. She has been the goat of the Gaynor-and-Farrell rumors ever since 'Seventh Heaven'.

"But Virginia and Charlie don't have to worry about the public-manufactured romances any more. I am positive of the statement when I say that I believe Charlie Farrell is the happiest man in the world today. And Virginia Valli, who waited seven years for the man she loved—just so that he could make good—is the happiest woman. And when Charlie comes back from Europe, I'm sure he'll tell the world for himself that he has married the only girl he has ever really loved!"



Oh! my vacation's ruined!

Plans all made... and what plans! Ticket. Reservations. Everything ready. Even her suitcase packed with all her new clothes... lying open, ready to be shut and locked. How could such an awkward, stupid accident occur? A bottle of ink pushed off the desk and everything in the suitcase absolutely ruined! Spotted and spoiled... her complete vacation wardrobe. Oh dear... oh darn... oh what to do!!

And Then, RIT to the Rescue!

White Rit and boiling water... and in a flash the ink spots were gone... gone, the spots and streaks and ruined colors, too. Everything made fresh and white ready to be tinted to its original smart shade. The situation saved, with White Rit and New Instant Rit Tints. From despair to delight... with Rit!

Always Keep White RIT Handy

Accidents will happen... when you least expect them. That is why thousands of



smart women wouldn't be without White Rit, the perfect color remover... and a sufficient supply of New Instant Rit Tints on hand always! When minutes count and you *can't* fail... Rit comes rallying to the rescue!

NEW RIT is NOT a soap

You may have used Rit for years... but not this New Instant Rit. This is entirely new. Rit requires no rubbing. Quick... the new Instant Rit dissolves completely in 40 seconds. No streaks. No spots. And White Rit removes all colors... even stubborn spots and stains. Harmless as boiling water... beware of harmful imitations. Insist on White Rit. Ask your drug store or notion counter for the 33 new Rit colors and White Rit. Only 15c a box.

NEW Instant Rit Tints

Orange Packet tints or dyes all fabrics perfectly.
Green Packet tints silks but leaves lace white.
White RIT... Color Remover.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A FASCINATING STORY ON POLA NEGRI (WHO, YOU KNOW, IS COMING BACK TO THE SCREEN. SEE PAGE 18 OF THIS ISSUE) BY THE PRINCESS RADZIWILL.

A DELIGHTFUL STORY ON JOHN BOLES BY FAITH BALDWIN. MISS BALDWIN, YOU WILL RECALL, WROTE OUR FASCINATING STORY ON CHAPLIN IN THE MAY ISSUE AND ALSO THE ONE ON WILL ROGERS IN THIS ISSUE.

ELINOR GLYN'S CHARMING STUDY OF GLORIA SWANSON—THE WOMAN.

AN INTENSELY INTERESTING STORY ON THE NEW WILLIAM HAINES BY CHARLESON GRAY.

BESIDES THESE THERE WILL BE FEATURES ON JACK HOLT, CAROLE LOMBARD, EDMUND LOWE AND OTHERS. THERE WILL ALSO BE THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF BARBARA STANWYCK'S LIFE STORY. AND, OF COURSE, THERE WILL BE OUR REGULAR DEPARTMENTS AND OUR USUAL BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

Phantom Red LIPSTICK



TANTALIZING LIPS!

● They may refuse a thousand kisses, yet tempt as many more. Radiantly, redly warm...softly textured and subtly fragrant...the secret of their tantalizing youth is Phantom Red, the Life Color Lipstick. Twin to the Lipstick in temptation is Phantom Red Rouge. Both blend bewitchingly with your coloring.

Phantom Red Lipstick, \$1.00; Junior 50c. Rouge Compact, 75c. Sold at leading toilet goods counters.

Send 10c each for dainty vanity sizes of Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Additional 10c each brings Phantom Eye Shadow (brown or blue-gray) — Brow Liquid (brown or black). Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 260, 67 Fifth Ave., New York.



THE REAL "LIFE COLOR"

Astounding Free Offers Assure Your Success

BIG PAY New merchandise plan sweeping the country. Big Cash Pay starts at once. Complete line of sample fabrics given free. Write today. This plan's a proven money-maker.

GIVING AWAY **CARLTON MILLS, Dept. 79 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 602-L**

Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery



Good and
Good for You.

Are You a "Sleeping Beauty"?

(Continued from page 45)

torch of her beauty. By going forth to meet Life with both hands outstretched Mary has achieved her greatest loveliness.

Mary has met many interesting people and through them has become interested in a variety of things. This has given her enthusiasms. Mary has loved. This has touched her eyes with magic. Mary has tasted the salt of a widow's tears. This has given her understanding.

No longer is Mary merely a girl with beautiful features. People have come to be important to Mary and, by the same token, Mary has become important to people. Today there is compassion to warm her smile. Today there is maturity to enrich her hands. Today Mary has poise.

And Mary herself, considering what might be the most important thing in anyone's appearance, pointed to the importance of poise.

"The wardrobe department," said Mary, "can furnish an actress with gorgeous gowns but without poise and graceful movements the costumes are worthless."

THERE is, I'm sure, nowhere in the world a more outstanding example of a woman who has come into her greatest beauty through the measure of her mind than we find in Gloria Swanson. What a far hail Gloria is today from the bathing girl who used to cavort about the screen in the old Mack Sennett comedies and the outlandishly dressed woman who once strutted about the screen in DeMille "society" dramas, her head bound with jewelled and metallic bands, her gowns extreme and bizarre.

In the old DeMille days the critics called Gloria "a clothes horse." Justly. Then she wore clothes that dominated her. No more. Today Gloria dominates her clothes. Today she wears simple things that achieve by line and cut and color all that they lack in dangling ermine tails, glittering rhinestones or appliquéd flowers. As for her hair, it has no need of the old bands and jewelled gee gaws. Loosely waved and following the charming line of her well carried head, it is sufficiently lovely.

It was Madame Elinor Glyn, I think, who first kindled Gloria's desire for knowledge and her ambition to be a charming, sophisticated, cosmopolitan woman of the world as well as a movie star. Gloria was famous at this time and earning a fabulous salary. But she always had been so busy forging her career that she never had taken enough time to find herself.

It was, at any rate, at the time of the Swanson-Glyn friendship that Gloria began to change. It was, at any rate, at this time that crossing to Europe, Gloria remained in her cabin throughout the voyage, studying French. Not once, all dressed up, did she promenade the deck. Not once did she sit at the captain's table, the cynosure of all eyes,

Certainly during her stay in Paris when "Madame Sans-Gêne" was filmed, Gloria changed markedly. Here she met many new people, people who had sprung from old families, people as much at home in all the capitals of the world as Gloria was in Hollywood. And there's something about the background of an illustrious line and the security that money brings that shows in people's actions. I don't think there's any doubt that Gloria noted these people and came to have a great admiration for their easy manners and their assured air. And Gloria Swanson is one of the most acquisitive people I have ever known.

IT might be these contacts that thoroughly awakened the thoroughbred instincts Gloria had inherited from her own forebears. *Everyone has such forebears!* In five generations, which are as nothing in the making of a man according to the scientists, we have sixty-two ancestors. From every one of them we acquire something. And in the last few centuries of a most unstable social system it is entirely logical and safe to assume that from at least one quarter of our forebears we inherit thoroughbred characteristics. By developing this aristocratic facet of our being it is altogether likely that we should become "these charming people." Certainly a proud bearing, an instinctive feeling for beauty, sensitivity and easy manners do work together to make a person attractive.

SPEAKING of attractiveness, Gloria says: "I think the care of the hair is the most important thing I have learned. I would no more think of changing my gown without changing my coiffure than I would think of changing from an evening gown to sport clothes without removing my high heeled slippers. You can change your personality and appeal by arranging your hair in good taste with your habit."

The story of the ugly duckling that turned into the beautiful swan is more than a delightful fairy tale. And even if every duckling in the world can't turn into a ravishing swan she may, at least, find a happy-in-between place. There's no need and no excuse for anyone remaining an out and out ugly duckling. *And it doesn't take a movie star's income to perform such changes, either.* It takes study and care rather than money.

During an evening's conversation not so very long before I said pretty much what I am writing here. One girl in the group listened attentively. This girl, who for identification purposes I shall call Janice, was a sleeping beauty and the boy with whom she was in love had become interested in someone else.

Janice's hair was a curious color, half gold, half straw. It was fine and difficult to arrange. And her eyebrows and eyelashes were the pale blond color you would expect with such hair. Be-

(Continued on page 121)

American Hero

(Continued from page 37)

in the little talks he gave—certainly extemporaneously—in order to thank the various people who contributed to his fine charitable work in the devastated area. He was very generous with gratitude; he didn't take any credit himself. And he scolded, too. "I've heard," he said, in effect, "that some of you people haven't yet made your Red Cross quota. I wish you would. It may look like spring and better times here but people have to eat, you know. They won't have anything to eat until crop time and that's a long way off." And he went on scolding, tolerantly, gently, but with a real reproach in it; and a real punch. He reminded me of nothing so much as a very comprehending father taking his rather naughty kids to task. I know I turned to the friend who was listening in with me and said, sadly: "Darn him, anyway, that will cost me another ten dollars!"

It did.

DO you know, it wouldn't hurt us at all to try to exalt a little the sort of thing Will Rogers stands for, the things of, perhaps, long ago, the human things, not confined alone to America, but integral in the depth of the human heart. Decency, for instance, and tolerance, and fineness and broadness and charity. You don't think of gunmen and people put on the spot; you don't think of speakeasies and bad gin; you don't think of murder and infidelity and restless wives and cheating husbands; you don't think of sex, rampant, on a shield of dishonor; you don't think of boudoir backgrounds and rather soiled jokes when you think of Will Rogers, do you? He typifies the exact opposite of all these manifestations which we call modern and which aren't, really, modern at all. And because you don't think of them, I believe it wouldn't be a bad idea to think about him and what he stands for, for a while.

The personality of Will Rogers is his own. Or perhaps it is ancestral. I don't know. I only know that it exists and is not to be corrupted. I think he is like a wind from the prairie, a wind from the plains, a wind from the mountains, a wind from the sea, blowing through an over-heated, over-perfumed room. I think he stands for a fine reality and not a tinsel glamor. I think he'll keep on standing for it after the glamor of many others has passed.

I don't know that he's much of an actor but he sure is a home-grown philosopher. It seems to me we need a lot of philosophy nowadays. The kind that will teach us to live, the kind we can set our teeth into. Not the sort of shallow cynicism which passes for philosophy, so spiritually accurate that you can set your mental and emotional watch by it. Philosophy that will teach you, not so much how to *think*, as what to *be*. Will Rogers' kind . . . the kind that he *is*, more even than the kind he puts in print in the newspapers.

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INSTEAD of having to rouge lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock. Its charm and fresh beauty remain for hours after you put it on . . . What's more, it costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

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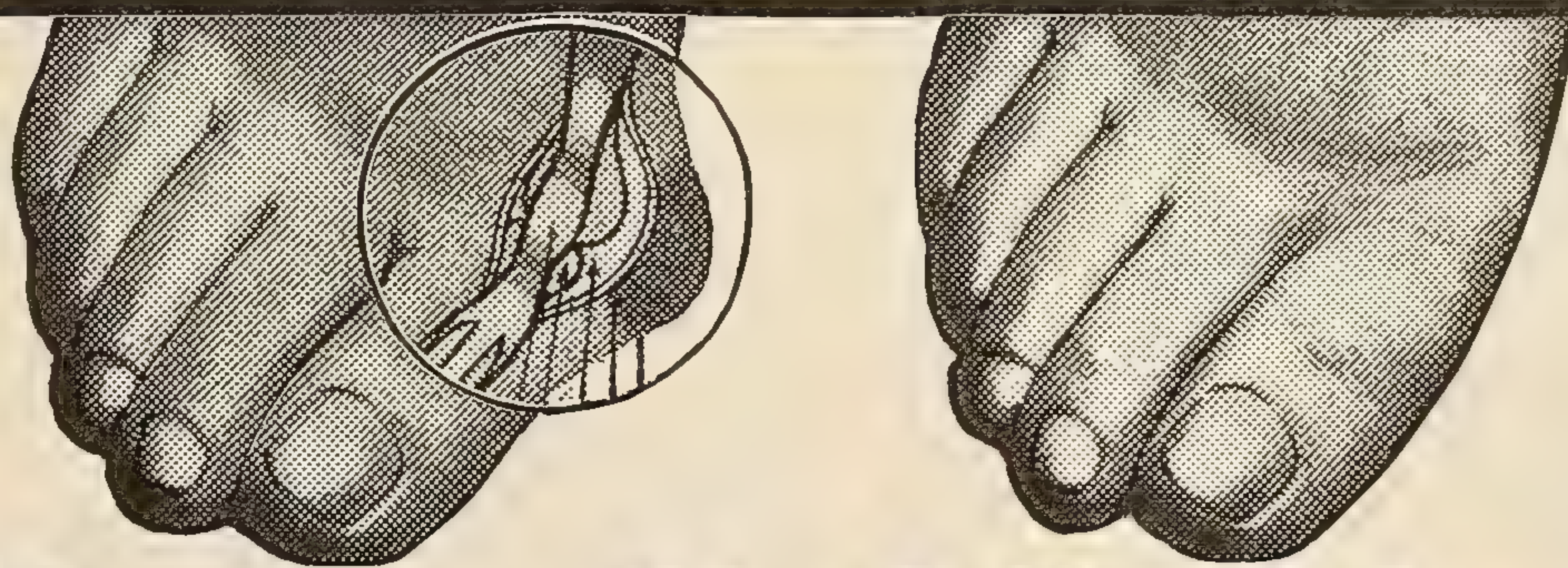
DON'T MISS THESE FEATURES IN OUR JULY ISSUE

Elinor Glyn's story on Gloria Swanson

The Princess Radziwill's fascinating revelations of Pola Negri

Faith Baldwin's brilliant pen-portrait of John Boles

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 9)



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"After I began to use Kotalko my hair started to grow and kept on growing until I had a splendid head of hair that has been perfect ever since."

Falling hair is due to lack of nourishment in the scalp tissues. To put new life into hair growth, massage the scalp. Keep the hair free and

clear of dandruff through regular shampooing and massage. Both Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are recognized hair and scalp products.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so why not use Kotalko Soap and Kotalko to stimulate them into renewed activity? Faithful massage with Kotalko is wonderful to keep the hair roots active. This may be all you need to keep your hair from falling out excessively.

Hair roots which are being starved from lack of nourishment may regain their original power through proper encouragement. The process of hair growth depends on the stimulation the hair roots receive. Are yours getting all they need?

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are sold at drug stores everywhere. Or you may write for a sample to Kotalko Company, B-3, Station O, New York.

featured rôle in a new First National picture, temporarily titled "Chances."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Graham in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Male lead in "Stolen Heaven" and "Confessions of a Co-ed." Clyde Griffiths in "The American Tragedy," all for Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," and "Subway Express," all for Columbia.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany.

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. The General in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Warden Brady in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Star of "Upper Underworld," First National.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Anne in "The Big House," Joan in "Way For a Sailor." Feminine lead in "Among the Married," all for M-G-M. Mrs. Murdock in "The Shepper Newfounder," Fox. Feminine lead in "Cheribebi," M-G-M.

JANIS, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "The Pagan" and "Overland Telegraph," both for M-G-M. Starred in "The White Captive," Universal.

JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. The kid brother in "Doorway to Hell," and Bill Emery in "Father and Son."

JANNEY, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Gordon Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Tommy Brown in "The Pay Off," Radio. Freddie in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox. Gregory Brown in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia.

JANNINGS, EMIL; born in Brooklyn, N. Y.; educated in Germany. Now in Germany. Lead in "The Blue Angel," German picture now being shown here. Expected to make pictures in this country again shortly.

JOHNSON, KAY; married to John Cromwell; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Helen Chester in "The Spoilers," Paramount. Cassy in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Anna in "The Spy," Fox. Starred in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Big Boy," Warner Bros.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Marilyn in "Love in the Rough," Feminine leads in "Devil May Care" and "In Old Madrid," Nancy in "Min and Bill," Ingenue lead in "Fore," all for M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Young Sinners," Fox, and "Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

KANE, HELEN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free-lance player. Title rôle in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," featured rôle in "Heads Up," both for Paramount.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys" and "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," all for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "What Men Want," Universal. Barbara in "Feet First" and Billie in "Welcome Danger," both for Harold Lloyd. Young sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "You and I," First National. Featured rôle in "Upper Underworld," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.

KING, CHARLES; married to Lila Rhodes; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Sam Ferguson in "Remote Control," M-G-M. Skeets in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Warner Bros., and "Back Waters," World-Wide. Speed Grogan in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount.

KNAPP, EVELYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Veronia in "You and I," First National. Barbara Allen in "Ruling Passion," Warner Bros.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Dance Hall," "Tanned Legs" and "She's My Weakness," all for Radio. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

LANDI, ELISSA; unmarried; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Body and Soul." Now working in new untitled picture for Fox.

LANE, LOLA; unmarried; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Big Fight," "The Command Performance" and "Hell Bound," all for Cruze-Tiffany.

LANE, LUPINO; married to Violet Blythe; born in London, Eng. Write him at Educational studio. Free lance player. Featured comedian in "The Love Parade," Paramount. Now starring in London stage revue and British pictures.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Stellar rôles in "Show Boat," "The Last Warning" and "Scandal," all for Universal. Featured rôle in "Lonely Wives," Pathé. Diane Churchill in "God's Gift to Women," First National.

LA ROCQUE, ROD; married to Vilma Banky; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Beau Bandit," Radio. Bob Brown in "Let Us Be Gay," M-G-M. Now in New York.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Brat," "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home," and "Be Big," all for Roach.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Butch Miller in "The Conspiracy," Mischa in "The Midnight Mystery." Featured rôle in "Kept Husbands," all for Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; married to James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at Radio studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "Rio Rita." Featured rôle in "Dixiana." Annette in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Feminine lead in "Hook, Line and Sinker." Starred in "Room and Board," all for Radio.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," and "Caught Short." Anna in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Traveling Husbands," Radio.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "The Gorilla," First National. Rosie in "The Unholy Three," M-G-M. Now convalescing in Prescott, Arizona, after long illness.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Toots in "Hold Everything," Flo in "Life of the Party," Winnie in "Sit Tight," Nita in "Red Hot Sinners." Starred in "Side Show," all for Warner Bros.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Mae in "Big Money," RKO-Pathé. Mabel Robinson in "God's Gift to Women," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "The Idol," First National.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer-star. Stellar rôles in "Speedy," "Feet First," "Welcome Danger."

LOFF, JEANETTE; divorced from non-professional; born in Orofino, Idaho. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "King of Jazz." Greta in "The Boudoir Diplomat," both for Universal.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; unmarried; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Feminine lead in "Racketeer," RKO-Pathé. Featured rôle in "Safety in Numbers," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Ladies' Man," Paramount. Starred in "It Pays to Advertise," Paramount. Leading feminine rôle in "Man of the World" with William Powell, Paramount.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Good News," M-G-M, and "The Conspiracy," Radio. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San José, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. David Cresson in "Good Intentions," Sir John Usher and Dakin Barrolles in "Scotland Yard." Jim Murdock in "The Shepper Newfounder."

(Continued on page 122)

Are You a "Sleeping Beauty"?

(Continued from page 118)

sides, Janice was about fifteen pounds too heavy and had a perfectly frightful posture.

Over a period of four months, by a sensible diet, Janice reduced fifteen pounds. She resorted to no starvation measures. She ate as much as she desired at all times but never touched candy, cake, ice cream, pie, potatoes, bread or butter. The contour of her face changed. It became more sensitive, much lovelier. Her clothes looked much better on her.

Janice worked earnestly over her posture. Mainly she practised holding her stomach in and it proved surprising how generally her carriage benefited from this. It threw her shoulders back and caused her to carry her head better.

NEXT, Janice had her hair bobbed. By an excellent barber. It costs about fifty cents more for a first bob if you go to the best possible place. It is worth fifty dollars more. A good hair-dresser cuts you hair according to the shape of your head.

Then, after a permanent, Janice tried having her water wave set in several different ways, in several different wave widths, and her hair parted at several different places. Finally she was satisfied that a center part and a wide wave set slightly diagonal was right for her.

She had her eyebrows shaped, arched a trifle and thinned a little. She did not make the mistake of having her eyebrows thinned to that ridiculous point where they are a mere thread line. And she proceeded to mascara both eyebrows and eyelashes with exactly the right shade of brown, always being careful to apply the mascara artfully and not get it on too thick.

It takes some amount of courage to go into a beauty shop and, admitting that you have been careless about your appearance, ask them just what powder, rouge and lip-stick they think best for you. The excellent shop to which Janice went mixed several powders before they found exactly the right base and shade for her and then did the same thing with lipstick and rouge. Incidentally, all the good beauty shops and the better department stores make a speciality of this sort of thing today.

ENTIRELY transformed by this time . . . and I wish with all my heart that every sleeping beauty might see Janice and be spurred into action . . . Janice went to one of the smart department stores and consulted the buyer as to the type dress that would be most flattering to her particular type. It happened to be a black dress very simply tailored that the buyer suggested. In it Janice was lovelier than she ever had been in the frilly flowered chiffons for which she had shown previous preference.

There was, of course, a slight initial expense. But Janice has been able to use the good dress chosen for her by an expert as a guide ever since. The bob, permanent wave and cosmetics cost

something too, of course. The upkeep, however, will be slight. And Janice admits that even the initial cost was only a little more than she would have spent for the rich tea-room desserts and the candy and sodas which she now avoids.

Janice today is a different person. I say that advisedly. Not only her appearance but her entire disposition has changed. Because she is satisfied with her appearance, pleased at the attractive, chic reflection she sees in her mirror she has an easier, gayer manner. And, in case you're interested, she got her man! It's for all the world like a story I know. No wonder, having watched such a transformation, I am more than ever convinced that my theories are right about unattractive girls having the secret of beauty dormant within them.

HARRY COLLINS, the couturier, once said: "It is my belief that any woman will be well dressed and attractive if she will look at herself often enough in the mirror."

And Clara Bow, who has increased her attraction immeasurably since the first day I say her, an eager entrant in a beauty contest, agrees entirely with Mr. Collins.

"When you're on the screen," says Clara, "you simply can't help seeing yourself as others see you. You are made aware of the damage, for example, that a few extra pounds can do."

"The screen has taught me the value of the three mirrors on my vanity table. In them I appraise myself rather than merely look at myself!"

That last sentence of Clara's is well worth a long and thoughtful pause. Clara doesn't only look at herself. *She appraises herself.* If we'd all do that, if we'd all judge our own appearance half as critically as we judge the appearance of others how much more careful we would be. But we get so accustomed to looking at ourselves that we cease really seeing ourselves at all.

Furthermore, when we look in the mirror we instinctively dwell on our best angle. We want to be reassured. We want to go out among our friends thinking ourselves as attractive as possible. But the cold truth remains that others see us from all angles.

The best effect in appearance like the best effect in painting, writing, singing or anything else is generally found to be the result of study and the well-known infinite capacity for taking pains. Nothing worth having is acquired easily. And if all the sleeping beauties who sit about wishing they looked like a movie star would take half as much time and trouble with their appearance as the movie stars themselves do they could not fail to be gratified by the results.

Once upon a time it was said that movie stars were beautiful but dumb. Never was there a greater fallacy! *Movie stars are as beautiful as they are because they are not dumb!*

Some WOMEN wonder.. while others FIND OUT



what to do about this vital matter

THERE is one subject of absorbing interest to all married women. How they do wonder about this matter! How many theories they hold about it! How wrong most of these theories are!

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current beliefs regarding feminine hygiene. And it is surprising how many women actually never learn the facts!

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Caustic and poisonous antiseptics have long been a cause of uneasiness and unhappiness. It is true that until recently these were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose. Yet doctors could not and *would not* advise the use of bichloride of mercury or compounds of carbolic acid. But *Zonite* is different. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* And *Zonite is safe.* No mercurial poisoning. No formation of scar-tissue.

Complete information in booklet

Mail coupon today for the booklet on feminine hygiene. The whole truth is told freely and frankly. Read this book and be among those who know the facts. *Zonite* Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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Both in U. S. A. and Canada*

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 120)



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X-Bazin is the simple and reliable way to remove unwanted hair. You spread this creamy depilatory over your legs or under arms... and the hair vanishes completely—leaving your skin smooth, white and hairless. No blue, shaved look—and regrowth is discouraged.

Order X-Bazin today from drug or department store—50c a generous tube. Sample tubes 10c at five-and-ten-cent stores.

X-Bazin comes also in powder form.

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The new easy way! A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

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A simple, safe, home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.



WM. DAVIS, M.D., 124-AH, Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Starred in "More Than a Kiss." Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," and title rôle in "The Spider," all for Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Great Divide" and "Bride of the Regiment," First National. Eleanore in "Renegades," Fox. Mary in "The Devil to Pay," Sam Goldwyn. Featured rôle in "Women of All Nations," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Berci in "Grumpy," Gustave Saxon in "Anybody's Woman," Carl Heiden in "Unfaithful," Heavy in "City Streets." Starred in "Night Court," all for Paramount.

LYNN, SHARON; unmarried; born in Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Edith Laverne in "Up the River," Feminine lead in "The Vamp," Mrs. Lowe in "Lightnin'," all for Fox. Featured rôle in "Too Many Cooks," Fox.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Jimmy in "Aloha," Tiffany. Male lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Co-starred with Bebe Daniels in "Her Past," Warner Bros. Male lead in "Night Nurse," First National.

LYTELL, BERT; married to Grace Menken; born in Newark, N. J. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "The Lone Wolf" and dual rôle in "Brothers," both for Columbia. Male lead in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Helene Mara in "Monte Carlo," Paramount. Carlotta in "Oh! For a Man!" Fox. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "All Women Are Hungry," Fox.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; divorced from Lothar Mendez; born in Hull, Eng. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Diana Barry in "Once a Sinner," and Emily in "This Modern World," both for Fox. Starred in "Kept Husbands," Radio. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reckless Hour," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID; separated from Suzanne Bushnell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Artie in "Mothers Cry," First National. Joe Cope land in "The Right to Love," Paramount. Bill Merrick in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Juvenile lead in "Upper Underworld," First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan O'Bannon in "Manslaughter," Lockridge in "Laughter," Tony Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," all for Paramount. Lead in "Honor Among Lovers," Now on vacation.

MARIS, MONA; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Arizona Kid," "Sez You, Sez Me" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

MARSH, MARION; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. She will appear for the first time in an important rôle as Trilby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Genius," also with John Barrymore.

MARSHALL, EVERETT; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Carl Van Horn in "Dixiana," Radio. Now in New York.

MASON, SHIRLEY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Retired from screen. Operating Hollywood beauty parlor.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. He returns to the screen after a long absence in "All Women Are Hungry" with Jeanette MacDonald.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Le Bissière in "Morocco," Paramount. Featured rôle in "New Moon," M-G-M. Villain in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M. Managing Editor in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Common Clay," Fox. Mary Jones in "Outward Bound," Warner Bros. Martha in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Mother in "The Public Enemy," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "East Lynne," Mother in "Always Goodbye," Fox.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Prosecutor in "The Unholy Three," Prof. Kruger in "Remote Control," Inspector Burke

in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Iron Man," Universal.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Wally in "War Nurse," André in "Inspiration." Male lead in "The Easiest Way." Starred in "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, GRACE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Leading rôle in "A Lady's Morals," Princess Lanya in "New Moon," both M-G-M.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "True Heaven," Diana in "Play Called Life," Starred in "Blondes," all for Fox. Now in New York.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Polly in "Way For a Sailor," Polly in "Remote Control," Polly in "Reducing," maid in "The Bachelor Father," and Polly in "Politics," all for M-G-M.

MORENO, ANTONIO; married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player-director. Featured rôles in "Synthetic Sin" and "Careers," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount. Now directing Spanish pictures for M-G-M.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottunwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Liane in "Inspiration" and featured rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Male lead in "The Bat Whispers" and "Corsair," both United Artists.

MORTON, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Vallejo, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Christina," Fox. "Caught Short," M-G-M. Mert in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia. Richard Williams in "Check and Double Check" Radio.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Johnny Quinlan in "The Fall Guy," Radio. Comedy lead in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Male lead in "Waiting at the Church," Radio.

MUNSON, ONA; separated from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Going Wild," "The Hot Heiress," "Broadminded," all First National.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," both for Universal. Co-starred in "Caught Cheating," Tiffany.

MURRAY, J. HAROLD; married to non-professional; born in South Berwick, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Featured rôles in "Tonight and You" and "Women Everywhere," both for Fox.

McAVOY, MAY; married to non-professional; born in Davenport, Iowa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "No Defense" and "Stolen Kisses," Warner Bros. Off screen for several months.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Boyd Emerson in "The Silver Horde" and Dick in "Kept Husbands," Fox.

McKENNA, KENNETH; married to Kay Francis; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player-director. Victor in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Gaylord Stanton in "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathé. Capt. Traselau in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôles in "Hot for Paris," "Painted Women," "Women of all Nations" and "Not Quite a Gentleman," all for Fox. Russian spy in "Dishonored," Paramount.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Divorcée," M-G-M. Winthrop Beauvel in "A Lady Surrenders," Universal. Stephen Ferrier in "Free Love," Universal. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Universal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Muriel in "Courage," Warner Bros. Romantic lead in "The Lash," First National. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty.

(Continued on page 124)

How Irene Rich Stays Young

(Continued from page 85)

"They come to me with their lessons and I get a second education recalling things long forgotten. The contact keeps me mentally alive. Above all is the star of hope, the greatest thing in life, the belief that ahead still lie the finest accomplishments.

"The care of my body offers no great problem. I get eight hours' sleep each night. If I'm at the town house, I take a bath in tepid water the first thing in the morning and rub myself thoroughly to start the circulation. If I'm at the beach house, I dash into the ocean to get the tang of the salt water. For breakfast I have a cup of tea without milk or sugar and a glass of orange juice. I drink a glass of buttermilk around 10:30 in the morning but do not nibble anything between meals. This is harmful to the digestion. I eat luncheon and dinner. One must have food to make blood. I have never dieted and am convinced that many of women's ills are caused by dieting. When not working in the studio I swim, play tennis and lie on the ground or on the sand, relaxing. I use face cream when removing make-up or after returning from a long motor trip in the wind and this is followed by a thorough soap and water cleansing. I use only soap and water to wash my face and it's non-scented soap at that. I never had a facial massage in all my life, nor the work of a hair-dresser. I brush, brush, brush my hair myself and massage my scalp alone. I wash my eyes in a solution of salt water and visit the dentist twice a year to see that there are no cavities appearing in my teeth.

"So, you see, I may seem a bit old-fashioned but I merely take care of myself.

IT sounds so simple. But on close study it will be seen that Miss Rich follows a thorough system of exercising, of keeping face and body cleanly and of getting vigor from the greatest of all sources—the earth. In this probably lies her principal secret. I know a newspaper editor whose vacation each year is spent on a farm where he goes out into the cornfield and lies down flat in the furrows of the plowed ground. He says it's the greatest strength-giver in the world.

"It's all right for women to get massages if they want to," she adds, "but I do not need them. And it's all right for them to dye their hair. Sometimes it makes them look ten years younger. That's their privilege. It isn't a bad idea for them to have a good cry occasionally, because a cry relaxes their nerves and the tears wash and strengthens their eyes. The most devastating thing they can do is to fly into rages, get the tantrums and let their tempers go haywire. This puts toxins in their blood which are poison."

Serenity, Miss Rich believes, is what a woman most needs to acquire and retain her health and beauty. She should have some interest outside of her home

even if it be only a garden, and she should work in it. Busy women, she says, do not grow old mentally. They should live so that when their working day is done, they may go to bed and promptly sleep.

IF I find myself in that condition we describe as 'too tired to sleep,' she says, "I take a little time in getting ready for bed. I brush my hair, lay out fresh clothing and dally about the room. I try to get my mind on something far away, far removed from my work—something pleasant to think about. I take a glass of milk and crackers. Then, when I feel my muscles relaxing and my brain becoming quiet, I say to the Great Master:

"Here I am. Take my two hands and lead me for I know not the way. Before long I am slumbering."

Does this beautiful mother at thirty-eight get everything that life has to offer? She will tell you, "Yes! I do, now." There were two other marriages and two divorces before she became—in 1927—the bride of David Blankenhorn, a wealthy Pasadena. The heartaches and defeats she suffered in those other days, followed by the happy, successful turning now, developed her philosophy that "nothing can down you if you keep smiling and keep working."

"I do not believe that one must always be happy to maintain or preserve whatever beauty God has given," she says. "Sadness or troubles sometime bring a wistful look to a woman's face which is beautiful to see. And certainly, adversities tend to develop thoughtfulness and poise. It is experience with life which makes women attractive. Youth is beautiful but seldom intriguing and it must be very difficult for a girl who never suffered heartaches to depict emotions on the screen."

THE "dangerous age" for women, she believes, comes after thirty. The styles of clothing and modes of living may change but women who dress their age and do not try to ape the flappers do not lose their attractiveness and individuality. Helen of Troy and Cleopatra were not young girls, she pointed out, when they changed the map of the universe.

"Our bodies deserve the finest attention," she asserts. "It is through them that we explain ourselves to the world. It is our debt to the universe to keep young and vibrate health and good will. Life is good and we can get so much out of it when we try."

That is her philosophy.

Miss Rich's daughter, Frances, a student at Smith College, was elected president of that school's House of Representatives last October. Jane, the younger daughter, attends a private school at Santa Barbara, California. While Miss Rich answers call after call from the motion picture studios.

She is one of the most remarkable women in Hollywood.

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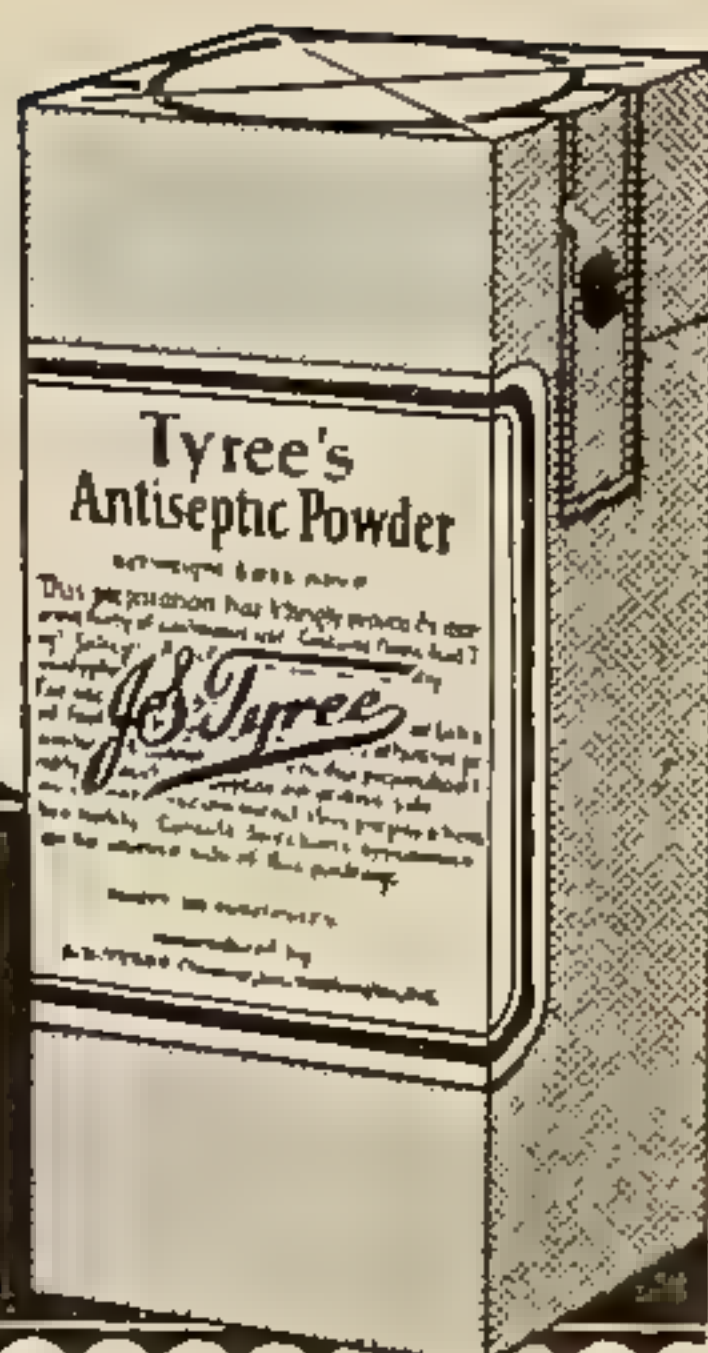
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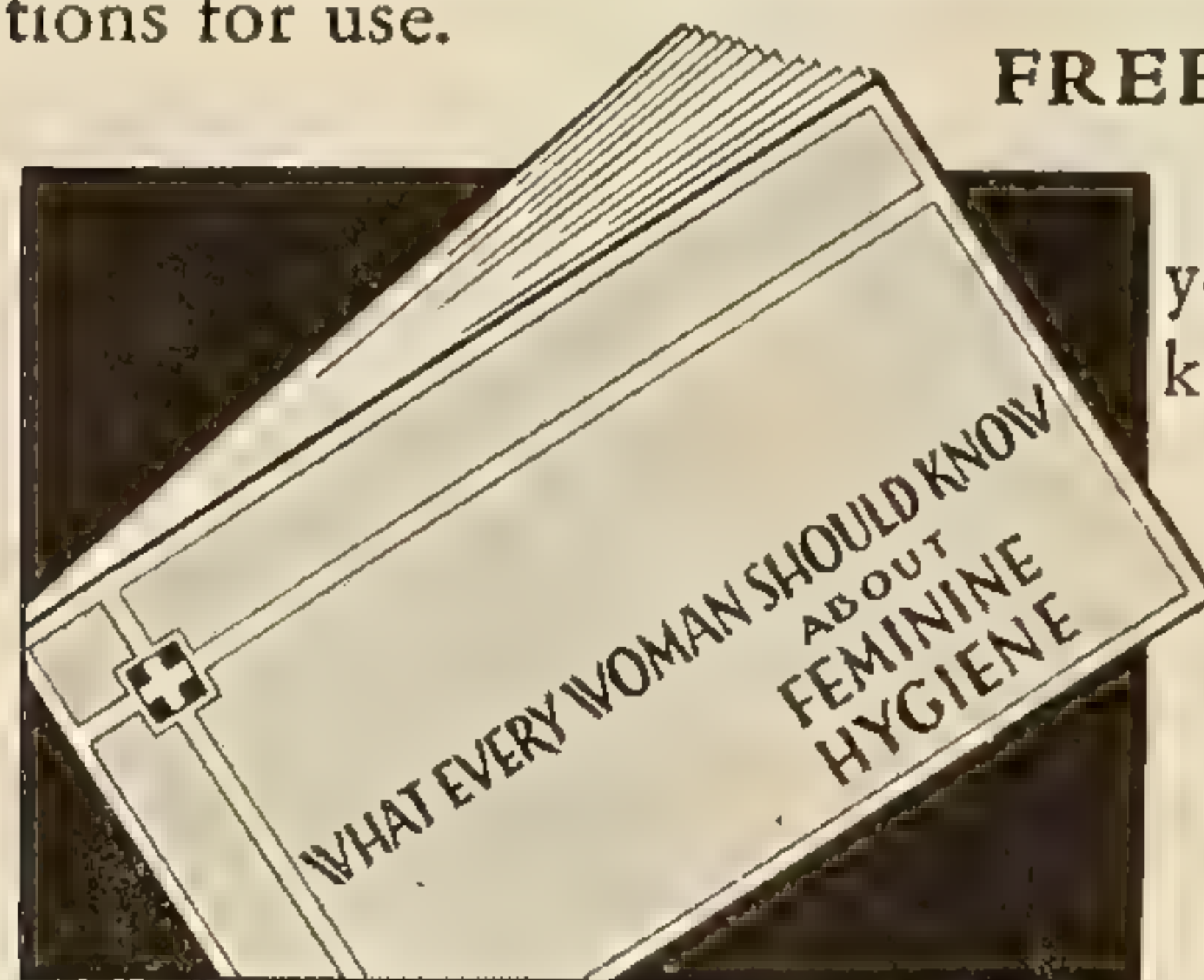
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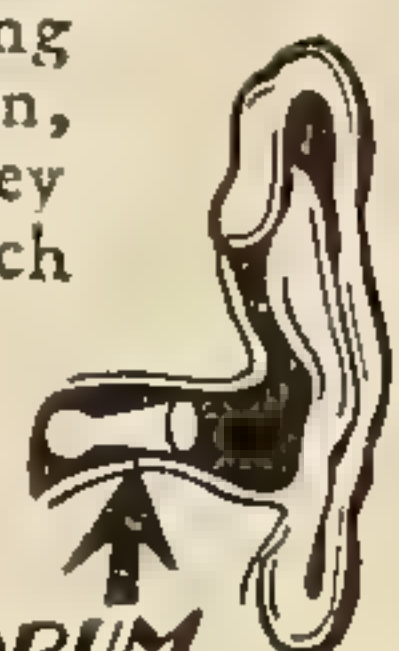
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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 122)

NORTON, BARRY; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." Featured rôle in "Dishonored," both for Paramount.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," "The Student Prince," and "Daybreak."

NUGENT, ELLIOT; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Unholy Three" and "Romance," M-G-M. Sandy in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Title rôle in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Littleton Looney in "The Sap From Syracuse." Searchlight O'Brien in "Sea Legs." Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Fu Manchu, in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu," and featured rôle in "Dishonored," both for Paramount. Villain in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "Rainbow Trail," and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox. Now vacationing in the Orient.

O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Molly O'Day in "Sisters," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Salvation Nell."

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "So This is London" and "Song o' My Heart." Princess Louise in "The Princess and the Plumber." LN-16 in "Just Imagine," feminine lead in "The Connecticut Yankee," all for Fox. Now vacationing in Ireland.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Isabelle in "The Little Accident," Universal. Joy in "War Nurse," Vivian in "Reducing" and featured rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate" and "The Easiest Way," all for M-G-M.

PAGE, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Alan Ward in "The Naughty Flirt," First National.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Doc Brady in "Santa Fé Trail." Hyacinth Nitouche in "Sea Legs." Seth in "Fighting Caravans," all for Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Coquette." Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title rôle in "Kiki," all for United Artists.

POWELL, WILLIAM; divorced from non-professional; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Jim Nelson in "Shadow of the Law." William Foster in "For the Defense." Hero of "Man of the World," all for Paramount. Vacationing in South America before starting "Heat Wave" under new Warner contract.

PRINGLE, AILEEN; married to non-professional; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Dream of Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Joaquin Murieta," Columbia.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Up and At 'Em." Will Musher in "Night Work." Eddie Martin in "Big Money," all for Pathé.

RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; divorced; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Belle in "Min and Bill." Lulu in "Inspiration," and featured rôles in "Strangers May Kiss," "Imposter," "The Secret Six" and "The Torch Song," all for M-G-M.

REVIER, DOROTHY; married; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Flight," "Ladies of Leisure" and "Submarine," all for Columbia.

RICH, IRENE; married to David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Check and Double Check," Radio. Mother in "Beau Ideal," Radio. Mother in "The Mad Parade," Liberty.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dominic in "The Widow from Chicago," Rico Bandello in "Little Caesar." Russian ballet master in "The Idol," all for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Jerry Downs in "Follow Thru." Stellar rôle in "Heads Up." Larry Brooks in "Along Came Youth." Star of "Manhattan Musketeers," and "The Lawyer's Secret," all for Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; unmarried; born in Independence, Kan. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Puff Randolph in "Young Man of Manhattan." Polly Rockwell in "Queen High." Ellen Saunders in "The Sap From Syracuse." Mary in "Manhattan Mary." Now on New York stage in "Girl Crazy."

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olathe, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "They Had to See Paris," "So This is London," "Lightnin'," and "The Connecticut Yankee," and "Cure for Blues," all for Fox.

ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

ROTH, LILLIAN; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Paramount studio. Cora Faulkner in "Honey." Arabella Rittenhouse in "Animal Crackers." Adrienne in "Sea Legs," all for Paramount.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," M-G-M, "Officer O'Brien," Pathé, and "The Utah Kid," Tiffany.

SEGAL, VIVIENNE; divorced; born in White Plains, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Prima donna rôle in "Song of the West." Featured rôles in "Bride of the Regiment," and "Golden Dawn," First National, and "Viennese Nights," Warner Bros.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Jerry in "The Divorcée." Betty in "Let Us Be Gay." Starring rôle in "Strangers May Kiss."

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany.

SILLS, MILTON; died September, 1930. His last pictures were "Man Trouble" and "The Sea Wolf," both for Fox.

SMITH, STANLEY; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Jerry Hamilton in "Love Among the Millionaires." Dick Jones in "Queen High." Featured rôle in "Mahattan Mary," all for Paramount. Now on New York stage.

SKINNER, OTIS; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at First National. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Kismet."

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "Ladies of Leisure," "Illicit," Warner Bros., and "Ten Cents a Dance," Columbia.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wood; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Morado in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Male lead in "Office Wife," Warner Bros. Deval in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Maitland White in "You and I," First National. Featured rôle in "Always Goodbye," Fox.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Troopers Three" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Co-starred in "See America Thirst," Universal. Sam in "Gambling Daughters," Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; separated from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Trespasser," "What a Widow!" and "Indiscreet," and "Rockabye," all for United Artists.

SWEET, BLANCHE; divorced from Marshall Neilan; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Gonny Harris in "Show Girl in Hollywood," First National. Queenie in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Now on vaudeville tour.

SYDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Featured player. Formerly with the Theater Guild. Now working in "City Streets" opposite Gary Cooper.

TALMADGE, NORMA; married to Joseph Schenck; born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Woman Disputed,"

(Continued on page 126)

Lew Ayres' Future

(Continued from page 58)

mean any more during a lifetime of traveling around the heavens making aspects to the natal Sun than it did at the moment of birth. This is an important point here, for we have also noted that Neptune rules the movies.

NEPTUNE has been responsible for many big successes in the films, but not all of those who have enjoyed their flash across the firmament of stardom have remained before us as entertainers as long as some of them may have wished. Neptune helped them for the time being, at the height of their careers, and then moved on to elevate somebody else, by means of its conjunction and two trines.

Those who are at present under these favorable rays from the ruling planet of the movies are the sons and daughters of April 23 to May 2, August 26 to September 4, and December 25 to January 2 (in this last mentioned group is to be found the birthdate of Mr. Ayres—December 28). That is, of course, if Neptune showed some promise in your natal chart (birth horoscope) of bringing you success before the camera and microphone, otherwise, this doesn't mean much. You've got to have it to start with, which is a point that can be determined only by a study of your own personal chart of the heavens as they were when you drew your first breath on this planet. Assuming, therefore, that you are one who has Neptune favorably placed for artistic and dramatic success, if you were born into any of these groups, now and during the balance of 1931 and during most of 1932, you would be justified in accepting any studio's offers for the period mentioned. But, let me warn you, there is also another side to the influence of Neptune. It can do much more than elevate you into screen prominence. It is usually the planet that is behind the intense emotional items you read in the papers—it brings a strong ray of desire and feeling into the people it rests on.

THOSE in the April-May group I mentioned are apt to be the pursuers in any present love affair, seeking in somebody else the solution of their emotional problems. Those of the August-September dates that are now under Neptune's ray are apt to be seeing life through a pair of colored glasses that make things seem more rosy than they really are. This is the highly imaginative side of Neptune and a ray that is extremely difficult to translate into anything personally satisfactory on the Earth plane of existence. Ask any person who is at present married and whose birthday falls in this August-September group.

Natives of the December-January set of dates are more apt to be those who are being pursued at present and during the interval till the end of next year. This is the case with Lew Ayres, and I wouldn't be alarmed if the

big bulk of voters who put his name on top of the list in a recent popularity contest were girls and women who would be glad if they had the opportunity to personally shake his hand and give him the vote with their eyes and hearts, at least temporarily. In other words, this aspect of Neptune, coming from just the particular part of the heavens it is in at present (Neptune moves so slowly that it takes a year to go two little degrees of the circle of the Zodiac), give comrade Ayres a mighty powerful pull with those of the opposite sex.

But this isn't going to last forever.

THAT is what I was talking about at the outset. I want to see a great deal more of friend Lew on the screen, for he has more than an emotional appeal with women, even if that is the big part of his success up to the present writing.

In order to do this, if he would last past the middle of 1933 as a top spot attraction on the screen, he must look seriously within himself and get ready to drag out some of those more mature qualities that I can see in his horoscope, but which have not yet become apparent in his vehicles. It will be necessary to rebuild a goodly portion of your appeal, Lew. This will have to come through the co-operation of your preceptors and the stories they select for you. You can do it, I know, for you have that old tinge in your soul that I spoke about.

You see, Lew, I figure your present success is due to the favorable transit of Neptune, and I know only too well, through the sad stories of film celebrities of not so long ago, that it won't do you any good to think you don't have to work to maintain the position you have already gained.

It isn't everyone on the screen who has your problem. Most of your movie confreres are trying so hard to keep the marks of age from showing too much; they are staggering around from one beauty rejuvenation shop to another, paying great sums to the face-kneaders and skin pullers for just a few more months of youth, hoping to fool the dear old public a little longer.

But you, who are so young in years, have the problem of trying to get older as soon as you can, more in actions and spirit, however, in order that you may have something to give the audiences when this present period of your success has faded out.

You have all the necessary equipment, but you must use it; and you must keep in mind the need for doing it soon. Don't judge your own case by that of some of the older performers in the cinema circus. You are different. And, above all, don't let the sweet perfume of Hollywood's present praise lull you into dreamland. Keep constantly on your mental toes and you will come through with your banners flying. Perfume, you know, is to be sniffed, not swallowed. Beware of flattery.



Her husband spoiled the party by pulling down the shades . . .

Only a woman knows how embarrassing it is to have guests see window shades pulled down past the "dirt line."

But the best housekeeper in the world can't keep window shades spotless. And until now good shades were too costly to replace as often as you would like.

But now, when shades are soiled, tear them down! Replace them with smart new

CLOPAY Window Shades

only **10¢** EACH

Sun-Proof . . . Fray-Proof
Crack-Proof

Modern science now gives us Clopay, a light-proof, durable fabric made from wood fibre, the same foundation from which many of the smartest modern dress and drapery fabrics are created. Clopay Shades are as good looking and practical as old-fashioned shades that cost ten times as much.

Smart colors . . . green or golden tan, or tan faced with colorful chintz patterns.

Clopay Shades attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tacks or tools. Every shade is perfect and FULL SIZE . . . 36 inches wide and 6 feet long. America's greatest housekeeping value for 10¢!

Super-Clopay Shades in heavier weights, mounted on rollers and complete with brackets ready to hang, 25 to 50¢ at Department Stores.

Look for the words
"GENUINE CLOPAY"

If you have trouble finding genuine Clopay Shades, write to us for the name of your nearest dealer. Clopay Corporation, Division of The Seinsheimer Paper Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

(Manufactured under Patent No. 1,508,759.
Other Patents Pending.)

At Most Department Stores and 5 and 10¢ Stores

AMERICA'S STANDARD DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS



Make Shopping and Saving Easy

A Deubener Shopping Bag should be part of every shopping trip. Learn the convenience of the large, beautiful Leather-lyke Finish, 10c. The Lucky Four-Leaf Clover Design, 5c. Ideal for picnics, moving day and every day in the home. The genuine Deubener has a continuous, double cord handle running around the bottom for extra strength. Look for Deubener Display at your favorite store.



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For snapshots, pictures of family friends or stars. In four sizes. Now at your favorite store for only 10c.



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STAR OF THE WEEK!



Charles Farrell
Fox Films

Here is the newest, easiest, and cheapest way to collect photographs of movie stars. Each week you receive a distinctive pose 8"x10", with an artistic, durable finish of that star whose performance was the best of the week. Send \$1.00 for a seven weeks subscription, or 50c for three issues of "Star of The Week."

Subscription begins upon receipt of proper amount. No Charge for postage.
FOUR STAR STUDIO 509 5th Ave.
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AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE your NOSE

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for **FREE BOOKLET**

**30 DAYS
HOME TRIAL**
ANITA INSTITUTE, F-97, Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 124)

"New York Nights" and "Du Barry," all for United Artists.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Cicily in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Fritzie in "Queen of Scandal," Sam Goldwyn. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; married to Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Where East is East," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Liliom," Fox. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," Radio.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Grace Mackay Smith; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song," Lieutenant in "New Moon," Farrady in "The Southerner," all for M-G-M. Now in New York.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth" and "Seed," all for Universal.

TREVOR, HUGH; divorced; born in Yonkers, N. Yr. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Gregory Shoan in "The Midnight Mystery," Lieut. Jim Reed in "Half Shot at Sunrise," The prince in "The Royal Bed," all for Radio.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; divorced from Clark Twelvrees; born in New York City. Write her at Radio studio. Contract star. Annabelle West in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Mary Ellen in "The Painted Desert," Pathé. Starred in "Millie," Radio. Starred in "The Registered Woman," RKO-Pathé.

VALLI, VIRGINIA; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "Mr. Antonio." Starred in "Guilty," Columbia.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisvard, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Doctor's Wives," Fox. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Starred in "Hell Harbor," United Artists. "The Storm" and "East is West," Universal, and co-starred with John Boles in "Resurrection," Universal. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M.

WHEELER, BERT; married to non-professional; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at Radio studio. Contract star. Sparrow in "The Cuckoos," Peewee in "Dixiana," Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker." Starred in "Too Many Cooks," all for Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôles in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow From Chicago," both for First National. Off the screen for several months.

WHITE, MARJORIE; married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Totsy in "Stolen Thunder," D-6 in "Just Imagine," both for Fox. Penelope in "Broadminded," First National.

WHITING, JACK; married to the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Write him at First National studio. Featured rôles in "Top Speed" and "Men of the Sky," all First National.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Conquest" and "Kid Gloves," Warner Bros., "Once a Gentleman," Cruze-Tiffany, and "Temptation," Columbia. Peggy Carter in "Seed," Universal.

WITHERS, GRANT; separated from Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade," Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages," Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros. Now on vaudeville tour.

WOLHEIM, LOUIS; died February, 1931. His last rôle was in "A Gentleman's Fate," M-G-M.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at Radio studio. Contract star. Prof. Bird in "The Cuckoos," Ginger in "Dixiana," Gilbert in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," and "Too Many Cooks," all for Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Captain Thunder," Warner Bros. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Anastasia in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount. Caroline Walker in "The Finger Points," First National. Feminine lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount.

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. She returns to the films in her first talkie, "Kept Husbands."

YOUNG, LORETTA; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Dorothy in "The Devil to Pay," Sam Goldwyn. Feminine lead in "Beau Ideal," Radio. Feminine lead in "Three Girls Lost," Fox. Claire McIntyre in "Big Business Girl," First National. Co-starred in "We Three" and feminine lead in "Upper Underworld," First National.



While Marlene Dietrich was in Europe she visited the Paramount French studios and met Conrad Veidt and Olga Tschechova who were making a German version of "The Virtuous Sin."

Harold Lloyd, Jr.

(Continued from page 29)

life—"We want a son—a son."

Did it mean that life, a jade however prodigal, was withholding the ultimate desire lest Paradise be here and now?

And then, on that tense night of January 25, at 8:35 o'clock, a tiny baby weighing less than three pounds—the baby boy.

The doctors said to Mildred and Harold, "He has a fifty-fifty chance." And the potential tragedy, the potential heaven of their hopes lay in those words.

He was born, Harold Lloyd, Junior, six weeks too soon. This tiny heir to millions, this heir to the man who has created laughter for the nations of the earth, this small scion of Arcadian acres had the smallest possible grip on the fullest possible life. *A fifty-fifty chance.*

And a nation put its ear to the ground and listened for the tiny heart-beat daily growing stronger. Mothers of premature babies, remembering their own anguished fear, fathers, grandmothers, college professors, actors, made kin by this common tie, sent thousands of letters, thousands of telegrams expressing their hope and their wish to help. Mothers sent tiny medallions of the Virgin Mary and of saints with the virtue to increase the life force. Bits of sacred metal held next to their own babies' feeble hearts came to Mildred and Harold "in the hope that this will do for your dear baby what it did for mine." One poor mother offered her own breast milk. . . .

MILDRED is dry-eyed when she tells of the baby's fight for life. But her soft blue eyes fill with unashamed tears when she tells of the people who prayed for her baby's life.

"I feel," she said, "*I feel like kissing the whole world.*" I don't know how we can ever thank them. There isn't any way. Only I do wish that you would tell how I feel about it in your story, how much it has meant to us. It has been the most revealing, the most sacred experience Harold and I have ever had. I never really knew before how *good* the world is, how *kind*. To think that so many people cared so much. I feel now that if I ever did a bad thing I wouldn't want to go on living. . . ."

And Harold, "It is so sacred to me that I can't speak about it at all."

MILDRED began at the very beginning. For the little blonde girl, looking no more than a child herself, was woman-eager to talk about the most profound experience that comes to any woman whether dwelling on Arcadian acres or on farmstead fields.

She told me how she felt when she knew that she was to have another baby. She never for one instant thought that this baby would be anything but a boy. She never bought anything but baby-boy clothes for him. Tiny scraps of dresses with turn down collars. Tiny scraps of *crepe-de-chine* coats, midget-masculine in their tailoring. And oh, the dozens and dozens of tiny scraps

there are! The fine handkerchief linen sheets, the bassinet lined with pale peach pink and covered with *point d'esprit*. The squarish little booties. The plain, exquisite caps. *Mildred knew that this baby was Harold Lloyd, Junior.* A dream-come-true growing within her.

She was so careful of that tiny life. She didn't give parties. She didn't go to parties. She rested. She dieted. She walked the requisite amount. She did, lovingly and carefully, everything she was told to do. The House of Lloyd stood still, hushed and on tiptoe, while it's tiny heir attained his being.

The slow months went by and the day came—frighteningly too soon—when Mildred knew that her baby would be born. The doctor was summoned and there followed a day of fighting to forestall the too-early event. When, at last, there wasn't a minute to spare, Mildred was driven to the hospital in a pink wadded dressing gown and bedroom slippers. No time even for a hat.

Through the early hours of the night a race took place such as a woman seldom took before. Harold sat on the front seat with the chauffeur. Mildred and the doctor on the back. At every turn of the wheel Harold would turn back asking, "Are you all right, honey?" And Mildred would answer, "All right, dear." A gallant answer in the face of imminent birth.

MILDRED herself, astoundingly cool and competent, cut the red tape of hospital preliminaries. There was no time, she told them, for pre-operating room details. There was no time for anything. The merciful anesthetic cone was clamped over her face. The world went dark and—a baby cried.

Ten minutes after Mildred Lloyd stepped from her car into the hospital, Harold Lloyd, Junior, was born.

Out of the dark Mildred heard her own voice asking the old, old question—"What is it?"

And a doctor's voice replying absently, "*It's a girl.*"

"Ohhhh. . ."

In that operating room such a fight for a tiny life was being waged that the white-gowned men waging it had no time, no coherent thought for details of sex. In one corner of the room, whiter than the white mask he wore, Harold Lloyd stood watching. Mildred had called for him. He was there. But the famous fun-maker was helpless where fun does not ever come.

Back in her own room, wheeled there at her own dictate and left alone for the space of a minute or two Mildred Lloyd phoned her home and the household she had left dissolved in tears. She felt as well as she had ever felt. And in her own room, a few minutes later on, the doctor said, laughing nervously, "I could have sworn it was a girl. I guess I didn't think what I was saying—"

"You mean it's a boy?" Mildred cried excitedly.

And the doctor said the words that

Fight Fat As Millions Do It



Thin Beauties Tell The Way

All about you see a new condition as regards obesity. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Abnormal figures are nowhere near so common as they were. A great reason lies in a new discovery made by modern science. It is used by doctors the world over.

A greater reason lies in the fact that multitudes of men and women are exhibiting and telling the results. They are met in every circle. Women with new youth, new beauty, new vivacity. Men with new vigor.

Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. It is found that the correction of this cause stops the formation of fat. And all self-denial, all starvation, fails to do that when this gland secretion is inadequate. So all modern physicians are feeding the system this gland substance which it lacks.

A Popular Way

Marmola prescription tablets present this right way at its best. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory, and adapted to the average case. Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. The use has grown to enormous proportions, by users telling others. The results are seen wherever you look. Ask your slender friends about them.

Many men and women still retain their fat, to their vast detriment. Many are trying hard and harmful methods to reduce. Many are misled by fakers in this field.

We urge all of you to try Marmola. It embodies the factors which modern doctors use. It is doing more than all other methods combined to create the slender figures which you see today.

Don't waste your time and effort. Adopt the scientific method which all doctors now advise. Do it through your doctor, or with Marmola tablets. Watch the results, and decide.

Marmola costs \$1 a box at drug stores. A book in each box gives the formula and explains results. Go order it today.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce



YOU CAN'T PRINT IT!

● "Please, don't print that story!" she begged. "If you do, it will mean the life of the only man I've ever loved!" Torn between duty and love, the star reporter looked longingly at her. Could he forget his paper for this woman?

● You don't want to miss the complete novelette, illustrated with actual scenes from the photoplay, "The Finger Points" which stars Richard Barthelmess. Fay Wray is the girl.

● Read this exciting newspaper yarn in the June issue of Screen Romances, on sale May first. This particular issue is overbrimming with stars. Other complete stories include Constance Bennett in "Born to Love" . . . Ramon Novarro in "Daybreak" . . . George Arliss in "The Millionaire" . . . Robert Montgomery in "Shipmates" . . . Gary Cooper in "City Streets" and others. Remember the magazine is

Screen Romances

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

are to ring in the Lloydian ears their lives long—"Yes, it's a boy."

MILDRED looked at Harold, limp against the surgically clean white wall. Here was the moment for laughter. No laughter came. His face was white. He tried to smile. He who has made so many millions laugh could not, now, help himself. He tried to change the subject. The doctor attempted some diversion. Never was birth of long desired heir greeted so solemnly, so sadly.

And then Mildred asked, very low, "He isn't going—to live?"

"He has a fifty-fifty chance."

Mothers and fathers all over the world listening so kindly, so anxiously for this little baby's heart-beats can breathe easily again—the fight is won. Unless something very untoward occurs, Harold Lloyd, Junior, will grow as lustily as your little Tom, or Dick or Harry. The heir to the famous horn-rimmed spectacles will wear them yet!

HE looks" Mildred said, "exactly the way Gloria did when she was born. He has blue eyes and a down of dark hair. He'll probably be a blond. He has a perfect head and darling ears and he was born with finger nails and eyebrows and all the appurtenances of a full-time baby. He was, we calculate, six weeks premature. He was fed from a dropper at first and now he takes a bottle and wants every drop of it.

"The newspapers named him. Of course that would be his name but he was named for us before we got around to thinking about it.

"He's going to be brought up just like any other little American boy in an American family. He is not going to be spoiled, hard though it will be to prevent it. I asked Harold yesterday, when we were at the hospital looking at him, whether he thought that he would ever

spank him. He looked at me with horror in his eyes! He is, of course, going to have plenty of what Gloria and Peggy have—*loving*. Which isn't the same thing at all as being spoiled.

"He's going to public school. He's going to be trained to fight his own battles. When he is old enough he's going to get himself a job. Even if it's a ten dollar a week job he'll *have* to have one. I will never allow money to rob him of his initiative which is his birthright.

"Harold and I haven't talked much about what we hope he will be. It's too soon. It's been too precarious. But I know that whatever he wants to be will meet with our approval. So long as he is a *doer*. I know, too, that Harold would have no objections whatever to his going on the screen if he ever shows that tendency. In fact Harold has often said that he'd rather like to have a comic in the family! We know that Gloria will be on the screen. She certainly has every ear-mark of it now.

"Oh, we're going to be practical with the baby. We know what is so today may not be so tomorrow. That's the way of things. And we have been practical always with Gloria and with Peggy. They are being taught to sew and cook and make beds and dust. They are being taught the value of things. If they destroy anything they do not go unpunished or untalked to."

A wise man once said of his son, "I pray that no man will be the poorer, no woman the sadder, for his having lived."

I believe that this may be said today of Harold Lloyd, Senior. As kindly, as genuine a gentleman as ever lived. I believe that, one day, it may be said of his son. For Harold Lloyd, Junior, has inherited more than millions, he has inherited two hearts who will love him wisely and well. Who know the difference between "loving" and "spoiling."

Garbo—Woman Without Love

(Continued from page 32)

being married to a world-symbol—to a man who was known as the world's lover.

BUT there was something deeper than the thought of Stiller, more fundamental than her fear of publicity that shattered Garbo's nearest approach to a romance. The thing that made Garbo run away on the eve of her marriage to John Gilbert was the same thing that makes her walk suddenly out of the home of a friend. The same thing that makes her grow suddenly aloof and unapproachable in the midst of her most congenial moods. A sudden profound sense of the inadequacy of human companionship; a sudden desperate need to keep herself to herself. Garbo, in spite of the many childlike qualities of her nature, knows with a grim unhappy certitude the fundamental oneness of the human soul. Knows that in the last analysis we all walk through life alone and blindfolded. Knows that we may

reach out gropingly to touch other human beings and seek to draw them to us—but that we can never, try as we may, make them part of us. Garbo knows—knows it instinctively, I think, and has always known it—that the illusion of the oneness of two beings which is created by physical love is an illusion and nothing more; that in reality those two must remain separate beings forever, however deep their love, however great their desire to partake of the essence of one another's souls.

And so even love—the common denominator to which all women can be reduced, has failed to bring Greta Garbo to the level of ordinary everyday existence. Whether she wills it or not she remains apart—lovely, mysterious and eternally the Unknown. Perhaps it is this fact, that she has never been in love, which is at the very heart of her mystery. The mystery which millions will worship and adore forever.

Win... \$ 3,750.00!

or Buick 8 Sedan
and \$2,500.00 Cash



Can You Find 5 Faces?

Sensational money-making opportunity for everybody! You may win \$3,700 if you prefer all cash or handsome latest model Buick 8 Sedan and \$2,500 in cash. **This offer is made by a prominent business house for advertising purposes. Someone is going to win \$3,700—why not you?**

I want to send you this prize. Act quick! Send your answer to-day and qualify for an opportunity to win.

Easy To Win - \$12,960 in 103 Cash Prizes

We will give away \$12,960 in cash. You are sure to profit if you take an active part. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given. You get \$3,700 if you win first grand prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. Second grand prize \$1,000 in

Send No Money The main thing is—send in your answer today. You can share in this advertising cash distribution. Hurry! and take no chance of losing the extra reward of

\$1,000 for promptness if you win first prize. Act now! You don't need to send a penny of your money to win! Just find five faces in the picture above and mail with coupon at once for particulars.

SEND COUPON TODAY

THOMAS LEE, Mgr.
427 W. Randolph St., Dept. 881, Chicago, Ill.
I have found five faces in the \$3,700.00 prize picture and am anxious to win a prize. Please advise me how I stand.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

All you do to qualify in this great cash prize advertising plan is to find five faces in picture.

The artist has hidden faces in the clouds, and in odd places about the girl in the moon. Some faces are upside down, others look sideways, some look straight at you. If you can pick five or more faces, mark them. Clip the picture and send to me together with your name and address in coupon. Sharp eyes will find them. Can you?

cash. Third grand prize \$500 in cash. Also four other prizes of \$500.00 each and many others. All told \$12,960 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

\$1,000.00

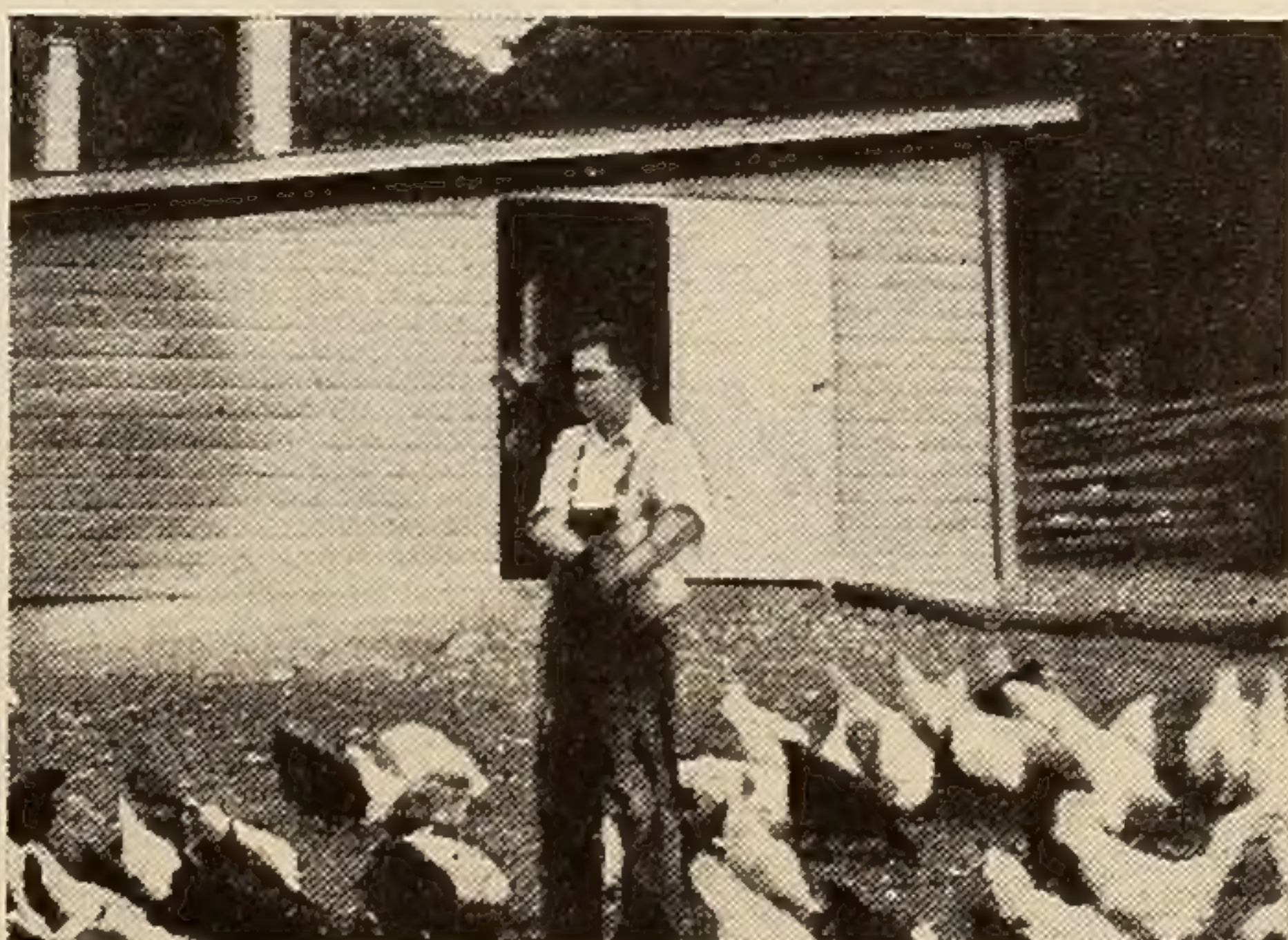
FOR PROMPTNESS

Send your answer at once. Make sure to qualify for \$1,000 extra given for promptness if you win the Buick Sedan—a total of \$3,700 if you prefer all cash.

Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500

This is a picture of Mr. C. H. Essig, Argos, Ind., taken on his farm. He writes: "Wish to acknowledge receipt of your \$3,500 prize check. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands. It is indeed a fortune to me."

Hundreds have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns. Mrs. Edna D. Ziler, of Kentucky, won \$1,950. Miss Tillie Bohle, of Iowa, \$1,500. Be Prompt! Answer today!



Film Gossip of the Month

(Continued from page 98)

NORMA SHEARER certainly is being kept busy at the studio. The day she was finishing her last picture she was rushing back and forth from set to wardrobe department to dressing room, fitting and selecting her clothes for her next, "A Free Soul."

Although Norma is about the biggest star on the lot, she still keeps the same old dressing room she's had for several years. She says no elaborate studio bungalows for her. Her explanation is "I am superstitious!"

How about a gang picture to end all gang pictures with a theme song entitled, "Climb Capone Knee, Gunny Boy?" The credit (?) for this goes to Troy Orr.

WE wonder if you realize the extent of the popularity that Robert Montgomery is enjoying. The studio told us that his fan mail is topped only by one other star on the lot—and Bob's comparatively a newcomer.

Right now, Bob is taking a much needed vacation. He and his wife are spending it seeing the shows and sights of New York, leaving baby Montgomery in care of Grandma. Combining a little business with all this pleasure, Bob is viewing several stage productions that he may do later on.

Out of the fan magazines advertised: "Now twenty-four great screen stars

teach you how to make love absolutely free."

Which Harrison Carroll supplemented with: "It isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep!"

HOOT GIBSON is back in town following a vaudeville tour of the country. And maybe you think wife Sally Eilers isn't happy! She was at the railroad station half an hour before Hoot's train pulled in. While he was gone, Sally went out very little, and only then with her chum, Marian Nixon, and Marian's husband.

The day following Hoot's arrival, he was given a rousing welcome when he went to the Brown Derby for lunch. He was accompanied by a pretty, dark-haired young woman. But you may be sure it was Sally!

Ronnie Colman, Hollywood's most conservative "man-about-town," still refuses to install a telephone at his bachelor cabin in Malibu Beach. Very exclusive, don't you think?

LOOKS like Mae Murray is back in pictures to stay a while this time. She made quite a hit in her first comeback picture, and she's going to play in Lowell Sherman's latest, "High Stakes." For a while it looked like Mae's only public appearances would be

made via the courtrooms—she's been in so many legal battles lately. Mae has been doing quite well with the oil business down at Venice Beach, too, but once an actress—!

Mae Clarke's romance with John McCormick (Colleen Moore's "ex") seems to be sputtering out. John and Mae announced their engagement at the time that Colleen obtained an interlocutory degree. But now we hardly ever see them together.

Mae is an ex-Broadway showgirl, and she and Barbara Stanwyck were steadfast pals on the Great White Way.

DOLORES DEL RIO is completely recovered from the very severe illness that kept her from the screen for the past year and a half. We caught a glimpse of her on the lawn of her new and secluded beach place the other day and she looks more beautiful than she ever did before. It is whispered about that she will sign with Sam Goldwyn—if Fox doesn't beat him to it!

At least those of us who have missed her on the screen will soon have our beautiful Mexican lady back again.

For no reason at all Harry Brand, publicity agent, tells the story about the Scotchman who was told his wife needed salt air, so he fanned her with a herring.

OH YEAH?

By NATE COLLIER



Douglas Fairbanks Jr. while an art student in Paris made a lifesize copy of September Morn which was so realistic that whenever the temperature went down to zero she climbed down from the canvas and swiped his coat and pants.

George Bancroft started a walking trip around the world in four different directions at the same time in 1904. In 1913 he met himself simultaneously in Tibet, Greenland and Madagascar, and never recognized himself.

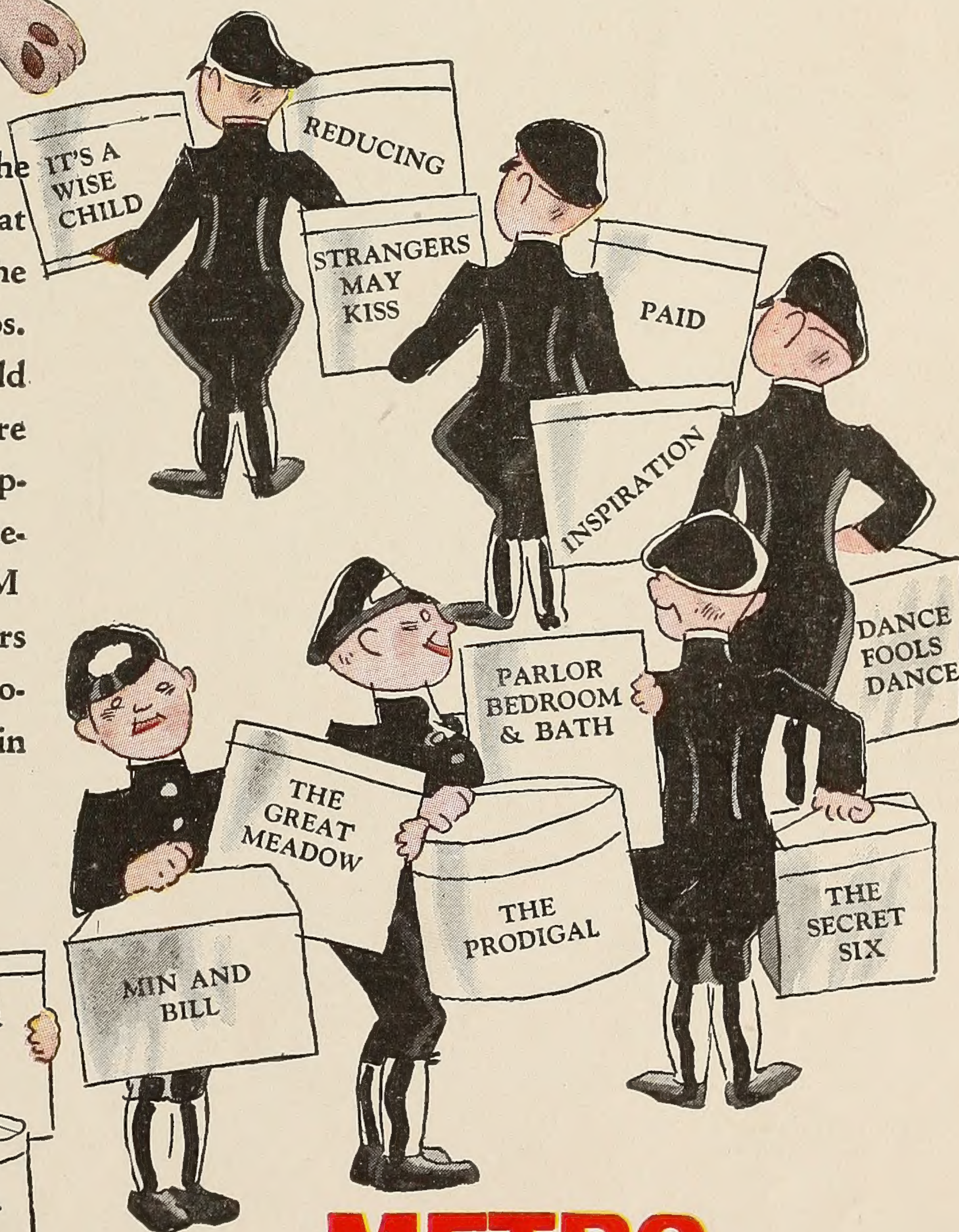
"BOWWOWER" A COCK-EYED SPANIEL OWNED BY RONALD COLMAN HAS SEVEN TAILS, ONE FOR EACH DAY IN THE WEEK. MONDAY'S TAIL WAGS ON MONDAY, TUESDAY'S TAIL ON TUESDAY, AND SO ON, BUT THE SEVENTH TAIL IS SUNDAY, THE TAIL OF REST. IT DOES NOT WAG.

Miss
1931



**"I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO
REMEMBER
ME BY!"**

ANOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!



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